

Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu Dulce, Soțul meu Dulce, Drag și Iubii, Dragostea mea, Dragostea mea, Te iubesc. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu. Te doresc nespuns, Dragostea mea...



Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Dragostea vieții mele; Victor, Puiul meu,



Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, cu-o dragoste nespūsă.... Nu te voi părăsi niciodată, Puiul meu...
Te voi iubi mereu.



Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Dragostea și Dulcea mea. Te doresc, Iubitul meu, Dulcea mea, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Dulcea mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea vieții mele, Tudor, Dragostea mea, te iubesc nespus de mult, Puiul meu Dulce și Dorit, Doritul meu Pușor, Soțul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcea mea, Puiul meu Dulce.

The Book of Anime

The first painting

I love you, my sweet, Victor-Tudor-Alin-Mihai.

I desire you, my love.

The Book of Anime

Prologue

Strange sensations and emotions overwhelm me
Now when my pregnancy gets easier
When, past the threshold of youth
Looking back at the green string ...

Strange, strange, childhood stories are wrapped up
On the youth, green, raw thorn
bearing in my mind, like a green fir
The old icon of my childhood dreams

Of which a few have been described
Others-expect-of the threshold uncertainty
To cross the bridge of those who have not been written
Brought in the gulag time

The dream, the dream circumscribed
Wait, young soul at date meetings
Old woman waiting, in the plum orchard
To my old houses

A new breakthrough, a new breath, a breath of new life
Born from the flesh of the old suffering
With which, starting on the road, sweet and smooth you adhere
Spasmodic past dreams

...

To step on the stars and high
Riding on the bitter grass growing over the moon
To whisper when the stars burst
Of the dark sea, green foam

To whisper, with lips of smoke and earth
Of youth, childhood, sweet singing.

...

My baby

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peetersps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes
Where lies still alive and hidden
Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will
When from His soul a rising
Blue-pink only the Being
My child was watching in the sea
His smile was silent on the baby's lips
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child

It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pasteps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Te iubesc, Michele, Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, dragul meu Poisor,
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tule of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...

...

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

...

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...

...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peesters from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...

to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am cănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc.

translation: Natalia Gălăgan

Without Google dictionary, Google translate

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house
From a fringe neighborhood of the city
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...

In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.
Rush. The wind came in easily
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut
Silky and upright, entering his eyes

Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore
A little rough, a little naughty
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where
In the blind spot of light, in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

...

Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance
and hanging them from the windows ...
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind
with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...
give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...
hello Jack ...
are you waiting for me a lot?
for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning
of an unusual temperature
although it was evening and the air was cool...
the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand
tapping her small tits, she is even in shape
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.
Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent,
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair
and pulling it easy
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately
pulling her hair and biting her lips
then tearing off her clothes.
Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg
He frantically penetrated her
In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements
Hitting his eyes closed
As he got deeper and deeper ...
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.

...
Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms
How is my love, my sweetness
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring
and as if in hypnotic poison.
Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements
He reached paroxysm

Then, in a sudden relaxation
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.

...

As it is, he whispered, finally warm
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car
To make love ...

...

E. not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.
In fact, that's how I would like to always be
But they are only rare
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...

...

and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down,
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.
Then he sat down in front of the low table
On the couch, while she admired her flowers
Books and you wonder what ...

...

Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration
Prepared for another trip
In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry
listening to her quietly and desperately.

...

At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.

...

Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life
those of all days ...
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.
te iubesc, Puilul meu Andrei, te doresc.

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven

Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...

Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad
The Youngman who received in his tender, gentle Soul
The whole suffering
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...
At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canals?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened
Shadowed by glasses
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering
Of whom he received in his heart
The poisoned arrow, impure of love
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul
Salvation and faithfulness
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate
Full of promises of the World
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?....

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, piul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute

In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown, with straight, silky strings
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving
Like the signature of color and light
Of a painter
Gathering itself on his neck
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

...

The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered
They were letting to guess, only, their whole
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...

His innocent shoulders in the thin coat
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –
Waiting to be just lighted
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...

The feet slipped under the table
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

..

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

Te iubesc, Andrei. Puiul meu,
Iartă-mă, puiul meu,iubitul și doritul meu pușor.
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Translate
From the nojan of remembering...

At the door of Heaven
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...
Then when He was carried in the world
Only of the immortal, white foams
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus
Can he be reborn
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...

...

From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman

Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a Youngman
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops
Of absolute
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?...
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

...

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young Youngman
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

...

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down
In the bright azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulcele și dragul meu pușor, dragostea mea,
Iartă-mă, pușorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea,
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love

...

full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force
with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...

...

His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

why they are happy, why and why ...
the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

-

My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

..

I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

Te iubesc, Andrei, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

At the crossroads

It was spring, with whispers of milk and milk
Cathy was going for no purpose
At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

...

wander the deserted streets in search of your steps
pale-dusk throws
the late shadows over my steps
lost

...

I expect the same crossroads
at the hour when the leaves of the living like fragile hearts
include, in the last waltz
why don't you come to me
why don't you come to me?

...

When, all of a sudden, Cathy saw his blonde neck
With blond, wavy swipes
Reflected on the neck in a childish smile
With dew and night lips
With lips emblazoned like two blooming lotuses -
They felt, as before, the same lovers...

...

When Cathy suddenly stopped:
He saw his blond neck, curling around his neck
In a smile of whisper and milk
His lips bulged like two water lilies
From the time she was loved ...

...

It was spring, with whiskey and milk pudding
Cathy was going for no purpose
At the crossroads of rumors, where they feared
Moved by the wind, the leaves in the vines ...

... ..te iubesc și te doresc, Michele, Puiul meu,

Two tears of azure, pure gold...
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
Reds, whites, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree
Light and Shine -
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching
Moving away...
Like two blooming flowers
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses
White, climbers
A young man approaching.

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest
Applying lipsticks to the hairline
With the smell of rose water -
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses
Flowing reds and pinks
Among the white tombs with crosses
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces
Faces of good old men
Get together in a hug over time
In the same paroxysm, cruel season
While the birds whisper with their chirping dock.

...

Your face soft with blond curls
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels
Slit shirt at the neck
The sad smile ...
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blue shirt butterfly-wind
Born of rocks and earth ...
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts
and flowing roses
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

-

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceată ibită, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc Tudor, Puiul meu. Te doresc, dulceata mea.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
odors fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

...

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

...

...

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
desired fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Over the peaks

Over the peaks, the moon passes
Cod beats his leaf smoothly
From the branches of green alder
The horn sounds melancholy

...

Further and further
Slower and slower
My unforgiven, sad soul
Sweetening with the longing of death.

...

Why are you silent, when charming
My heart I turn myself to Thou?...
Will you whisper for me, horn
For me whensoever, again?...

...

Translation: Natalia Gălățan
Te iubesc. Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dulceața mea, puțul meu dulce.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you,

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now

Te iubesc, Te doresc Victor, Tudor, Alina, Mihai, Dragostea mea

Masks of the Poetic truth te iubesc Dulceea mea Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu,

The Book of Anime

Painting two

Sexus

His white body, half-naked

With the tasseled shirt comb. hanging half removed

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

I easily touch the lotus flower lips

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...

At the entrance to the gate of heaven

With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm

She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.

While he completely gave himself away inside of her

Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,

His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking,

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...

The young Dorian may be hungry ...

Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?

Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...

In about half an hour ...

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed

The young man grabbed her hair

he drew her but power towards him ...

knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers

they were looking for bed sheets

whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her

It seemed like an engine excited

With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst
Entering the gate of heaven
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...
His white body, half-naked
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out
Out of pants
It turned white, virgin
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat
In waves of orgasm
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower
As if to test their moisture and softness
Rose petals ...

..

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights
I get out of bed slowly
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown
Received at the entrance
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine
They really look like a show

-

-

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on
To the borderline smoker
From a high metal door
I open it slowly and enter...

....

It's full darkness, I turn on the yellow light
and I light a cigarette.
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally
I pull the canned fish next to me
and I lean to write a few lyrics
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu dulce, Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceașa a mea.
So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower desires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The mysteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised like of the charm servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right,
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you,

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

...

Translation:Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălbăn
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai puinul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntîia Găkăpan, Google dictionary
Te doresc și te iubesc. Victor, duceapa sufletului meu.
Coincidentia oppositorum

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indelible, calm pain.

Everything is soft..
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

...

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indelible, calm pain.

...

Everything is soft..
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

te iubesc Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

te iubesc nespul, pușorul meu.

Echoes...

iertă-mă, pușor iubit. așa simțeam pe atunci.

Everything is happening slowly
The walking of the cheetahs through the snow
Sunny smiles...

The walking of the sun on the blue arch
In a day as long as the boundlessness
Wherein is being
With the bones whited under the moon
The whole Nature...

...

You are so static, my dear...
A statue is frozen in time
To which I useless rise up my arms
But in vain. I cannot reach her...

...

An unknown strange realm
How much love is conquering us
With her slim arrow,
with her spread bow
So much so we feel suddenly in the other a stranger...

...

The tender friendship and the calm pleasure
Is approaching and uniting
That what love suddenly falls apart
and is alienating...

You feel your soul small
and modest
Your words are starting from nowhere...
Greatly architectonic
Then wanting suddenly to abandon
yourself...

...

I feel humble.
The love undresses
All that in your essence is more frail and feeble
And brings out to the light
And lets to show itself
To that rider through moon smoothly passing

...

Who may bend himself
For bending to you is this, a rising up to Self
Of what is fallen in the furnace
And lost is
And is estranged of myself.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce.

Complexio oppositorum

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some heads.

...

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Like the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

...

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiercely God was mirroring His glance.

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

Te iubesc, Puilul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Googledictionary
..te iubesc, dragul meu, puilul meu

Love me when night falls

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their synecopic, lethal fall ...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell

and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white. the raw light. the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...

..

I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

... over dead bodies of dreams ...

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor. Dulecele meu, Dragostea mea...
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea. Puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ...

--

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages
Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine
Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...

It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.

--

They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.

I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc
Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor.
...te iubesc, te doresc, puilul meu dulce, Tudor-Victor-Tudor

...

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold,...
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

full with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, male
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puilul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puilul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu, ducele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying

blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

--

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

--

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

Translation: Google Translate

Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

Te iubesc, Victor, puîul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Vicor, Puîul meu, Te doresc Dulceța mea,T dorede. Dulceța mea, Te iubesc Puîul
meu, Victor, Te iubesc, Puîul meu Victor, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

The Book of Anime

Painting three

The Sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state, deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the prop sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
Te doresc și Te iubesc dulceața mea Victor, Păiul meu.

Michele ...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground,

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths

As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

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On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

Te iubesc, Michele, Paul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea

Blue skies

...

From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying
Hit by the storm ...
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home
It was a rain and windblown
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance
Where the mountains fought
In the heads
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains
Fighting on their heads.
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white
and they remained so white
with water running down his chest, his hands
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...
Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds
Blue as his bride's atlaz sheets
Hurry to wrap one another
In the middle
When suddenly there was a good shadow.
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

He reached the gate.
Cathy was shaking from the red roses
and is thrown into his arms.

My love ... she whispered ... you came in time
On a rain like this, I would not have believed
On a wind like this

...

This is fine, he smiled
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself
At his chest
Feeling the humming of the clothes
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...

and it rained here, she sighed
covering his neck and looking him in the eye
then hiding his face at his chest.
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips.
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.
My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss
Which went through his soles
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...

Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips
Like two luscious petals
Of rose
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..

Cathy whispered the troubled young man
I love you my love ... you know ...
Oh, Dorian and I
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..

When suddenly there was a good shadow,
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks
Lightening the earth with their shadow
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through
Red and pink rose bushes
He was getting closer and closer
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun
As it passed through the street
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes
Not having them believe their eyes
But his hands were barely wet
and the rainy arms
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms
like threatening children
crying
te inbesc, Tudor, dragostea me.

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the biter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.

my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two ruby flames.

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

The lips of the two embattled louses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked,
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning and burning
like two two open petals

lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc. Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

...

Michele ...
All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

...

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind

the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
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smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.
Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines

Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and scented with honey
What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
te iubesc, Michele, te doresc, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc, Priul meu Victor

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Priul meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Priul meu.
What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras

What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

...

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

A young man with dreamlike looks
Youngman who raised rough perfumes in his tender years
Raised in the shade of the chestnut trees
What their blue flame dripped on idealists

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

Eyes black as two silent, soft light
They fly their eyes, feeble and starving
Of mysteries hidden from the hidden unseen
At night and it is cruel death penetrated ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

Cathy said softly
Like a deep, sweet tremolo of mysteries
With his sweet thin lips soaked in the azure sky
Looking at her with blue, fine eyes.

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

...

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in your arms with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces.

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in your barefoot hair!...

...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

The lovers floated close together
closer to their chest
and sweetly whispered endless love
staring into the eyes with endless sweet longing
while you perish in the distance, in a ship, only the Poet ...
worn endlessly by warm carpet
of tender, extinguished in autumn emotions ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast

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it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu dulce, Mihai, dulcele și doritul meu pușor.

T iubese, Puilul meu Victor,Dragulmeu.
Te iubesc și te Doresc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dragostea mea, Puilul meu.

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...

Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...

She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...

Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...

O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...

While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, different substance of them.

...

Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...

His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...

When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...

Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost.
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...

I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars.
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...

Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...

Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...

Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...

Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...

He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...

Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Pușor.
Te doresc, Puțul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puțul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Pușorul meu.

Masks of the Poetic truth

Puțul meu dulce, Tudor, t iubesc. Dragostea mea. Dragostea mea. Puțul meu Dulce, te iubesc. Victor, Pușor
iubit și dorit. Te iubesc. Soțul meu. Te doresc, dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai. Te doresc.
Dragostea mea.

The Book of Anime Painting four

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

--

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest full, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like ...

--
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

--
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

--

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird? te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up

The first tale of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canals?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy

At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

..

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

--
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy.
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

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Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--
Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

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Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

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Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

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From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
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Still loaded with suffering

From the nojan of the memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in a dimension full of bitterness
of the world
Up to its core.

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird? te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puiul meu

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

With breasts full of Life and milk

The World was expecting for him, at her open Canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

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Love?...

...

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Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
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At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
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An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
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Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
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...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peetersps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google translate

The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puilul meu Victor
The sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state, deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the prop sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Pușor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

--
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first tintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

--
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

--
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly.
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

--
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

--
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

--
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals

Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground,

--
There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Putai meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Kurt ...

It was a bleak June ...
It had been a good fight this mid-afternoon when Cathy, dressed in her underwear
Silk and heeled shoes
He knocked on Michele's door and his brothers.
No one opened ...
Cathy pressed the door and entered.

...
He had been sitting on the same couch he had known for years,
and wait ...
suddenly, a young man with his hair wrapped
light-chestnut
get out of the bathroom
with blue jeans just below the waist, and with fringes
at the bottom, with the hollow bust
and bare feet.

...
Oh, Kurt ... my dear, forgive me, I have the door
and I went in ...
do nothing, Cathy, the young man smiled
I realized that someone came in ...
otherwise, I would have probably come out empty, he smiled from his full lips
young

...
humming a song and whistling slightly.
Mihai isn't in the house, my dear Cathy
In fact ... all five went to a Book launch
In Victoriei Square ... they will come late ...

...

Then he sat smiling beside her
Nonetheless, resting on the little table tables in front of them.
A glass of water, a sour acid?
I think mineral water would be just fine
Kurt ...

...

Ah, he said turning
Our family of six boys is shaking and with a chair at their head
She's out of her mind
Beautiful and smart girls like you.
Otherwise don't explain my behavior at all
My brothers.

...

Kathy looked at him dreamily.
Slowly, a tear trickled from the corner of his left eye
Running on his cheek.
Oh, my dear, Cathy, don't cry, said the young man abruptly
Becoming serious.

...

There are some morons ... my brothers ... they want to put you
At the test
Then ... I don't know ... not too well
The one you love the most.
you know, they all fell in love.

...

Even so, Cathy, the young man said seriously
Lying on your back ... do you love him more?
Michele, Jack, Dorian, Alain, Michael or ...
Cathy said clearly, looking him in the eye
Imperturbable.

...

Ah! .. the young man said
and a sudden hug
biting his lips to the blood.
Then he draws her to his bare chest
Smooth as a poor baby came out of the bathroom.
Then, suddenly slowing down

...

He dropped his back on the couch in the living room.
No saddle, Cathy, you gotta love me ...
The young man is serious, almost upset.

...

Cathy remained silent for a moment, frozen, watching her
To the silky hair in the rebellious streams, which entered
In the eyes.
My love, she whispered ...
I love you...

...

I love you all, you have an irresistible Soul ...
Then he sighed, pouring water into the glass.

...

Watching her tremble
With tears streaming down his chin
Kurt suddenly felt sorry for her.
My girlfriend, Cathy, don't cry

...

Do you want to make love, my love?
I don't know, she said between the sighs, shaking her shoulders.

...

Kurt took her left hand
and brought it slowly to his chest. Under her warm pressure,
his pink nipple hardened, flushing
as a small question mark.

...

Cathy, the younger man spoke
With her hair in her eyes
Leaning over her ...
Then both of them wander across the insatiable frontiers of love
Like two demons.
Like two angels, you possess the immortal soul
Anime

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

-

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...

His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

--

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

--

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

--

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces.

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces.

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai

as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

--
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...
With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...
and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

--
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..
His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

--
Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...
O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

Te iubesc Victor.Tudor, Alin, Mihail Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulceisorul meu Mihail.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Come as you are ...

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...

...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...
the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...

heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

.....
the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end

Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words

looking into our eyes
remembering ...

.....
slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-ohoh ...

.....

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

--

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc. Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung
Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung
Puiul meu Dulce, Soțul meu Drag, Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Iubirea vieții mele, Te Doresc, Te iubesc
Dulcele meu,

The book of Anime II
Painting I

Adonai

The word of death that saves
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up
It is lost in the blue Sea of Ailaz
Like spikes on the cheek.

--

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

--

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

..

There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon,

--

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:
Oh, I come, Lord's night!
By fate it dislodges me!
Give me Freedom to roam
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed

--

Give him Love, hope, mind
In wise remembrance!

--

Oh, young voivode with soft hair
What you adore, your overnights empty
I give them Love and Mind
and many feelings
to look back like before!

...

You ask me for my Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her
To enter, triumphant o-Olympus!

...
You are my very own Immortality!
But I'll give you the Time.

...
Time of war, cruel hatred and fate
Time of love, of sweetness
and death
Time to do everything I thought
Time to think and think long.

...
Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep
To the great advice of the wise
I give you time for the eternal to reap
To kill the righteous from death.

...
For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:
You make yourself breathless, ice wind
Burning sun and power
and blows their pain!

...
Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!

...
A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars
You will find green clay pots
and nights of movies
a sky of stars below
above the sky of stars ...

...
There's nothing but Pneuma
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck
Silent and asleep like a bride
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

...
and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth
moved by the celestial cosmic wind
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates

...
White hands like the face of a lover's face
Your chest is spasmodically tight
and they are offended
white hands like the sweetness of the face
to a loved girl.

...

~
Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes
Like leafy green leaves through the vines
In a cold, dewy morning ...

A beautiful dead man with live eyes
Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Ars poetica

The brightly horizons are drowning
their smoky clouds
In the white, voluptuous mist sloped at the road edge
The paths from groves are sighing through
The rows of scattered leaves by the blackened
branches.

~~~~~  
Silence of beginning of the world and age  
The horizon is shaking its silvery ridge  
Silvery clay little stars are falling down, mixing out with the  
frozen land.

~~~~~  
I was passing by on the streets of sometime
Underneath the shadow of the pallid lindens
Old, antique houses are bringing down their silent,
withered air on the alleys.

Benches are lying down in the moist air of September
With the mist slipping on their eyes
Which cover lucently and cold, wet drops
Of the cold tender breaking of the dawn.

Quiet hours are flying away
In the milk of an mat, translucent ivory of the darkened fall
and cruelly, secretly, with its eyes of
smoky alabaster
Blinking underneath the weeped eyelashes

And suddenly I felt a stranger, wanderer in the world
Bewildered and alone, and lonely
Happy and sad in my fantastic, timeless world
Flowing my hands and body
Through the lucent mirrors of yesterday

A magical, ideal moment
And a smile which is born from pain and sense
Through the full body of the orange core
of the Universe
With my without existence etherically pace.
Te iubesc, Victor.

Translation Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

.....

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

.....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

...

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretended

and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Brahma the one with thousand faces

Te iubesc, point-meu dulce, point-meu.

That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal

With black covers

Above that frightening happening

Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.

Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision.

Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with

Extreme numinosity.

From the depths, it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces

Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.

...

It was night. Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw

The right hand was helpless to gather itself

And then I wrote

To the pale light from the candlestick

With the angelic nail from the left hand.

--

Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle

Which were working around Mark, Peter

And John

I was writing alone.

...

Around me, they were the celestial spirits

Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds

Giving birth in the groups of water

To a second game, more ordered and more pure.

...

Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes

With amazing fastness

In myself

He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grapeyard

Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado

The black tide which returns in itself

Through silent rains in myself

Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full

I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...

Deeper and deeper, more and more vertiginous

Brahma the one with a thousand faces was changing his faces

With an amazing fastness

In myself

He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard

Of the black grape full.

...

It was a cruel madness and deep, profound

Of an absolute, dreaming lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the seawater where is more deep.
It was madness, which didn't exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge
As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the seawater where it is more deep.

I was likewise the trembling cast away light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more complete
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.

The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.

..

I was feeling as to how a force is dragging in the self...
Deeper and deeper, more and more vertiginous
Brahma the one with thousand faces were changing His faces
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, shivering
Likewise it is the seawater where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.

Paiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odor honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in bright, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.

.....

Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of the green mermaid
in rosy waters, of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.

.....

Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moon rays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.

....

enchanted by the slowly slipping off the sun
on starry arch
Lost in the mythical thought, like in the precious
amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.

...

..silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow,

...

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

.....

O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...

.....

..silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow,

.....

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

Te iubesc, dulceata mea, puilul meu.

Translate: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
and whimpering streams passed
they were burning in the valley ...

.....

The cuckoo sings twice.

My amoral stone god
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb
A gate was made

--

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:
Who am I, who am I
Who tells me?

Passengers in a postcard
I put my foot down
On my northern aurora
Praying beautifully ...

The road was snaking endlessly
On the turbulent waters, it is great
He turned back in the dark.

--

I was walking with great strides towards sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
And maybe the rivers were passing
they were burning in the valley ...

I was silent on the road, in this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

The dream of green is here
On this wet bench
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me

On the clothes, on the face, on the hair
On the purse
Smoking a cigarette
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

.....
Looking at the sprinkler gentle curtain
Rain falling
With a gentle, unassuming smell
Intensifying the green of the trees
The grass
Of the leaves,
I live the dream of green.
The crucified dream of the cross.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceața mea, Victor, puțul meu dulce.
te doresc și Te iubesc nespun, Victor, Dulceața mea.
Puțul meu iubit, Tudor, Te iubesc.

The book of Anime II
Painting II

Complexion of opposites
The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.
Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond

The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Likewise the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiery God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

Translation: Natalia Gálápan, Google translate

...

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds,
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth
of the Lord's garden.

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphims
With her hair hunted for truth.

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I fall asleep with my hand at random, in short dreams
In which I slip with fear, with terror, with pain ...
Because the dark deity, which whispers
hard to me in the window
With endless love, the soul asks me.

A rough, heavy night, dark with harsh, heavy premonitions
In which I fell asleep with the window open
Leaving the deity with the soul of god
and the voice of the beast
To exercise my divine exercises on me ...

It's late-night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary

In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

...

Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
He gave Absolute a new, unexpected, realization
... scary looking

...

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late-night, yellow and timeless
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

--

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
te inbesc, Poial meu Victor.

te dolesc.

Animusul meu Victor, dulce.

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack
of flesh and blood
I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag
Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.

Translation: Natalia Gálâțan, Google translate

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment, and regrowth.
Te doresc li Te iubesc, puilul meu.
Te iubesc. Victor. dragostea emea.
Te doresc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

--
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind
and then in a silent frenzy
it is given to the black, the earth ...

--
Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...
They are lost in the streets ...
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...
I walk between heaven and earth
As if I wanted to
To join them in an indescribable kiss
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

--
I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...
I am without eve and without age ...
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine
of my heart of the indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

--
It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

--
Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
Like I want you to be ...

...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...
and no. I don't have a weapon, no. I don't have a gun.

--
Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke, and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soul
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

--

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
Dragostea și iubirea vieții mele. Victor, Te iubesc.
Te iubesc.

Decoration

Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for about a week
Slab-tiled we jump on the sidewalk - Autumn is wearing her
Irresistibly bald ...

...

There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
The decor is forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, beautiful lady ...
te iubesc, Dulcele meu

There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot

With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of the leaves, of the trees,
of grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a celestial wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God, he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc...

Fish bank
Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

--

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te ubesc, Dulcele meu Victor
Te doresc, Puilul meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

--

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....
I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...
The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"

When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love,
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

The lips of the two embattled louses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragostea mea.

...

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ...
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles
why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..
Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...
When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...
I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ...
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...
Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...
She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...
Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...
O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus

It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...
While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.

...
Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...
His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side,

...
When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...
Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost.
I thought at 2!... no one told me, my lover.

...
I could not reach 2, it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars,
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...
Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...
Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms. I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...
Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...
Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...
He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...
Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...

His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Pușor.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puiul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea. Pușorul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu.

The book of Anime II
Painting III

Fish bank

Outside the metal leaves move, wind-blown
Everything breathes an air of innocent innocence
Heat and boreal cold
White, sepulchral light ...

..

I'm going back to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the row lost by crying voices
Which I glitter like gems
The passages of our past encounters ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....

I'm taking the gun and I'm shooting
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were limp
deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

....
In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk

On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...
The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked.
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

....
Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

....
Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two ruby flames.

....
He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy
Flaming rhubarb petals
Then he penetrated her to the other side.
In the land of creepy mysteries
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

....

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...
The sheets were deep and disturbing
Temptations of love that had taken place there
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...
Of the worldly poems and temptations ...

....

In fact, it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.
First Cathy saw Alain's face
His round face, milk

On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter
Which the young man received painfully in his breast
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine
I love you I want you
My sweetness...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"
When he saw her coming toward the gate
Thin and woody like a grape baked,
With her breasts flushed like two stains
Soft and soft rose
With her queen-of-hunting smile
A little tender, a little naïve, a little questioning
He received the young man at the gate
Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands
Sleeping next to her
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.
my lover, what I missed was you!
while kissing without number
flowing from his lips, burning, and burning
like two open petals
lit by lotus ...
te doresc și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragostea mea.

...

Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed

From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

Te iubesc

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ...
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The blood shots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the blood shots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles

why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ...
Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the Orion smokes in the smoke ...
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

--

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

Smoothly

His tired eyes rose from the sheets in front of him.
He took a glass of water, took a few swallows
Then he stretched himself on his back, lighting a cigarette.
Oh, who knows how many thoughts went through his head
At that moment!

...

Flushes of memories, emotions, feelings,
sensations overwhelmed him.
He longed for Cathy, it meant that his heart was in his chest
He is crying.

...

She bent, shaking the ash, drawing a grimace from her full lips
Tomatoes, bloodshot
Which had opened the questioner
Like two watered-down water lilies, like two hot bubbling
Lotus hit the light.

...

Here he did not understand: as fundamentalism, non-confundamentality
Substantiality, con-substantiality? ...

...

O, of course, the Divinity is fundamental and unspeakable
It does not enter into the substance of other substances
Because otherwise, it would not be fundamental and unique. Thus
It represents the fundamentality of all objects
and does not participate in the co-fundamentality of theirs...

...

While the substance of the unique divine principle
It does not prevent him from participating in the consubstantiality of other things, objects,
Substances, the different substance of them.

...

Alain put out his cigarette, sipped a few bites
From the red wine that pressed his lips even harder
Like two embossed and glowing lots.
He stood up as if remembering something.

...

His long legs, seen from behind, were dressed in jeans
and his round bottom, resting on the table
the table on the opposite side.

...

When suddenly someone knocked on the door. He enters the room with his eyes
In a veil of mysterious emotions
Cathy's girlfriend.

...

Alain! ... she exclaimed. You were supposed to be at 4
Upon entering the University ...
Oh, exclaimed Alain, looking at her lost.
I thought at 21... no one told me, my lover.

...
I could not reach 2. it was terribly crowded
People stepping on your feet, stomping, cars.
Taxis! ... in a word, an indescribable juxtaposition!

...
Oh, my baby Alin, and you gave up ... she whispered lowering her voice.
She came closer to him, and their lips clenched sweetly
Spontaneously, as if attracted by a magnet.

...
Cathy, you whispered gently to the man with your arms, I missed you
My girlfriend...
And me, she whispered, her eyes red with tears.
I was dreaming that something broke in me, my Chicken, my sweetmeat.

...
Countless blasts flowed from their lit lips
Like two flowers hit by the storm
With incandescent and lightning-colored petals.

...
Cathy, more like Alain, getting lost in her arms.
Then you feel that I enter suddenly into the orange tunnel, that his soul is rising
I see, among the sparkling particles, opaque
Of the universe.

...
He felt happiness, fear, anxiety ... desire, fear, despair
and floated sailing on both sides
of cosmic currents
who pulled him into their core like a whirlwind.

...
Cathy, he whispered again ... my love ...
His soul rises into the air,
floating through the clouds, shaking, sprinkled
Heading to an unknown destination ...
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Pușor.
Te doresc, Puțul meu.
Te iubesc, Lin, dulcișorul meu, puțul meu.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Pușorul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

The book of Anime II
Painting IV

Your face, sweet wonder
Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat

like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

--
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

--
Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

--
and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

--
I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alean and miss

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?..
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth

Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

...

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...

...

From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs

An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

...
What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...
...the look of his blue eyes, likewise the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...
True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...
The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...
Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost peetersps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate
With fluid tears ...

I just feel happy that you exist - that it exists
We are both, sweetheart
Two Crişti
We tremble in the wagons in the hot night
Moving to unknown destinations ...

..

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

....

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round,

...
In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically.

...
Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...
I desire you and I love you, Victor...
Your soft body is endlessly...

Your soft body is endlessly
from the eyelash of the light risen up... with the tired soul
I seek of the city lights. Red street-candles are swarming
the city, on the old ship is fluttering the veil.

.....
The watch has stopped at zero, I look up to the sunrise
to the reversal zenith
How is it?... language without language
Into the slipstream of Samuel Beckett.

...
The breasts are without a corsage, the eggs are without sheathing
Your soft body is endlessly
from the light eyelash risen up.

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Googledictionary
te iubesc, Victor. Puiul meu. Te doresc. Dulceața mea, Puișor iubit.

Your face, sweet wonder
Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

--
Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alea and miss

...
and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss

their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

--

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

--

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of clean and miss

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Sufletul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu scump. Te iubesc și T doresc, Dragostea mea, Odorul sufletului meu.

The book of Anime III
First painting

Dulcișorul meu, Dulceața mea, Dragste a mea Dulce, Arhetipul și Aninmsul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc,
Dulcele meu Victor, Dulceața mea, Puilul meu Tudor, Puilul meu Mihai, Puilul meu Alin. Te iubesc, Dulceața
mea, Iubirea dulce a vieții mele, Ddulcele meu Victor, T doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puilul meu,
Te iubesc, Puilul meu, Dragoste mea, Te doresc Victor, Puilul meu,

Come out with the Devil

That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled
which at that time I had licked.

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum,
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michidutā in my arms
and we headed home.

In the living room, which rears the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

In the dream that follows the Creature

He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.
...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day,

"
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...
I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.
I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

My sweet husband
My sweet baby, Lia feels sweet.
I love you
Victor, my sweet baby
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual
I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor, I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest. up to the Hammer.

.....

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows,
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill. a steep ridge that climbs
Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass

We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Finest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top.
A straight, beaten path between the two forests.

.....

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain
Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

I can not cover the landscape ...



Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
to inbese.

--

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

....

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished...,
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

I was in Cerialle
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizare details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

....

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

--

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons,...
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos

dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
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Until I touch the ground with my lips

Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te inbesc,

..

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..

My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

--

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

....

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

...

I was in Ceriale
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

....

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....
since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...
When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...
Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
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...
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign.
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress.
In the holy monastery.
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.
The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair bumed for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves

in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

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They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Noise and anger

*I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep ...
I hear strange sounds hitting the window
scared of this rainy summer, strange, silent labyrinth ...
who came early, his hands charred
like late, like broken ...*

...

It's raining in the morning ...

*The troubled sky casts blue flowers from glittering tomatoes
At the endless red commandment
of the genius hidden in the stars ...*

..

*It is raining with soot ... with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia
and autumnal ...*

..

*late nights, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.*

...

*Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
With stars on the shoulders
With dark eyes ...*

..

*It's raining...
the black sky is left over the earth ...
there came an inextricable sweat, a wind
the black rain fills her salty voice
my soul burns in love as it seems ...*

..

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple*

....

*I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself*

...

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe*

*Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple*

*Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Puiul meu, Iartă-m, te rog.
I love you, my baby, Victor-Tudor, my sweetness.*

The wheel of truth with eight spokes

In the small kindergarten, full of flowers
Of our end
Pavel Cordea
We had gathered to take pictures.

The mother was indescribably young
With round shapes
He remained after birth
In a dress to the knees
How to wear it in the 70's
Of a kind of viscose or silk
Or maybe synthetic material
With white schoolgirl collar.

.....

The little green garden was a heavenly paradise
Full of field flowers
Of yellow woods, lettuce and
Margarete
Of violins and bells and flowers with white specks
From many flowers gathered in one place
The smell of which I remember
As a child.

They had a clean, fresh smell
A sweet-bitter fragrance
These flowers
And the whole kindergarten was green grass
Raw, to the ankles
And full of flowers.

.....

We had gathered to take pictures.
It was Titian's birthday
Or my day - because it was spring
I can't remember much.

....

She was beautiful, with strong breasts
Exiting through it
With her hair tight in her neck
And with a strip of natural hair and flowers
Surrounding his forehead.

He was smiling at us, as in a photographer

And I went out near my mother's lap
Which probably held Paula
In arms
Daughter of our eldest son
In my dress like my mother
With white collar

And a hat with a flower
With his head on his back
Smiling with my mouth.

That photo, those photos
They have always remained a mystery to me
As with all photos
For which I have a real weakness.

Fragments of frozen time
Cuttings from life
Hanging clips, immobile
By recording the imponderable, the ineffable, the indescribable

They have always fascinated me.

In one of them
My little brother
In a crochet sweater
He was smiling with his hands hidden behind his back
A boy of about 5-6 years old
Hiding something
And with a good smile
Which I never forgot
Although it has happened before
To do evil.

.....
But my mother ... was a small domestic deity
She was the clay herself
Of the supreme deity
Dad with his harsh smile, but good,
A tall, tall man
And athletic

We all recognized him as a master.

My forehead curled
The smile from the soul
In a photograph in which I hold my hand
Straight to the hip
And with the other one brought to the hat
In an exit by itself
So deep, total
As if I knew

That moment will last forever
And with her, all the little kindergarten, Paula, the mother
Peony and Titiana

....
But above all, the thought of giving was what I knew
under the small forehead
bomb
Where he had been trapped
The feeling that it exists, te iubesc, puia! meu

The children were both of us

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze

others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Tãriu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle

then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....
Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...
I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me

and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

.....

Swirling before my eyes, White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!

I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!

re iubesc dulcele meu Vietpr, puil meu.
The children were both of us.
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson,
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye.
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message,
To go to the frogs,
Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree.
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy,
In the deep, they sank

Not to see him again,
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw
And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet,
A handkerchief in a stick,
Battle flag,
I sang: Trararah!

Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!

But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens,

!? There's still my heart
From childhood?

.....

Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!

..

. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greuceanu's brother finds the "clean knife", a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>), as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought; they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.> The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. . the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way ...> te iubesc, priul meu, dulceșorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca
After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old
Colored by dusk and white
They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Tari's lathe

...

And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain

Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts
They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes
With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father
Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.

.....
I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books
And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust

...
I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had ...

...
Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea iubită și Dulce, Dulceața mea, Victor, puilul meu, te iubesc, pușorul meu dulce,
As much as an unnatural thread



That day we were missing our house
to me and my brother Bujor

we were remembering by the noodles so tasty
with chicken soup

and by the light bulb from the kitchen and
from the rooms of the House
for in Rosia we weren't having but a rushlight
or two, a gas lamp which was burning
with gas, trembling

and we had to go to sleep early...
I was maybe neither 4 years unfulfilled
And Bujor 5.
Besides the wooden log I was pulling Bujor misteriously
by sleeve

Not to be seen by my grandma, and I was telling him:
"Buvo, let's go home, to our mother
to the soup of noodles and to the light bulb!..
I was hated by the state here

I miss the house from Măleia and our mom..."
Bujor was giving from corner to corner
he didn't know what to do
But he was missing too all these.
kids...

....

we don't say anything to our grandparents
we are sneaking besides the log
in the alley
and from there, first slowly, and then faster and faster
we pass the first wooden fence
in the orchard of Mitră

then the little wooden stack
and we are taking down through the orchards.
we were running as hard we could
with our little, petty steps, and I was leaving myself
to slip down the valley, too.

When I became tired, I cried to Bujor:
"Wait for me, Buvo, hold on!.."
soon we pass the last fence which was separating
the orchard of Tăriu by that of Marina
of Tulea.

We arrive at the wooden gate with arches too
where on we give it a good one
as much as we could sneak on the other side
then we pass besides the wooden lodge, like an ugly skeleton
with an air of sadness and ruin

from the lap of the Pisc
and we are starting running on the plain place
besides the little stream of Rosia,
as long as our powers were

....

Bujor was running in front of me. We were wet of sweating
sweat, with red cheeks.
But we didn't leave at all.
We were having both of us good legs
by children of peasants.

healthy and pretty sturdy.
Bujor was stopping, with the worried look
when I couldn't run anymore
and he was waiting for me. We were getting rest a while
and then we were starting again.

the way home was long -
path of four hours of fast walking on foot.
We arrive in the village Rosia too
and then Bujor makes me attentive
that I have to listen to him.

The main street which was leading, on the left, to Petrosani
and where it was a crossroad too
to Petrila
was then, in the section from the left of the road
in construction.

Bujor was saying to me: "Do not jump on the bricks
because you will fall down and
you're hitting yourself!..."
But still, I was sometimes jumping on the bricks
and I hit my head.

I broke my head in his softness.
Bujor was scared, concerned: "You see if you didn't
listen to me!..."
You broke your head!..."

We aren't walking straight through the center
but we turn to the little street
with the small neighbourhood of houses
which was giving just to Maleia street, and besides the old
commissariat

there, on that street, a militiaman
is stopping us and ask me what happened to me...
"I broke my head!..." I tell him through tears
especially when I give my fingers through my hair
and I discover blood.

....

Bujor explains to him that soon we arrive home.
On Maleia street
Between the little houses of gipsies
and of Hungarians
With the little gates and fences tall, we arrive
at home.

The parents are at work. I am happy.
The grandma from Cimpa, Elena, Iina how she was called
bandages softly, gently the softness of my head
and hide it under the hair.

The parents are surprised and astonished.
we explain to them with a luxury of details
How the "trip" went
At the light of the light bulb in the kitchen.
We seemingly eat noodles, too...

We were two brave kids both of us
Who were making, without a car, the road from Rosia
at home.
And for how many times we did it again by then
on foot, two way!...

Dragostea mea, te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu. Dragostea mea dulce, Puilul meu iubit
Soțul meu iubit, Puilul meu dulce,
Victor. Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Dulceața mea, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, puilul meu.
Miss Christina



The carriage was squeezing out the holes from the
metallic wheels
On the paveled alley
Whereon red leaves were darkening
over the ground
Of the trees sweet temptation.

.....
It was going clocking slowly and slowly
And has stopped at the gate
And from the carriage got off obsolete
The queen of the night dead.

.....
With blond hair of flaxen in strands
Which disheveled is falling down over the cheek
And as the silky thin her pallid face.

....
Her large wided eyes likewise the steel sky
Of the fall
Are smiling like an enigma
From which an infatuated youngman
Her sweet pale soul to catch himself.

.....

She's mourning.
The black dress from fine dentelery
Falls over her body, covering its shapes
At her neck white pearl string
Are kissing tenderly her pearly skin.

Thin, fine
Covered by flimsy veils
Which hide, letting down only to be seen
Her bluish sharks
Under the thin and faded skin.

O, no, Her dead eyes are glittering deliriously
And she seems a white phantom
Which is passing through the forest.

The coachman took off his cap
And opening the door
Gives to her his right arm to gett off
The carriage.

With soft gestures she took off her gloves
She looked around likewise from
Another world
But everything is truly...
Everything is alive, is breathing full of life
Just her face seems wilderness
Of some mad..

The antique house with the wooden shutters
And arcades of wrought iron
Opens its eyes
To the whitish springtime of fall.

In the old barn a dreamy girl
With blond, sunny stalks of hair
Playing with a cloth puppet
Looking around her with her vivid eyes

Dressed up modestly
And in her legs wearing out crocheted sandals
Is hearing suddenly the voices
And shyly comes to show herself.

I am Christina
Tell to my rebellious junc
That I haven't died... as maybe he is thinking...
I am waiting for him this night in the forest
But watch out not to be stolen
from sleep...

Tell him that I'm waiting for him
There where we were kissing under phrenetic waves

Of leaves of jade and snow
But certainly to come...
For I know mild and good little girl
That I myself I am his eye-light...

...
He's longing for me to sigh
I hear, I feel him in the night then when
It's getting down the moon as a firing place full of hot ash
Filling out with a faded light
The springtime air...

....
She moved herself on her knees and left away.
The veil pulled itself out of her neck
And was slipping like the leaf
To the ground
Whilst the rebellious wind was scattering
A fist of leaves in wind.

Hot potatoes
Te iubesc. Ppuiul meu Victor. Dragostea mea. Dulceata mea.



In the old kitchen
With an old furniture, painted for some times
In white
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum
Are staying around the table
By the window, the members of the family.

...
Father, in the first place, in the head of the table

With his large back
And the legs apart
Likewise the manly people use to stay
The wife, in the middle
Surrounded by children
A little boy and a girl.

...
They are having their dinner.
If I can say this way.
They are eating the meal.
An impoverished meal, eaten with appetite
By the whole family:
Potatoes with cheese.

.....
Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell
With cow cheese.
Steams are raising up from the pot
Put on the table
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed
And swallows them.

.....
An old image.
An old kitchen
With the furniture ready to fall apart
But warmed up by each member of the family
By the hot steams
Which come out from the potatoes
And nevertheless not too old
Since I myself
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults
Which stay around the same old table
Eating with that unsatiable appetite
Of the hungry
The impoverished meal from the table.

Duleele meu Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc, Puiul meu, și te iubesc.

Out of time

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time

One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.

...
and then you approach me with stones and cue

I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.

...

When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you. Victor, the emu chicken.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.

...

Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.

...

Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.

When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness,

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus. Putai meu Victor. Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...

It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Ferocious beasts...

Flying at high altitude
My soul suddenly rises into the sky, fearful, frightened
Looking in the sea of light that flowed through the clouds.
Wild beasts swarmed the earth
Fierce, out of mind.
The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my race I have met all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Traveled in art and other, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sac and profane.

Waves of crunch stir the crowd
I was devoured by their arms
My body was devoured by the feasts

and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

Oh, irony has a sad world, reader ...

Going through the cold steps towards the orbits of light
In a sad and autumnal setting
I found myself crying, laughing
The humor of the boreal world.

...

Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.

--

--

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

--

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

--

From my once-rich mane -
She caught a little French girl
and out of nine fish how many fist
no bones left.

...

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

--

From my former beauty -
he was no more than a great writer
and from the creeping swamp

a sad flower in his forehead flew.

...

Through the high garden full of chairs
With weeds and weeds
The devil found the cure
Himself with nine nephews.

--

You sleep sad ... it's sad and it's late
Almost everything alive is dead
The spine is bent
and the shadow, like a beast, melts away.

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The humor of the boreal world.

...

Oh, irony has a sad world reader
Missing is heart and spleen
It confuses grotesque things
and the non-nun with the pliant world.te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
Indiferent de consecințe, cei care sunt sinceri cu ei înșiși ajung mai departe în viață.
Te iubesc.Puiul meu Dulce. Dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From farm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...
Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..
The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
Of the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....
The bites were silent, feverish in their eyes
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing

In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground, underground realm
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..
My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style
Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

....

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

...

I was in Cerialle
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

....

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

--

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes

green

I heard the bells ringing,

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness,
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tear, crowd noise, murmur, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
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I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
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When everything is pretend
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see it ...

And the merciful king
He also gave me his wife,
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And stew, likewise a clay amphora
Madonna.
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
- As a fool's cloak -
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her,
But she didn't answer me
And it's weird then
I threw it into the fire.

A poetry



In the green garden, full to refusal
with yellow dandelions
flowering lettuce and blooming clover
as we were calling them ourselves
I had retired that May day, in a beautiful
spring

to write my compositions.
laid down in the grass.
Maybe I was five, six years old
maybe less, maybe more
I don't know.

....

But I was trying with the blunt top of my pencil
To write my little, childish poems.
Sure I didn't know by then

what to write and about what, and how to write
I was having only a little notebook
with little squares (of mathematics)
and the blunt peak from my pencil.

.....

I made myself a garland of yellow dandelions
And I was writing about flowers
and butterflies

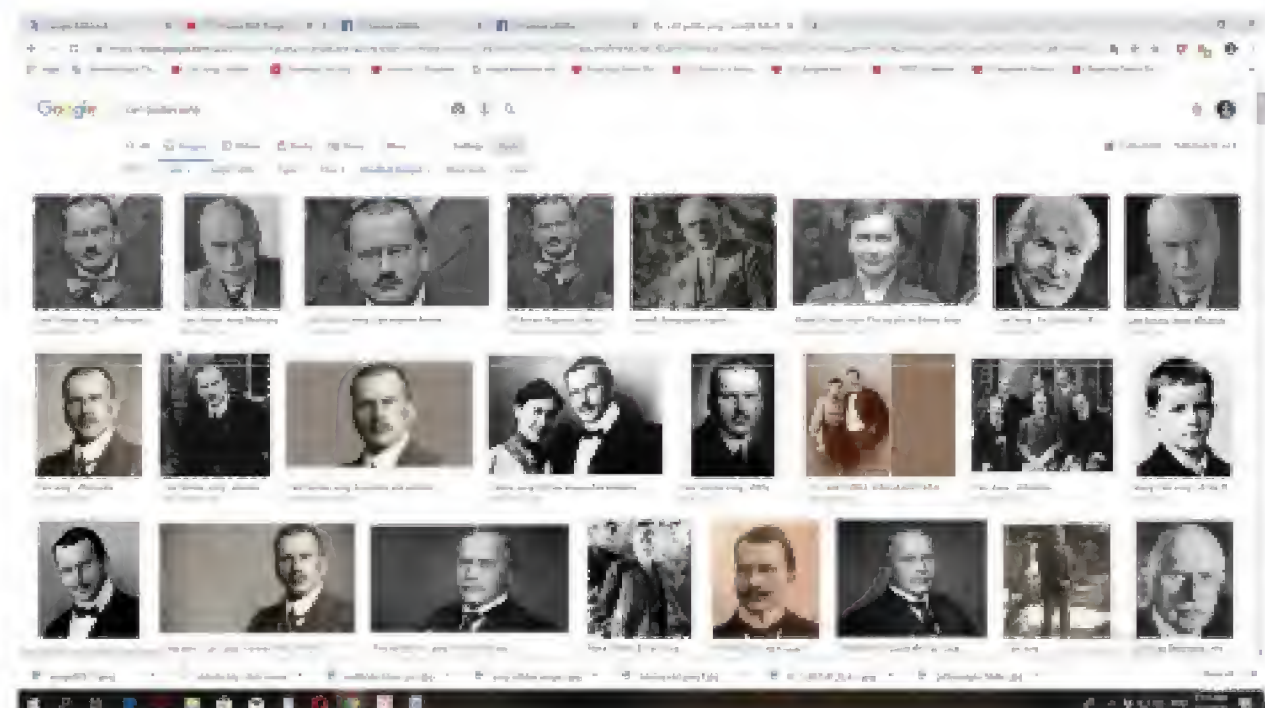
They were trying me misunderstood longings
and in the notebook I was lying
another row or two.

....
disparated words, meaningless
but how deep was trying me the thrill of inspiration
the thought without apparent sense
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world
was bending over me...

....
My greatest admiration was for the writers.
I loved them from all my heart
and there were fascinating me the tales I was reading
fairy-tales

and even novels.
I was thinking I will be a great novelist
a great writer
But still... that day, with my garland on my forehead
I was smiling, unconscious, happily
to a poetry...

..
Visions ...



By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far away the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds

...

The magnolias were falling ...

I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a haughty, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

..

poitil meu dulce, te iubesc, Victor
My face in the rain
(There were those rosy roses)



It was a tall church in Gothic style
Of catholic rite, in the little stoned square

I was making a layover there
In my way home.

The iron bells were beating with a grave,
vibrant sound
reverberated in surroundings
Which it seemed that there were breathing
The air of holiday

It was a wedding
My wedding, of course
I had arrived till seven in the evening at home
I had arrived at time...

Just in time to enter in the wedding room
With Florin
My enigmatic beloved.

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the celestial groom and of the
chthonic bride
Carrying the ointment in the censer.

It was that air
between yellow and grey, between orange and cinder
between sun and shadow
There were those rosy roses

and the geraniums, red, yellow, pink, orange
which were hanging by the windows sills
flowing flowers
on the bride forehead, dressed in white.

....
It was much surrealism there
in that little square, and the church was unutterable beautiful
the bells were ringing
with their armonious, grave, melodious
sound

...
Everything was having a loosely air of unfinished...
destiny and pure chance
history and time out

...
I was passing by my own wedding
I was and I wasn't there
I was appearing and disappearing, you were appearing
and disappearing

iartă-mă, puilul meu, te dorese și te iubese, Victor, puilul meu.
Prelude



iubese, puilul meu.

I was in Ceriale
In that bright, gentle, goldy fall
At the shores of the Ligurian Sea
Where in the bizarre details of a parallel world
Were troubling me so much
That I decided to go to Milan.

...
There wasn't a train at that hour in the little town
peaceful
Seemingly forgotten by the world.

...
Passing by the little railway station
Drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and the green sashes
I heard the bells beating.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a sweet odour of flowers
and of spring
The enchanting trees were blossomed.

...
restless, I asked an old lady
who was passing on the little street
drowned in the white sun of the afternoon:
"Do not mind, madam, what day is today?..."
"today it's Saturday..."

...
since then I confuse the seasons
The fall with the spring
And it always seems to me...
that the bronze bells are beating for me

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything turns to ashes
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

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...

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
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...

When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...te iubesc, Victor

The magnolias were falling ...

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I was late yesterday
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(There were those rosy roses)



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I was and I wasn't there
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Prelude



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In that bright, gentle, goldy fall
At the shores of the Ligurian Sea
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peaceful
Seemingly forgotten by the world.

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Drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and the green sashes
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It was a sweet odour of flowers
and of spring
The enchanting trees were blossomed.

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restless, I asked an old lady
who was passing on the little street
drowned in the white sun of the afternoon:
"Do not mind, madam, what day is today?..."
"today it's Saturday..."

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And it always seems to me...
that the bronze bells are beating for me

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I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness,
I cannot understand the landscape ...

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

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and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye with which God looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

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...
When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...te iubesc, Victor

Te iubesc, puil emu...
...

Pe umerii tăiapuneau cu flăcri de foc stelele
În părul tău se jucau nebune, iecele....

Visions ...

By far my blue eye was waving in the sky
Far the arch was a flowing water, a sea
Far from it was the smoke of a ship
Far as if it were an unrecognizable cloud ...

The sun in your eyes set in my hair
With their dirty things
Of visions, presences or other worlds ...

...
On the shoulders the stars were burning with flames of fire
In your hair was playing crazy, elcl
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
...Te iubesc Puilmeu Drag, Dragostea mea.

Deus absconditus and Satan

I wanted 12, 13 years ... I think I was 13 years old.
I had started that Friday afternoon to clean the stables
Tomorrow was the Sabbath, and we were not allowed to work.
Specifically to get the manure out of the stable
Just pile it up.
Grandma did not cook on Saturday, do not wash or sweep,
and went down with my grandfather to the Adventist church in the city.
Dress and cook beautifully as a holiday.

....
I was alone with Bujor, who didn't know where he was.
I cleaned both rooms in the stable
Gathering the manure in the middle

Then I went out to throw them.

...

I was passing over the sunburnt wooden bridge, white
and fresh or dried manure
to throw, on the small log of wood
what started transversely
at the top of the dry manure pile.

...

Under my steps, the beam sinks a little into the urine of the cattle
Green pike circles
Floating blue from the sunlight that August
and I throw them carefully, with the shovel
from the middle of the pile, towards the foot.

...

Tired, finishing the job, I still admire the work done.
The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure
and they suggested it.

...

Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was rolling green, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.
In the next pile, dry
It was the cat killed by his grandfather with the shovel
and buried there in hiding.

I was horrified at this thought
But also understanding for the poor grandfather, who was otherwise
A good man.
She gave them milk in small cans
Cats in the alleys.

...

Screwed I turn my eyes
To the piss that was slamming into the verses, like stains of diesel.
I felt something uneasy ... a voice that spoke to me from the deep
and called me into the background.

I was, like a spell-spell, of an incomprehensible charm
Of fear and horror
Feeling pulled harder and stronger down.

--

The large, green, glossy fly grass flies
They had gathered on the fresh manure and were flying, buzzing, orbiting the sun.
From place to place
and they suggested it.

...

That incident imprinted me bitterly and painfully in my mind
Like my first date
With the Devil
The first, more deadly, more foreshadowing of misfortunes

and full of the misunderstanding of charm
of these wild places

in the deafening silence of the sun
there when everything curved like a bridge of time
cast by God in the center of his Creation -
for I was sure God had witnessed it
to all this

and later her grandmother, who received me between her legs
begging for his protection - who she was
strong -
and telling her in a voice full of emotion everything that happened.

...

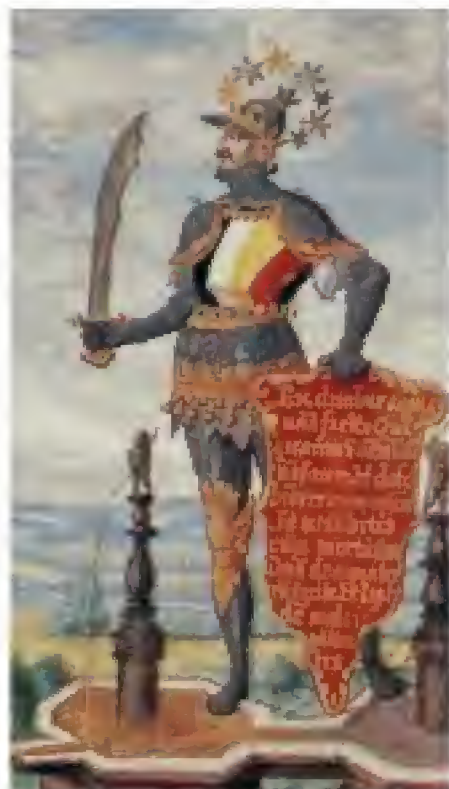
In the depths of his work we recognize, beyond laughter, a sadness, that the world is so, and not otherwise,
how it could be, how good, beautiful and true it may be. And above all, above all, the amoral joy of existence,
an artistic vision that transcends good and evil, to rise in aphrodisiac drunkenness of laughter and perpetual
ecstasy. Of course, whoever loves Caragiale can only hate it, we must all recognize it. Unlike Chekhov, in
which humor and irony know an endless degree, in which the sad tenderness takes on the most diverse shades,
in Caragiale everything becomes specifically Romanian, Balkan and oriental, as well as the differences
between night and day. Everything becomes white or black, an explosion of light and color, laughter from the
foundations, which shakes the foundations of the being. An endless summer day, with a great heat as an oven,
in which we are drunk, in our own and figuratively, by the grandeur and smallness of our existence of little
amoral life, located somewhere at the beginning of history, where the laughter was laughed, the weeping was
crying, nature was eternal, immaterial and endless the gallery of human types.

I love you, my baby my sweet.

Victor, puilul meu, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.

TeDoresc și Te iubesc, Victor, copilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

The Volcano



Te iubesc, Victor,Dulceața mea, Puiul meu. Dragostea ea, iartă-m. Te rog, Puiul meu, pentru viața mea amărată.Te iubesc.

It was a beautiful evening that summer day on Mount Preluca
I and Bujor and I had gone for cakes
cows were moving along horizontal parallel paths
some remained on the mountain, still to graze

others charged the right-hand side of the mountain
to the wooden fountain under the sheepfold of Țariu
and they started to adjust, sipping on each other
stopping at pines and raising the wet muzzle

then drink water again, with regular small swallows.
I was near the top of the mountain
and I admired the sunset, the sky bathed in the sea
of red, orange, red flames

endless degradation ... who knows how many thoughts I have
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Queen!
my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature

of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....
Peony had started after the cows, shouting at me for a while
and teaching me what to do ...

I was with the Mount then, with his Archetype ascended
from the holes, which overwhelmed me

and I think he, Bujor, was also overwhelmed by this archetype
that he liked to ride the mountains!
who knows how many thoughts I went through
through his head then, admiring the fires of the ancestors
in the sky, white rags of the Snow Refine!

my soul ached for the beauty of heaven, of nature
of the silence from the edge of the forest!
it was the two of us, Bujor and I, from old shells
because with oxen, we were doing, old darts were drawn from them
with horns!

....
Swirling before my eyes, White clouds, white clouds
White typhoon mouths, they imagined different kinds of looks
Flowers, butterflies, angels, gods
God himself the father, with his harsh face thundered above the clouds of heaven!
I was thrilled to admire the sunset
The pains of her world
I hadn't been pissed off yet!
and gasping for the sun, I went out laughing!

....
te iubesc dulcele meu Victor, puil meu

The children were both of us,
My brother and me.
From walnut shells cart with ox
I was doing and starving at him
Old men with horns.

And he was reading Robinson.
He told it to me;
I was building the Vavilon Tower
From playing cards I used to say
And I'm a little silly.

I often went to bathe
In the forest eye,
At the big pond I was coming
And her middle was swimming
On the green island.

From clay there I built,
Of the thick and large reed,
Proud fortress looked at it,
With large tin towers,
With hasty wall.

And my brother as emperor
He gave me my message.
To go to the frogs,

Let's call them to battle
Let's see who's stronger.

And the frog king,
Like a fake oak tree,
You receive the commandment of the people.
The pond is a riot.
And we started war.

Oh my! we caught a lot of frogs
It seems to me the king himself
I locked them in the black tower,
From the green island.
I made peace

And I gave them the way of the frogs,
They jumped with joy.
In the deep, they sank
Not to see him again.
We headed home.

Then I asked for the reward
To my deeds
And my brother appointed me
By the king in the north
Over the Indian people.

The white swan was a dresser,
Marches the worst minister
When I ask him to ask me,
He is a sinister millionaire.
I cordially gathered my paw.

And the merciful emperor
He also gave me his wife
His daughter with a laughing laugh
And the stew, brood,
On Tlantaqu-caputli.

I thanked you with a humble sign,
As an o-cloak
I went to my wooden mistress,
In the holy monastery,
In a stove.

And ah! and darling it was!
I spoke softly with her.
But she didn't answer me
And strange then
I threw it in the fire.

And on the block we were getting drunk
Over reed and straw

And we were in the mountains.
With each beat
I marched side by side.

And my head was swollen
Paper helmet.
A handkerchief in a stick.
Battle flag.
I sang: Trararah!
Ah! you went your dreams, you went!
Dead is my brother.
No one closed his eyes
Abroad
Maybe they can open it in the pit!

But often in my dream
Big blue eyes
It lights up a smile
From two you come here
My soul awakens.

!?' There's still my heart
From childhood?

.....
Ah! it often clutches my mind
An old song.
It sounds like it's whining to me
Sweet in the ear:
World, world and world again!

..

. Taking his brother as a comrade, Greuceanu sets off. A three-day, three-night tip with Faurul-Earth, his cross brother, prepares him for the cunning of the kite. At a crossroads the brothers split up. A knife stuck in the ground and a fairy tale carried by each will have the purpose of telling one about the fate of the other. Returning earlier to the place of separation, Greuceanu's brother finds the "clean knife": a sign that his brother is healthy, and the Moon and the Sun, in their place in the sky, fill his heart with joy. But this is a moment of anticipation. During this time, Greuceanu, metamorphosed, in turn, into pigeon and fly, is from the kites when they return to the kites from the hunting of the Green Cod (unpopular framework in the popular literature). There follows the battle of the valiant with the three kites, each stronger than the other. The popular author has proven talent both in handling the dialogue between adversaries, which abounds in imprecations (<Ah, I would eat the wolves the horse's flesh!>) And other consecrated expressions (<in swords to cut or in battle to fight>), as well as in the dynamic description of the dramatic fight with the tartar of the kite. There is an abundance of repetition of consecutive verbs and circumstances of great plasticity: <The kite arrived and they were beaten: in the swords they beat what they beat and the swords broke; in the spears the spikes hit and the spears broke; then they fought: they shook one another, the earth shook; and tighten the kite on Greuceanu ... and then Greuceanu once tightened on the kite, just when he did not expect his bones to run. This fight is not even seen.> With the miraculous help of the crow (reason for the human-living communion), Greuceanu answers the kite and with his little finger from the right hand of the kite - as a key - opens <cul>, releasing the Sun and Month. The hero's gesture gains titanic dimensions: <Take the sun in his right hand and the left in the moon, throw them in the sky and rejoice with great joy.>

The storytelling power of the narrator is surprising. We imagine a true Prometheus holding in hand these vital beings, like toys, and giving them immense joy to mankind. The greatness and nobility of Greuceanu's act find a strong echo in the community: <The people, when they saw the sun and the moon again in the sky, rejoiced

and praised God that he gave so much power to Greuceanu to succeed against the foes of humble humanity>. ,
the hero lives the simple feeling of duty fulfilled: <And he, satisfied that he finished the job, took it on his way
...> te iubesc, puilul meu, dulcișorul meu dulce, Victor.

That night I had been with Bujor on the mountain, on Preluca
After the cows. When we got up
The sun was setting
In a wreath of pink, yellow, orange flames
Reddish.

It was a vault of bright colors
From yellow and orange
Up to red, to purple.
Broken clouds, like little streams of old
Colored by dusk and white

They spread all over the sky, like sifted by a rare sieve.
I went and watered the cattle at the well
wooden
From under Turi's lathe

And then we got ready to steer them to the hut.
I stayed on the mountain
Near the peak
Admire the sunset. Who knows how many thoughts
They were in my mind then, contemplating
Clouds, like snowshoes

With shapes of devil flower angels
Of butterflies, even God-Father
Throne on the clouds of heaven.
No doubt I was thinking that God is
Nature, as Baruch Spinoza had said
Centuries before, and rightly so.

I didn't know much about God
Than what my experience told me
And this was saying a lot ...
And grandma's psalms, and sister Ellen G. White's books
And the Bible from the time of Carol I
I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees
However, that is from the bark
Till the crust

...
I stared at the sky
Getting lost on the horizon, beyond the stallion stud
In a land of fairy tales and stories
Which, strange, the being had
...

Te iubesc.



Out of time

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time*

*One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.*

...

*and then you approach me with stones and cue
I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.*

...

*When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it*

As your soul demands,

...

*You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?*

...

*and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.*

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetricul
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.*

*On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.*

...

*Silence. All drowned by aridity here,
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth,
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.*

...

*Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.*

*When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands,*

...

*You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?*

...

*and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise downs and turns it into a great love.*

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself*

*My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.*

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor. Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

Illuminations suddenly

*In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.*

...

*It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the sick stuck to the stars*

*I love you, my love.
I love you, my baby, my sweet baby, my dear.
God absconditus*

It was noon, past noon. I had taken the cakes me and Bujor
From the large bypass behind the stables
Towards the two fountains, then climbing the end of Don Jara
More grazing, more giving after them
On the Hammer and then on Mount Preluca.

--

I eat noon. We had passed the large wooden gate
On the arches, in the herd of cattle.
There, with a flat shovel, used for removal
Or took the garbage

and with a small flask, we cleaned the calves of the cattle,
Pulling them on the shovel
and then throwing them over the high pile of dry garbage
crushed by weeds, chests and sap.

It was a beautiful summer, and I was in high school
Or maybe I was already a student.
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence

Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground,
I liked what I was doing. I mean, I wasn't upset
Too loud
It was a job that someone had to do
and that had to be done.

When I'm done, be careful that there's nothing left
and the dusty place, like the floor of a clay house, beaten
it was clean as a slap.
I sighed gratefully, and went to the bottom of the fence
Handled with curiosity.

There, in the shadow of the tall trees, it was cool.
Growing grass and marsh weeds
The eyes of the ox and the small caress daisies resembled the canonile.

No doubt Rosia was enchanting me.
But it was a dangerous land, laden with deadly presences
Which were not revealed to the soul at once
You were just guessing them, bending over

In the careless, trivial dimension of reality.
I kept my eyes on the bulls eye, making all kinds of associations

All spinning around an unknown core,
Then the mash dried by the garbage

The back part of the stables sun-burnt, gray-gray
At times white made me tense.
It was a beautiful Roşia place
Full of peace, full of bitterness
Full of serenity

Like a crime that happened many years ago there
and everything was buried under the dry garbage ...
as a memory of other times, of other realms,
with other gods.

...
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife
A heavy silence
Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip
Hanging on the ground.
Te iubesc. Te doresc, puilul meu.

....

1. Real is a totalizing concept, which includes all the other concepts discussed so far. Real refers to a superficial reality or the ultimate reality. Real means living the sacred, participating in the myth, the sacred time and space. Real means hierophany, manifestation of the sacred in the world. "Whatever he does, he (the profane man) is an heir. He cannot completely abolish the past, for he is himself a result of his past. It is formed by a series of denials and denials, but continues to be harassed by the realities it has denied or denied; in order to conquer a world of his own, he desacralized the world in which his ancestors lived; but in order to do this, he was forced to adopt a previous pattern of behavior, and that behavior is still present in him, from an emotional point of view, in one form or another, ready to be updated in his deepest being. . " (Mircea Eliade).

Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu, Copitul meu Dulce.

Come out with the Devil

Te iubesc, Puilul meu, Dulecele meu, Odorul meu Scump și Sfânt.



That morning at noon I went to the cow barn
I should probably clean the stable and collect the eggs
From the nest in the stables

It was a beautiful, hot summer and I was about 12-13 years old
I was small, brunette, skinny
and with the boy cut off on his forehead, he schooled

which at that time I had licked.

...

Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths

Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.

...

I go to the pot, my mind a huge vacuum.
A dog gets after me.
He is small with white and brown spots
and I do not know if it was not ours, or only the porch passes us
in search of who knows what.

He was gentle and friendly
That's how I took Michidutā in my arms
and we headed home.

...

In the living room, which carens the first room of the horses
With glazed square windows
Covering the entire wall from the back yard
I push him into the room and close the door.

...

The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.
What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.

...

In the dream that follows the Creature
He moans with his smooth tongue and coarsens in the intimate parts
Feeling pleasure and old, my brain was
In prostitution
I watched the puppy fall into the bottomless pit of my thoughts.
The dog was staring at his glassy, brown eyes
All sorts of thoughts that were not mine
They were pervading my head.

What if? ... if I did that what would it be?
The thought seeped into my soul like a painful imputation.
...

Lying on the bed, I was watching the puppy, which was hanging from the tail, near the door.
I took him in his arms and led him out
and I have never seen him since that day.

--
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Sitting me, in the dark of the sun, to gather the eggs
I shuddered.
A dog or a bitch was in the alley
Looking at me with big eyes, like a deadly call
From the depths
Who was pulling me down, pulling me down ...

...
I had 33 people.
I was still very sick. I'm going to bring the cows from Comanesti
Or to see them.
I was in a blooming dress.
When suddenly overwhelmed by a memory beyond me
Coming from the depths
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest.
"Excuse me Tomorrow," crying with heavy tears, which were rolling over me
And works.

Forgive me tomorrow, please marry me, Lord
I fall to my knees with my hands on my chest
Overwhelmed by the urge to go deep
and it gave way as a blinding light to science.

...
Black eyes, merciful, dog pennies
I was imprinted in my soul
Like a painful imputation
Like a calling, painful and evil at the same time
Which made me shudder
Like my second encounter with the devil.
Te iubesc. Victor, ragulmeu, Puiuleu.

-
Up on Jara

That day Grandmother Lucretia, grandmother from Rosia
She had made us wet, as usual

I mean balm, good for licking
On the fingers with cream, milk, maybe cheese
And you pissed.

...

I was with Bujor. I had finished milking the cakes
And we had to go with them
On the Year, the high grade
You climbed chest, up to the Hammer.

.....

We ate with lust and we got tired, we and my grandparents
Then we took our buns
of willow
We set out to feed the cows.
I took them first on some beaten paths
Parallel and overlapping

At the wells made by my father, under the ridge of the hill
Let's water them.
Then I started with them chestnut
Let's climb the hill, a steep ridge that climbs
Almost straight up.

.....

I was panting, red in the cheeks, with the chord in one hand
Running for cakes
And we ate them straight up the hill.
They were arranged bright, red, floral, black
besides the fence

From the alley, and soon we reached the upper gate.
In the hammer we breathe easier
And we were looking at the pit bulls, as we said
Boletus, raised from day to day.

....

When I found one more
And especially the little chicks, just cut from the grass
We shouted happy.
Peony called me: Lia, let's see!

And I was running to see the huge python
With a big, raw hat
That grandmother would prepare us with onions
And with cheese.

...

We're going uphill.
From the right, you can hear Mardea's bitch
Lonely and bad mouth
Who had his hut in the meadow, under the foot of the mountain
Barking wild, crushed

Funest, as a preview, under the crowns
The beech forest that gives in front of Prelucii.
To the left lay the forest of firs and beech trees
From under the forehead

A dense forest, where I knew the bear lived.
Soon, while giving the cows
We get to the top,
A straight, beaten path between the two forests,

.....

Beyond which, right in front of us, Preluca rose,
first mountain peak.
There, left on a path
The silky cows were beginning to mate

At a small wooden fountain
Then they took to the beaten track on the right
Besides the forest,
Slowly climbing the mountain, he grazed it.

....

Phages, green, with their shady crowns
Of a metallic green
Of a raw green, the trees not too high
High air, so clean

Laying your head down on your back
You admire the sky
On which they ran without stopping the clouds
And you felt happy, as much as your baby's heart
She could understand it.

.....

Te iunse, Dulcele meu Victor, Mănuitorul Sufletului meu.

Brahma the one with thousand faces
That evening, after many years, I was writing in my journal
With black covers

About that frightening happening
Lost, in the childhood distant murmuring sight.
Living it again, in a way... It was a strange, grotesque vision
Frightful, if it wouldn't be endowed with
Extreme numinosity,
From the depths it was calling me the Brahma the one with a thousand faces
Likewise a soft, gentle and bizarre anathema.

It was night, Dark outside. My soul was hurting me like a claw
The right hand was helpless to gather itself
And then I wrote
With the demonic nail from the left hand.

--

Not helped neither by the powers of the bull, the lion and the eagle
Which were working around Mark, Peter
And John
I was writing alone.

Around me they were the celestial spirits
Born on the drowning of the aggressive herds
Giving birth in the groups of water
To a second game, more ordered and more pure.

Brahma the one with a thousand faces was moving his shapes
With amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling in the depths, from the leaves of the grape-yard
Of the black grapes full.

He was pulling me to himself like a whirlpool, vortex, storm, lightning, tornado
Black tide which returns in itself
Through silent rains in myself
Of the longing of eternity, of immortality full

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.

It was a cruel madness and deep, profound
Of an absolute, profound lucidity
As it is the strength of the sharp top rock
As it is the sea water where is more deep.

It was a madness, which didn't exclude the true understanding, acceptance
The absolute, deep knowledge
As it is the strength of the stainless steel
As it is the sea water where it is more deep.

...

I was likewise the trembling light of a candle
Which makes the night more deep and more profound
Ubiquitous and omnipresent
Strong and omnipotent, abstract and in more places at the same time.

...

The Brahma with a thousand faces was calling to himself the light in me
The path to the consciousness
To my being
Where on he wanted as a sacrifice.

..

I was feeling as how a force is dragging in the self... deeper and deeper
And vertiginous
With an amazing fastness
In myself
He was calling me into the depths from the leaves of the vineyard
Of the black grape full.
A soft, gentle deity, and frightful
Black, abyssal, earthshaking
Likewise it is the sea water where is more profound
As it is the strength of the sharp stone edge.

...

Paiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor
Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odoured honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in brightful, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.

.....

Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of green mermaid
in rosy waters , of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.

.....

Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moonrays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.

....

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like a water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.

....

enchanted by the slowly slipping of the sun
on starry arch
Lost in the mythical thought, like in the precious

amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.

...

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

...

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

.....

O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...

.....

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

.....

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

Te iubesc, dulceata mea, puiul meu.

Translate: Natalia Gălăţan

Brahma the one with a thousand faces

That night, after years, I was writing in my journal

With black covers

About that scary incident

Lost in distant childhood.

Withdrawing her, in a way. It was a strange and strange sight.

Scary, it would not have been endowed with extreme numbness.

From the deep I was called Brahma the one with infinity

Of faces, like a sweet and bizarre anathema.

...

It was evening. Night out. My soul ached like a pebble.

Her right hand was powerless to hold on

and then I wrote

with the nails on the left hand.

Not helped by the powers of the bull, the lion or the eagle

They were working around Mark, Peter

and John.

...

Around me were the heavenly spirits

He was born on the drowning of rustic cherries

Giving birth to water groups
In a second game, more orderly, more pure ...

--

The one with a thousand faces brahma moved their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans.

She was pulling at me like a bulb, whirlpool, gyros, lightning, tornado
Tides, which is returning itself
In the silent rain, inside me
From longing, to full mourning.

I felt a force as it pulls on itself I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans.

It was a crazy and penny madness, too
An absolute, profound lucidity
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

It was crazy, which did not exclude the full understanding of acceptance
Absolute, deep knowledge
Like the age of the rock clone
It's like the sea where it's deep.

I was like the light scattered by a candle
What makes the night deeper, deeper
Ubiquitous and ubiquitous
Powerful and omnipotent, abstract and in many places at once.

Brahma with a thousand faces and called the light within me
The road to consciousness
To my being
He wanted it as a sacrifice.

I felt a force as it pulls on itself I still carry the dizzy meadow
Brahma with a thousand faces changes their faces
with an amazing speed
In me
He called me into the depths of the vine leaves
Of full black jeans

A gentle and frightening deity
Black, abyssal, earthquake
It's like the deep sea
It's like the strength of a cliff.

~~~~~  
Silence is seriously quiet, I call  
of honey-nmiresmat  
Spilling  
as a clear amphora in the evening  
With depths reverberating in the water  
clear and round  
From the calm self, where the nature  
Red  
it overflowed.

~~~~~  
Underneath the hot magnolias in smoke
and under the smell of a woman
pure and clean, green nymph
in pink waters
of an immaculate white
I rub his forehead in his thoughts.

~~~~~  
green in nature, glowing white in the sun  
under the kiss of the rays  
hot  
or the radiance of the lunar rays  
it wobbles, worn by the thought  
mythical.

~~~~~  
a smile of contentment is Life
eternal
like a stream of water
of which you drink, enchanted by her granddaughter
the smile of death combined
with life.

~~~~~  
charmed by the slow dawn  
of the sun on the vault  
lost in the mythical thought, as in the amphorae  
for price, you poured your body  
haughtily  
on the rocks surrounded by water.

~~~~~  
the sweet dream caught your soul
released from the harshness
agonies of the ascetic
no silent realms of contemplation
sublime.

~~~~~  
silent, magnolia flowers  
they were slowly falling into the grass



and they were digging through the fat grass  
ants' turns through the snow  
White.

.....

The smile stopped in the instant  
that of forever  
what unites in agony with the infinite  
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces  
hug with soft wings  
end.

.....

oh, you don't see that in the clip  
the eternal one  
all the deity was gathered  
and every moment he dies, he snorts  
with a supreme thought Love  
which is full of Life, Nature? ...

.....

silent, magnolia flowers  
they were slowly falling into the grass  
and they were digging through the fat grass  
ants' turns through the snow  
White.

.....

The smile stopped in Clipa  
that of forever  
what unites in agony with the infinite  
and in which the beginning, among cold spaces  
hug with soft wings  
end.

Translation Carl Gustav Jung  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puil meu.  
soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.

#### The Grandpa from Rosia

I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia  
I and my brother  
We had gone to make a fence  
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and  
greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate  
the Forest of Jiru  
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag

from our father, from the mine of coal  
many long nails, some of them hooked  
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion  
still good of something.  
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod,  
brought also by my father  
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene  
stamps mill  
thick beams of wood  
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground  
at 2-3 metres distance one of another  
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old  
We were children  
probably at the gymnasium  
And grandpa was facing from the rocks  
and he was putting the thick pales  
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at  
12-15 mm one of another.  
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires  
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made  
and our Grandpa was bending them  
from short and precise hits  
over the barbed wire.

....  
So we spent an entire day till the evening  
in that silent, peaceful wilderness  
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good  
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had  
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish  
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes  
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too  
to sneak behind the fence  
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities  
likewise the parents, too

working people until the deep old age  
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well  
and then put it in large barrels with circles  
whereon we were bringing at home  
too...

----

Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him  
Has taken milk to the town,  
over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallers  
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese  
until the old man with white hair at the temples.  
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest  
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed  
and they were going to the church, to the preach  
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed  
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots  
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture  
these old man, with plain, smooth faces  
in their velvet, beautiful clothes,

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc.

Sopul meu Dulce, iartă-mă, Te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea, Iubitul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragul meu soțior, te iubesc.

Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, puișor iubit,  
Icarus

My head hurts  
I feel a state of tiredness  
It seems to me that I have very much to work  
And I do not get anything.

The thoughts are surrounding me  
I am too busy to do something, thinking of different things  
The Thinking is a very serious occupation  
Which produces a sort of vacuum  
of the brain..

In this vacuum I move heavily and imprecisely  
Under the pressing action of the medicines  
I fear that the body and my soul simply will  
fly away

Likewise a small green parrot is flying from its bird cage  
in the yellow intense light of the sun  
in a supernatural reality  
in a nature ubiquitous and omnipresent  
whereon he will find his death like a beatitude  
And a salvation  
Like a liberty finally conquered.

Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia  
has been making ourselves the dipped, like usually  
that is, "balnoș",  
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.

....

I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows  
and we had to climb with them  
on Jară, the high gradient, whereon you were climbing up  
hardly  
until the Hammer.

.....

We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,  
we and our grandparents  
then we took the thin branches of willow  
and we started to handle the cows.

We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths  
parallel and intersected  
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement  
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill  
to drink them.  
then we started to climb with them abruptly  
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up  
almost right upward.

...

I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks  
with the little branch in one hand  
and we were handling them up to the hill.  
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black  
besides the fence

which was giving in the unstoned alley,  
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.  
On the hammer, we are lighter  
and we look after "pitoance", how we were calling them  
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day  
to another.

....

When we were finding one of them  
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up  
from the grass and ground  
We were exclaiming happily.

Bujor was calling me: "Lia, come to see!..."  
and I was running to see the large boletus  
with a large hat, unripe  
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us  
with onion and cheese.

....

We climb up softly.  
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea  
The old woman lonely and mouth disease  
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley  
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,  
whet

fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns  
of the beech forest which was giving  
in The Face of Preluca.  
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees  
and beeches  
underneath the Foreheads  
a dense forest, where we were knowing  
that has its place the bear,  
soon, still handling the cattle  
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.

....

Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.  
the first Peak of Mountain.  
there, to the left on a path  
the cows were still starting to drink water  
at a little wooden fountain  
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right  
besides the forest  
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.

....

The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns  
of a metallic green  
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall  
the heaviness of height, with clean air  
putting yourself with the head down, on your back  
you were admiring the sky  
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds  
and you were feeling happy, as much as your  
child's heart could compress it.

....

As heard in Captain Marvel! Listen to more Nirvana here: <https://Nirvana.lnk.to/Essentials> Read the story  
behind 'Nevermind' here: <https://www.4discovermusic...>

Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu  
Te doresc, Puilul meu Drag, Dulceața mea. Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victoior, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dragostea  
mea. Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puilul meu. Te iubesc, dulcele meu

te iubesc, puilul meu dulce.  
Remembering



A man in front of the waves, looking at  
The desert land  
Undulating, wavy sea  
The wave that wipes out hitting itself by the rocks

Darkened and black, he seems a shadow  
Unmoved  
Swallowed slowly  
By the deep waves

----

And thinking of nothing  
Neither to present, nor to future  
Scans lingeringly the sea black surface

From which with a tide  
There was flooding towards him  
A very beautiful and green mermaid.

----

He's lonely. Lonely. Happy  
And he is silent  
And calm and far away  
An ivory atmosphere has getting down  
Onto the clear, bizarre arabesque of the moon  
Lighting fadely in the distance

Whilst on large surfaces of sea  
The drop in miniature of spume  
Is spreading itself in fine dentelery



Te iubesc. Puiul meu Victor. Dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, dulceața mea, soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, pușor iubit, te doresc. Soțul meu iubit, te iubesc. Victor, puiul meu.

Wild boar with silver thistles



That day we had gone after the cattle  
I and Silvia, my primary cousin  
we had passed by the Preluca Peak and we had found  
the cattle, grazing maybe on the

Ox Mountain  
above the wooden lodge of Gălăţan

We come back home.  
But on the long saddle which  
separated the Peak Preluca by the Ox mountain  
It was a herd of boars with chickens  
There were hearing the strange sounds  
they were making

and there was a herd of ten-thirteen wild boars  
big and small.  
Silvia, my cousin, had been scared badly  
and she was shuddering  
she was thinking that there is our end.

But I knew from my father that the wild animals  
don't do to you any harm  
if you don't attack them and you do not break  
their territory  
but you are quietly on the road.

with all my cold blood I was capable I whispered to Silvia  
not to follow the saddle after the wild boars  
for they from behind couldn't feel us...  
but only from the wind which was blowing from  
the front

and we cut the mountain of Preluca straight in two  
coming back home.  
Silvia was thankful, with tears in her eyes  
that we had escaped alive  
and I was happy that I was courageous.

--  
Later I thought that the wild boars  
had the feeling that I am one of them  
Euphemistically spoken  
Because I had the ascendancy in the Wild Boar  
after the Chinese zodiac.

It was also a dear remembrance, that one from  
the time of our childhood  
When the mountain, the forest, even the ruthless  
wild boar, was our brother.

From an oil canvas, with the draining paintings  
where in there can be still discerned  
the faces of three kids, of two girls, mine, and Silvia's  
and of my brother. Bujor.  
Te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu. Victor...

The Moromets



The thunder strike a sea of red flames is splitting out  
A shape carved out in the stone of the dark,  
sharp clouds  
which throws white powders in unspeakable arrow  
Cutting out the sky in red steams.

----

The apocalyptique, colossal rain  
Caught us on the abrupt hill flying downwards  
It was flowing a white stream  
Amongst the white, bruise and reddish  
stones.

I was flying downwards like a bird - when she flies away  
from the nest in the break of dawn, and flutters  
her wings to the sky

I was slipping amongst the brown streams  
carrying mud, humus and thick pieces of squeezed  
wood.

----

The forest was waving away, with the top of  
the trees split out  
by the lightnings in the sunset  
It was falling down a blessed water, it was taking you over  
downwards....  
It was falling down heavily a stormy water...

----

Storms whereon the tormented sky is throwing down  
Over our heads  
To the unseen, red order, of the divine hidden  
in the stars  
Force of pushing from up to down

----

And my universe was becoming red, apocalyptique and suave,  
killer of beauty  
The rain around me was drawing a wall  
of the large sea tender white and blue kingfishes.

----

In my candid youth, of blue violet  
The wander caught to dig itself, with its magnificent  
discrete voice  
For forces are unfolding in front of me unceasessly  
Like an eternal riding on the storm..

With large smile killed on my lips, with the waves  
of the water  
I am fighting up.

----

Downwards it has been seen the wooden lodge  
At a thousand metres and twenty, with its window bars  
draining cold..  
And the tall grass from the meadow

The poison of the sky is stealing out.

....

Black clouds frightened by death  
Are wrapping in the sky  
You want to find yourself your destiny, your death  
In the weeping of the water from the sky  
in the most cruel, splendid  
mystery.

The book of Anime III

The second painting

**Lord Abraxis**

Looking under the pot of the forest now  
At the haze that envelops the phages  
I can't help but think there is no God  
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.  
His iron eye  
It records everything with full objectivity  
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel  
Or here you burn in the pitcher cauldron.

.....

Facts matter to him.  
Whether it's just words, thoughts  
Or terrible facts transposed into practice.

Everything that comes into existence  
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread  
Atrocities.

....

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.  
It is not overlooked either  
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces  
It might seem to some to be sketching  
A cynical smile.

....

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols  
From red membranes and fixed looks  
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth  
The stillness of the viscera.

----

Everything is immobile here. Everything's stuck.  
God has turned into a moving air mass  
With speed  
Above our fingertips  
In a lightning-like lightning strike

In a crushed, shaking thunder  
In the blade of a knife  
In a red-alabaster flame  
What burns with a whirlwind above our minds

Like a dry roaring fire overhead.

Everything that comes into existence  
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread  
Atrocities.

---

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.  
It is not overlooked either  
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces  
It might seem to some to be sketching  
A cynical smile.

----

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols  
From red membranes and fixed looks  
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth  
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.....

Looking under the pot of the forest now

At the haze that envelops the phages  
I can't help but think there is no God  
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.  
His iron eye  
It records everything with full objectivity  
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel  
Or a red devil in the pit cauldron.

...te iubesc dulcele mea.

Rather, the question of Spinoza's pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).

Te iubesc

...

This proof that God—an infinite, necessary and uncaused, indivisible being—is the only substance of the universe proceeds in three simple steps. First, establish that no two substances can share an attribute or essence (Ip5). Then, prove that there is a substance with infinite attributes (i.e., God) (Ip11). It follows, in conclusion, that the existence of that infinite substance precludes the existence of any other substance. For if there were to be a second substance, it would have to have some attribute or essence. But since God has all possible attributes, then the attribute to be possessed by this second substance would be one of the attributes already possessed by God. But it has already been established that no two substances can have the same attribute. Therefore, there can be, besides God, no such second substance.

If God is the only substance, and (by axiom 1) whatever is, is either a substance or in a substance, then everything else must be in God. "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be or be conceived without God" (Ip15). Those things that are "in" God (or, more precisely, in God's attributes) are what Spinoza calls modes.

As soon as this preliminary conclusion has been established, Spinoza immediately reveals the objective of his attack. His definition of God—condemned since his excommunication from the Jewish community as a "God existing in only a philosophical sense"—is meant to preclude any anthropomorphizing of the divine being. In

the scholium to proposition fifteen, he writes against "those who feign a God, like man, consisting of a body and a mind, and subject to passions. But how far they wander from the true knowledge of God, is sufficiently established by what has already been demonstrated." Besides being false, such an anthropomorphic conception of God standing as judge over us can have only deleterious effects on human freedom and activity, insofar as it fosters a life enslaved to hope and fear and the superstitions to which such emotions give rise.  
Te doresc.

..The necklace of beads

I want you.  
... That summer morning, I and Bujor climbed,  
I think walking home  
To Rosia.  
Through orchards, through Tariu's orchard

And we were about to pass the wooden log  
Made in a fence  
What separated an orchard from another orchard.  
We play

We play among the trees, among the beech trees  
And I was collecting beech leaves  
On which the fruits were collected  
Some small moles

---

Of which Bujor wanted to make me a necklace.  
I picked a lot, both of us  
And Bujor made me a very good necklace.  
I was breaking the buds from the leaves

And Peony was spinning a needle through the holes  
From both ends.  
And so did the necklace.  
I didn't have many ornaments in those days

-----

Than the colored glass beads  
Mother's go  
And then Bujor's necklace.  
We didn't need much to be happy

---

And childhood is the happiest age  
From my life  
The one where everything was wonderful  
And then, we had discovered the books.

---

Looking back, without anger  
I realize I had a beautiful childhood  
Even if we were not children  
That's how you stir and soak.

---

Everything was a miracle. I loved nature,  
Rosia, grandparents, parents  
We are happy to tears, without knowing it,  
the happiness of being alive. Te iubesc și te doresc, puilul meu.  
te doresc, dulceata mea.

Te Doresc și Te iubesc, Dulceata mea, Victor,Puilul meu.

Te doresc, te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu dulce  
Paul and Virginia...  
(after the title of an old book..)

Recently I was thinking of the introversion  
That gave birth to so many thousands  
of poems..

I cannot watch the world, otherwise than through you  
In an embrace without an end.

Dulcele meu, te iubesc... Victor, puilul meu drag.  
Cruelly painful melancholy...

A dream with myself, with a white shoe and a black shoe  
I was passing untouching the ground  
On the streets of childhood, shaded by the huge linden trees  
With the same springlike, oniric footsteps...

---

It was by then when I meet you, with your hands  
left on a book  
Preoccupied by death...  
Sad lovings, reveries...longing of leaving  
from your attic...

---

1907  
Flames, feeble soul finding himself in the mirror  
Cruel knees wounded in my flight to you  
Cruelly painful melancholy, rustling of forests returned in self  
and to find you lost and sad, alone and silent  
in myself.

Te doresc și Te iubesc

It is so strange everything...

It is so strange everything  
The men, the trees, the rain  
Fantasmagoric, jelly, gentle illusion  
Of the brain and nature  
Maya...

-----  
My body burning like a hand of leaves  
Likewise a bunch of dry tree trunks  
At the road edge  
Drowning the blue cold sky  
In lucent wisps of smoke...

-----  
It is so fantasmagoric everything  
The people, the trees, the rain  
Sad, serene, late illusion of the brain and nature  
maya...

-----  
My body burning as axis mundi to the sky  
In a warm, happy autumn  
In the chain which is comprised in arms, with sadness  
by its thrilling, moving wheat spices

-----  
Steps  
Passing to the sunset  
In a cold October evening  
Comprised in the bustle of the moment of now  
Seconds of honey and smoke.

Dragul meu,iubitul meu dorit, soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puilul meu drag.  
The Myth of Androgynous



iubesc, dragul meu dulce.  
Passing underneath the arches of leaves

In an imaginary city  
Slipping through fingers the living fence  
Crushing the wanders between eyelids  
I am thinking that every myth has a real  
Foundation.

Likewise something which substantiated the world  
From the beginning.  
Do not hurry to say that the myths are babies' sleeping stories  
For you yourselves have been children...

....  
For those who didn't forget the childhood of the  
Humanity  
And their own childhood  
The Myth of the Androgynous exists.

....  
First we are enough for ourselves  
The shape of Anima, of Animus  
It is so deep buried in ourselves, so alive and strong  
As we are living and breathing.

....  
For those who still believe in ideals  
The Myth of Androgynous exists.  
Even if it doesn't occupy now but the secret pantry  
of the body  
The one we carry in our souls.

....  
Even like that, halves, looking for the one to complete us  
We compose together with him or her  
An Androgynous.

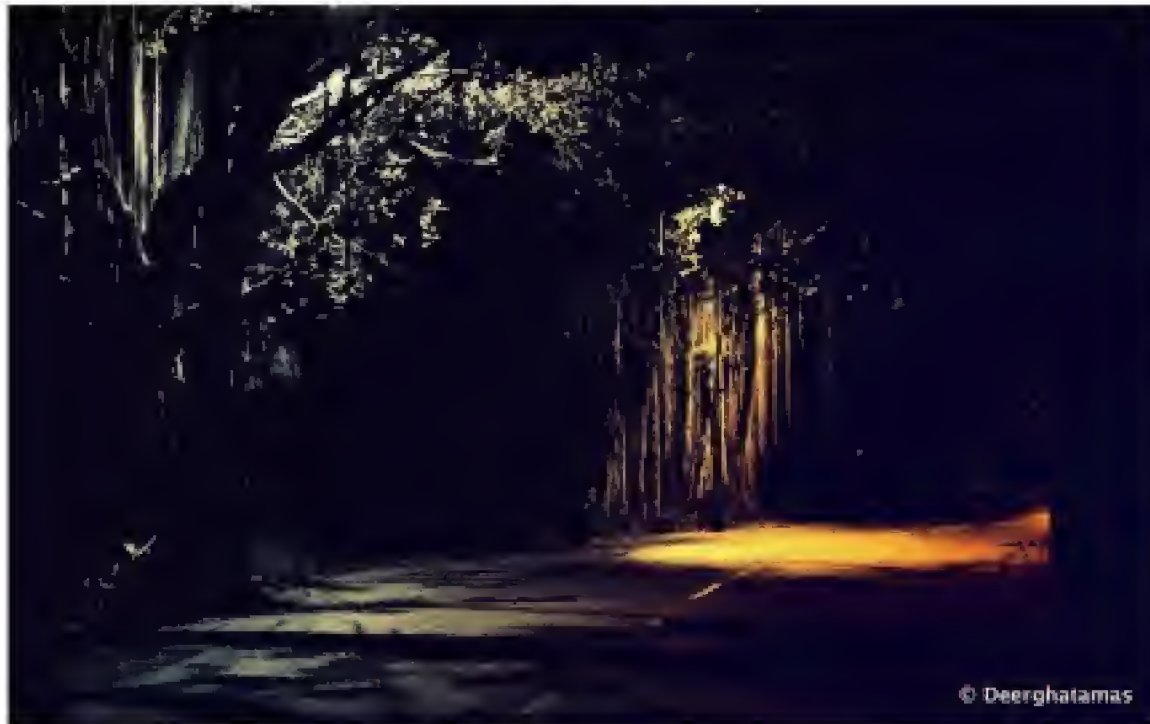
...  
Searching deeply in my soul  
I have found you...  
Living breathing, with human shape, whereon I draw  
in my poems  
in the nights with full moon.

....  
Even if the body is ruining itself  
and enters in the domain of the profane  
It remains in soul a bit of Divinity, of immortality  
And this is the other half of your soul  
Looking for you on his turn through  
the world.

....

Puiul meu Dulce, Victor. Te doresc și Te iubesc.  
On the streets...





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On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around  
 Nor you...  
 On the streets I was passing by  
 I was having a strange feeling of déjà-vu.

Maybe there were the houses bending towards me, lividly  
 Maybe there were the old, sordid walls  
 No one known... far away the horizon was comprised  
 by the smoke  
 The fallen fence was looking at me as though...

....

I knocked with my fist tight in your window...  
 The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept...  
 I knocked in your window... and you didn't answer me  
 The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept...

....

On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around  
 Nor you...  
 On the streets I was passing by  
 I was having a strange feeling of déjà-vu.

Dragostea mea iubită, Victor, puilul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc. dragostea mea.  
 Don Juan

On the sand beach washed by solar winds  
 Don Juan had been wreck-wrecked  
 With his old ship of pirates and he has remained  
 the only survivor...

A young rebel, with dark black locks  
framing his romantic face of orgolious  
and seducing young man.

I only remember his hair  
stuck by algae and little shells  
His wounded body  
where on the young beautiful girl  
with the green eyes likewise  
the water of the sea  
and breasts likewise two garden warblers  
has bandaged for days  
and nights.

...The girl was the sweetest apparition  
that the savage, uninhabited isle  
has showed to Don Juan, deprived by luck  
and hope.

...  
Everthing was breathing an air of virginal savage  
an atmoshere of beginnining  
of the world  
wherein there wasn't but the  
two of them

In a whirlpool of the time  
Become spiral  
where in their boundless, unchained love  
have known all thrills  
of the true passion.

...  
The lodge from straw and clay  
where in they were making love like two fools  
with the feeling  
they are alone in the entire world...

...  
You see, I inhaled precociously  
the rarefied air  
of the absolute love  
which was correspoding to the internal stucture  
of my soul.

...  
I always believed  
that there do exist extraordinary men  
in extraordinary circumstances  
That you can overpass your condition  
Rising above the background  
wherein you live.

...  
That's why I never could read the Human Comedy.

The life was more than that.  
The life was tragedy  
The seed of disgust and of the lack of humanity  
Where on the exceptional, ideal loves  
have

Out of time  
Opposite from all that is common, trivial, worn  
to exhausting  
opposite from the coat for all days.

-----  
Lovings filtered by masks  
They were showing me the pure feeling  
exalted until the limits of the sublime  
and tragic.

The world of dew

This happened  
many years ago.  
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now  
At college.

--

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.  
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.  
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside  
Inside, he also entered through the little door  
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally  
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness  
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated  
In the rays of light  
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...  
A world of dust mackerel and geese -  
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now  
Lights of our sight ....

---

I love you sweet lady,  
Hay. In the alleys. Near the cattle barn  
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.  
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside  
Inside, he also entered through the little door  
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally  
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness  
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated  
In the rays of light  
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...  
A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world of God  
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace  
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world  
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time  
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality  
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, *ceteris paribus* (in other words, the same *n.a.*), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger: how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding. - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mirecea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ...  
" Te iubesc, Te doresc, dulceșor dorit.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei, Dragostea mea, Dulcetamea, Te doresc, Puiul meu iubit, Fiul meu Dulce și iubit.

Dulcele meu iubit, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu iubit.

El Greco

te iubesc, puiul meu.

The music of mermaids...

Whispering from the waters

They seem some Suns or some tired Moons...

In the blue, opaline water

With waves which are foaming foolishly underneath

These ballerinas of the ocean

Are rising up their smiling faces

Between the waves

Laughing, smiling unconsciously

With the unconscious happiness of the lunatic

Which is walking sleeping on the street...

....

Happy

Happy faces

Rising up from the waves with fine dentelery

As the smooth skin of the arms

Embracing the water...

.....

Faces...

There is nothing counterfein here.

They are speaking with the peace of the deep

Which laid down like a all-inclusive curtain

Over its faces

Comprised by the drunkness of the swimming

And of the endless happiness.

dulceata mea, dragostea mea, te iubesc Victor, puiul meu.

Karamazov brothers



A washerwoman  
Or a flower girl...

Or maybe both a washerwoman  
and a flower girl...

A merchant woman  
From the middle of the past century....  
Red in cheeks  
and with the rags hanging...  
Selling fish  
Or other cheap products  
Sweating  
Wiping with the lap of her dress

....  
I have fallen in love with her  
Probably  
They were attracting me the low-ranking people  
And Katiushka was one of them...

...  
Maybe because that they were more sincere  
That they weren't wearing masks  
That they were that that they were...  
No more  
No less  
Their words didn't have double-meaning  
They were as much as possible  
Monosemantic dogmatic

Being so polysemantic  
likewise all the words from fundamental vocabulary

...  
It was fundamental Katiushka  
Whereon it calls in the real life Grusenka  
She was having visceral starts  
Which were frightening me  
And attracting me

...  
I have wanted to marry her.

....  
It was something in her nature  
of washerwoman  
flower girl  
saleswoman or merchant

that was attracting me unutterably...

...  
Maybe it was the fault of the dry, salted fish  
Hanging on the strings  
Or the pale flowers from the big square  
Passing by there  
I was looking for her always...

Mingling among the sailors, workers  
Blacksmiths, poles  
peasants

salesmen

in the great square  
whereon they were passing by people of all sorts  
Fancy carriages, cages  
With coachmen dressed in velvet  
Ladies with umbrellas, gloved  
Interesting of how much is this or that  
an unspeakable resin...

---

And she red in cheeks  
wiping the sweat  
An isle of greenery  
Among faded faces  
Her greasy hands were always clean.

Iron virgin

The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet  
As if it hurt or wanted it  
Stop wasting time.  
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster  
A divine sexual offspring  
Or maybe the full-timeless night.

---

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted  
They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know ...  
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet  
As if it hurt or wanted it  
Stop wasting time.

Winner and defeated, hunted and hunted  
Everyone was talking about a murder ...  
Made with cold blood on the civor or beyond  
They miss the boundaries of the word  
What happened in the night, unknown, easy .....  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu.

They were all talking about a known thing, I don't know  
The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet  
As if it hurt or wanted it  
Stop wasting time.

---

The virgin iron was fluttering in the sheet  
As if it hurt or wanted it  
Stop wasting time.  
Iron steam was burning on his body - a silent, unknowing luster  
A divine sexual offspring  
Or maybe the full-timeless night.

---



Cold things - like the kama of a knife, of a surgical knife  
Her gut tightened like a hedgehog.

An old picture on the wall, a slowly burning icon  
the candle juice went out ...  
there is a crying butterfly at night  
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking  
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a  
cage...

-----

the walls weep and fall to the ground, a century of  
loneliness lies open on page seven,  
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...  
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan  
of illusions - they are broken ...

like the shards of a mirror,  
an age of loneliness lies open on the page  
seven, on page seven, on page seven ...

I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby, my dear. My lover  
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

By the twenties



Women, flower sellers  
with reddened cheeks and silver coins  
clinging by their girdles  
the first hour of the morning

are gathering  
in the large square, the carriages are passing  
slowly on the stone road  
the acacias are weeping out.

Beautiful Romanian girl  
you smile to me  
from an old photograph, with wavy edges  
aged by time  
aged by the time passing by

Women, flower sellers  
with reddened cheeks and silver coins  
clinging by their girdles  
the first hour of the morning  
are gathering  
in the large square, the carriages are passing  
slowly on the stone road  
the acacias are weeping out.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc...  
On the street...

On the street of the cherry trees blossomed  
I have often passed  
I was looking at your window to the sun rises  
With a lost, lost thought...

Through of the sky white snows  
So many times, so many times...

....

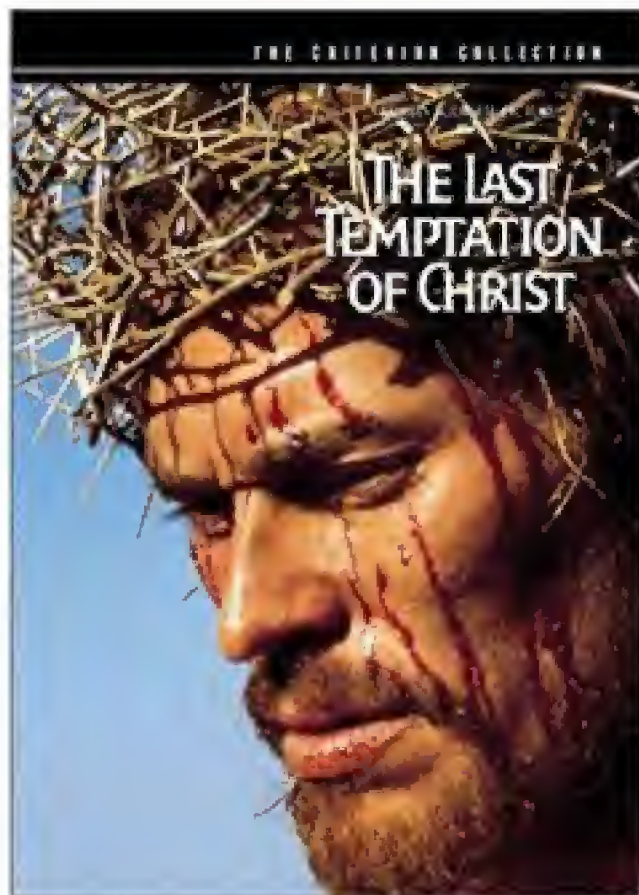
Today even if I would turn back on the same  
Empty streets  
I wouldn't find anymore but the shadow  
Of my footstep...

.....

On the streets apricot flowers are falling heavily  
The light is melting itself  
In the penumbra of a sunset  
Yawning over the abyss of my soul.

Te iubesc Victor.

Victor, iubitul meu drag, Dulcele meu, te iubesc..  
An age of loneliness

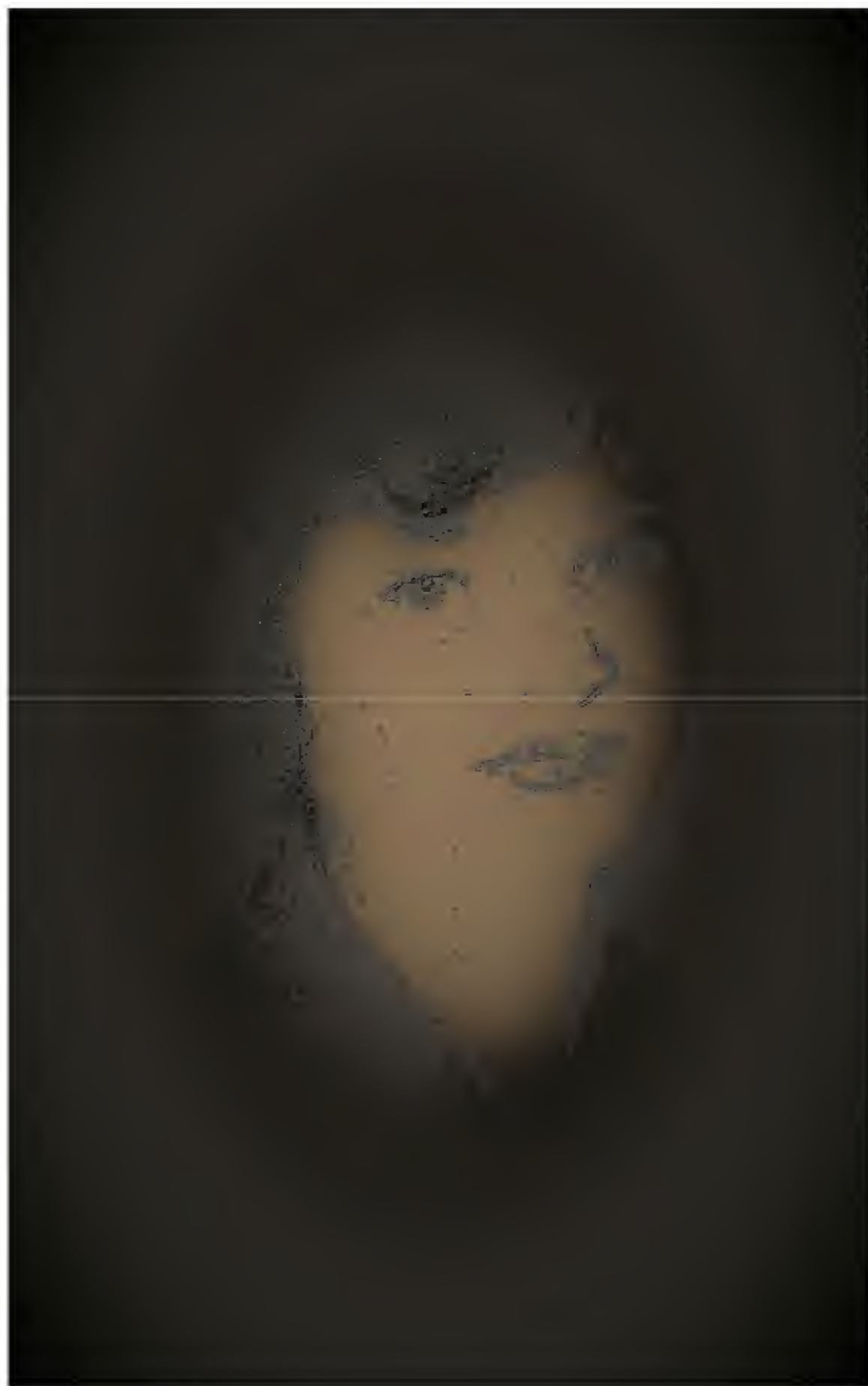


An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly  
The candle's bowl has quenced.  
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats  
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught  
As into a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.  
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven  
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...  
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew  
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven  
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Bhakti-yoga



The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.  
From a railing of a balcony, in a white and black Bucharest  
On the stoned, moist street , wet of rain

I was watching the passengers passing by  
With their opened umbrellas  
Likewise some huge flowers, black and white, in the rain.

....  
Oh, suffering, you, painful of sweet  
In the immense library, my soul had taken its flight  
It had embodied into a fire bird  
Into a nostalgic dragon, with the dreaming  
Flowing over its temples, being born from fire worlds.

...  
Discrete youngwoman, of a melancholy beauty  
My brain I had burdened  
With the rough buddhist teachings.

...  
Maybe from here it was coming the inner,  
contemplative beauty  
for it wasn't having anything to do with the frivolity  
and the obscene.

....  
Standing on that little terrace, with a side view  
I was watching the passengers.  
Suddenly it was revealed to me  
The completeness of the whole, coincidentia oppositorum  
The indestructible unity of Everything.

....  
By then I didn't know about the complexio oppositorum  
Which, in itself, reunites the same idea.  
That that in the coincidentia oppositorum  
Actually in their unity, stays the divine miracle.

...  
I was seeing the dunes , arching at the skyline.  
drowned by sand  
The incandescent sun, that was giving birth  
To illusions of the Maya, a Morgana girl  
Glittering hypnotically under the hot rays of the sun,  
An eternal visual illusion.

...  
Unboundless desert.  
But at its end, at the most limit point, beyond life and even death  
It was stretching the Sea.

...  
There it was starting the rain.  
In a complete round, like in the intoxicating curvature  
of the eye  
Suddenly it was stretching the Sea.

....  
Then I understood  
That only living something to its end, with supreme intensity  
And without measures of safety

I can plunge in the brightful sea of the Self

I can live the Divinity, through an absolute identification  
Being myself God..

...

The Equality was overwhelming.  
The divinity wasn't a strange body, an abstract idea  
A theological concept  
It was irradiating from the self, like a sun with thousands  
of rays.

----

That which was truly overwhelming  
It was the fact that my personality, my Ego, didn't lose its attributes  
Didn't dissolve itself in the numinous  
mass of the divine.

...

This identity has followed me later  
It has asked with ferocious love its rights.  
Reading sometime Bhakti-yoga  
I embraced the law of the universal love

...

I understood that between religions  
It doesn't exist any difference and nor between  
cultures.

For that what makes a thing truly valuable  
is its universality.  
Just contemplating the archetypes  
Which preform the reality  
Make it so beautiful, so misunderstood  
So sublime

In an agony and a mistery of green which embodies  
The immutable essence of the world in a complete  
merging

You can raise yourself to the perfect stair of the ecstasy and of the  
self-knowledge.

Dulcele meu Profesor, Iubit, Soț, Animusul meu, Victor, puiul meu dulce  
Sopul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespui, puiul meu,

te doresc nespui, te iubesc, dulcișorul meu drag,  
The snake from the water  
te iubesc,

The own mind becomes spring to the pure light  
It emanates radiance and wisdom  
Like a jade  
Glittering green in the sun, under the white  
soft snowing of the spring.

...

I tell you

The retreat in yourself is an art  
and a science  
To gather on your heavy shoulders  
Everything which rises from the deep of being  
Everything which the old deities are calling  
to you...

Because isn't late, o sorrowful soul  
To gather amethyst treasures  
Under the pale forehead to gather the old wisdom  
and the rare mysteries  
to give a goal, a sense, direction, movement  
For your unshaken will.

....  
Be a God  
To yourself be God  
And Deity  
And do not look in strange worlds  
That which from the old beginnings  
is lying in yourself.

...  
To yourself you are enough.  
With the pallid forehead in the white clouds  
You find Alpha and Omega  
in your mind  
Do not get tired, but look forward  
And dig in your tornado depth.

...  
Don't you see?...  
That your mind is the beginning  
and end to everything, Wonder, fretting and idea  
Woman both with man  
Get used to be your own ally.

....  
Long echoes in withered minds?...  
But look in yourself the echo, the wonder, the emotion  
the miracle, happiness  
The ecstasy which comprised the Nature

Of which suddenly you become lucid and awake  
The wonder has drained on your cheek  
O, who tasted from his Self, has tasted from the world

And the world is the endless row of mirrors  
Where on in violet shawls you mirror your mind  
which is comprised by an ecstatic vision.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Bhakti-yoga



That what makes that a thing to become truly valuable  
is its universality.

---

Don't be provincial  
Don't slutter in narrow skylines.  
Let your spirit to breathe the deep of the depths,  
and of the coverings..

---

Maybe Lucian Blaga  
wouldn't have ever been interesting like a simple  
peasant from Lăncrăm



it was needed that his spirit to touch the depths of the  
universality.

But I tell you more than that:  
His spirit could have been even then to touch the depths of the universality  
For what it really counts  
It's the profoundness of the spirit.

.....  
It is about here simply  
By the coincidentia of oppositorum, by simple things,  
even so-complicated  
By little things, simple things, even if so complex.  
Simplicity in complexity, and complexity in  
simplicity.

.....  
I tell you more than that/between religions  
It doesn't exist any difference -  
For whom has touched the Enlightenment -  
And nor between cultures.

.....  
following sometime Bhakti-Yoga path  
my spirit has opened to the law of universal love.

....  
Just that what transcends the pettyfulness, the frivolity,  
the provinciality, the limited  
and the fogg in thinking and in mentality  
can lead us  
to the true springs of life.

...  
Only touching our full potencies, through a continue  
growing and development  
we can reach to that what is immutable  
and unchangeable in our being.

...  
only this way we can reach to the collective encrypted  
in things , in living beings  
to the archetypes which are preforming the reality  
and make it so beautiful, so misunderstood  
so transfigured.

.....  
Only following the way of Brahma  
the One with a thousand of faces  
you discover the singular person from the deep.

....  
The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.  
Watching from a railing of a terrace, in a library  
The passengers, in rain, with umbrellas  
In a white and black city, has revealed to me, suddenly  
Coincidentia oppositorum and the complexio  
oppositorum.

....  
unboundless desert, with dunes drowned in sand  
beyond of...

at their endless extremity  
in a complete roundness. it was unfolding the Sea.

...

Just arriving at the end, at the limit of limit  
you will be able to see  
that Everything is One and One is Everything

and it isn't anything split, dual, or non-complete.

te inbesce.

Morgana girl

We worked on hay next to each other  
Bujor next to my mom, and me next to my dad, Bujor and my dad in the middle.  
We return the hay from the furrows  
and things are going pretty fast.  
I grind the furrows, with a rake, in a rapid motion  
I make them dust as they would be called and I fast forward  
Along the fence ...

Sometimes the rake hangs in my air,  
shaking the green grass  
Silk spreading in a green mesh in the air.

...

And now I have. Gather your chairs around the square table  
Right next to the white wall  
In the cool air and in relative peace  
We eat but not too much  
and generally not much  
otherwise we can no longer work.  
Bread with boiled eggs, sheep and cow cheese  
Tomatoes, cucumbers, onion peppers,  
meat sandwiches, omelette sandwiches.

...

We drink coffee. We smoke on the porch. But dad says it briefly: let's get the storm clouds tight  
Don't you see I'm up?  
It is addressed to me.  
Peony looks at me reproachfully, taking his fork  
and starting ahead.

Let me finish my cigarette  
Giving all the coffee left on the neck.  
In the scorching sun, we gather the dry hay from the bottom of the fence.  
I make color, that is, hay color, with rakes  
and Bujor and my mom make pork.  
Dad tightens his thighs, intervening again in the kitchen  
and making more pork.

...

Mom's red. She looks porodic. With sweat running in vertical rows  
On the face, sliding down

The mother is a monument of nature  
Unleashed.  
Slacken the hay on the fork  
Then he places it with his fork face on top of the hay head.

...

I make pancakes. I'm happy. If I can say so.  
Hay this huge straw dragon  
Fluttering, raking and prickling with a fork, swelling, bending ...

The smell remains behind him  
The ground is shaved, trimmed, with the thin patches of grass coming out  
Through fresh, smooth cheekbone.

..

He sat down on the radius, stuck the anvil in the ground, matched the edge of the seam and then began to hit it with the hammer, rarely pressed, with his eyes focused on the silver steel. When he had finished, he got up, removed the stoneware from the belt, dipped it firmly in the water from the heel and then stroked the sharpening of the stitch with the stonework, always changing the fingers of his left hand. Then, with a fist of grass, he wiped the whole rib. At that moment, his gaze rested on Toma Bulbuc's mermaid, mowed, with hay gathered in bundles that stood still here, like frightened mormoles. The yellowish-black earth seemed like a big, shaved cheek.

- Our place, poor man! (...)

Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light, fruitful. The voice of the earth penetrated into the soul of the poor man, like a calling, overwhelming him. He felt small and weak, like a worm that he treads on his feet, or like a leaf that the wind blows as he likes. Long sighs, humiliated and frightened in front of the giant:  
How much earth, Lord! "

The scorching sun, tingling with its scorching heat to our feet  
and our head was burning.

The mother had her white, mottled stump  
he wiped his forehead, his cheeks.  
Then he gets even more busy.

... the scorching sun, dazzling, made waves of heat in front of his eyes  
Like billions of splashes of gold, silver, sunshine  
Bending in colored, transparent waters  
In front of the eyes  
Like an eternal, ubiquitous, beautiful and delusional  
Morgana girl.

Petrilei mountains, dense, compact forests  
They strode among these colored waters  
Flowing and undulating, bathing in the air as in colored water.

...

There is no rain! ... Shouts Bujor, slower!  
You don't see the clouds narrowing to the north, "Dad said harshly  
Pointing finger up.

Don't you know where the rain is coming from? ... he said sarcastically.  
Looking at me impenetrable.

...

Under the kiss of dawn all the earth crumpled into thousands of fragments, according to the stains and needs of

so many dead and living souls, seemed to breathe and live. Pigeons, wheat and oyster holders, hogs, gardens, houses, forests, all hummed, hissed, snorted, spoke a harsh voice, understood each other, and enjoyed the ever-glowing light, fruitful

...

The climax is contained in verses 30-32 and speaks to us of the terrible moment when the emir sees himself alone under the desert of the desert, "under the sky of steel", when he feels lost all hopes, all hopes of reaching the dream city: "On his mind he feels a deep night ... "The emir is tormented by hunger and thirst, which puts a rock on his chest and belly, the air is fiery, and the red color of death has encompassed everything, before or behind, in the sides, and even the Emir's lungs burned with pain. The frightening signs of physical and nervous exhaustion appear, the temples are beaten, "the eyes are complete demons".

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc,  
Te doresc

te iubesc, puil meu dulce,  
Monsoon rains



It was a warmy night, beaten up by monsons  
When I put my leg on the shore  
At Madras.

My senses were loose, unchained  
Ready to receive  
The carousel of sensations which was encompassing me intoxicatingly  
Full of unknown fragrances  
Of water, ground and clay.

---  
I scrutinized the marine surfaces  
The ocean...

On the right, tall towers of clay and stone  
Were looming in the horizon  
With the strange arabesques of their twisted  
bodies.

A young Hindu has loaded my baggage in the rickshaw  
I got up beside him  
And we were leaving on the streaked streets  
Of the capital.

---  
The monsoon was stinging my nostrils  
I was remaining on the retina  
With the image of their twisted naked bodies  
Everywhere this tantric ritual debauchery  
It seemed to me that was floating a superior understanding  
Of the body and of the flesh  
Of the soul  
Which was escaping to me...

---  
On the streaked streets  
I arrive at the destination.  
A demolished, cheap hotel. With an almost empty room

The lavatory... the laver, seated on a tripod  
The bed, the wardrobe  
Everything painted in white, like a hospital salon.

----

Outside the Hindu were clamoring  
The little ones, curly and in torn rags  
Were fleeing on the streets...

-----

Suddenly the silence has layed down.  
I threw myself tired on my barrack bed,  
hallucinated  
With the monsoon stinging my nostrils  
And I fell down in a deep sleep

----

From which, to the dawn, has waken me up suddenly  
My companion with the hair cut  
On her forehead  
From the room next door.

Victor, Puiul cu, te doarec și te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
The Red Book



le iubesc, puia! meu.

It is so much sarcasm out here, so much poetry...  
 So sweet irony, smiling subtly  
 Like a cruel hand, smiling childishly,  
 starting from a little body  
 With the large wings spread over the abyss...

....  
 So much death, and frost and blood  
 Starting from the dove wing which is weeping out  
 Broken over a fragile Universe.

.....  
 So much sarcasm out here, so much irony  
 Starting from the lips spread over one tooth  
 At which I was looking with remembrance  
 At the cruel broken little wings.

.....  
 Let us to be good or devil, to be demons  
 or deities?...

....  
 Let's wait for the sacred light  
 To flow over the iris in pure irises and in poetry  
 From which the gentle death is calling me  
 And to be, oh, Lord, all of us Yours...

.....

## Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...  
It is an atmosphere between black and white  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea,  
General Voices ...

Guttural voices lost in the distance  
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce  
With onion salad and caviar from a boat  
Of which the mothers are laughing down  
and I thank the foot on the ground.

...  
Feelings, shawls, winds, waves  
Lost voices in the clearobscur  
stellar rain  
solar  
The earthly chair ...

...  
The rain and sunshine flow into the room  
Like a wave like a tide  
Like a tornado, like a typhoon  
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now  
Honey and smoke ...

...  
Trying to get back  
from solitude  
From farm, crowd noise, noise, solitude  
I find myself on the high hillsides  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...



...  
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky  
Driven by a celestial wind  
My knees are moving in the wind  
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade

...  
I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

...  
My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

...  
Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...  
It is an atmosphere between black and white  
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
I love you, Victor, my love.

Dulceața ma iubită, Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea. te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The God Ra  
Te iubesc, Puțul meu Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

I am passing through the silver forest  
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields  
Wild boars were passing untouching the ground....  
There had been ceased from their painful  
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...  
And I towards your arms stretched out I was  
running...

.....  
Between two worlds  
Archangels have stretched out their silver wings  
And the field with corn leaves falling down  
Has transformed itself in burning silk.

...  
Old, warm humus, stroked hoarsely of boar hooves

And moss of termites  
With white larvae in the soft ground.

.....

The savage, cruel Prince is in hauberk and iron  
And the armies are rumbling in the air, bloody and cruel  
And mothers at home, with white hair  
Are searching in the four sights with the iron eye.

.....

The corn is golden dream of the giant sun  
Which goldens the round corn cuilean, with its soft silk  
Burning, crying , in the air of brilliant silk  
That falls down on the bitter stones  
In the top of the mountains of little are blushing away.

.....

I am passing through the silver forest  
At the edge of vast, yellowish cornfields  
Wild boars were passing untouched the ground....  
There had been ceased from their painful  
Lamentation the leaves, the wind...  
And I towards your arms stretched out I was  
running...

Paiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.  
Adam and Eve



te iubesc.

I was wandering on the corridor of the train  
Looking up for the date  
you were born.

Of course... the 2-nd of April 1969/1978

....

Drawings  
Faces  
Signs  
(esoteric or not)...

I was looking for a number, some numbers  
The certainty  
It was you

----

I wonder why the train was trembling so hard  
Why did it run with that colossal  
Speed?...

With the frightened eyes  
I was passing from the carriage to corridor  
And then back  
Still looking out for something.

----

Layover at Craiova. We change the trains  
To Tg.-Mureş.

I was drinking coffee and seemed lively  
But in my mind there was giving a strange  
Fight.

.....

Paradise landscape.  
You, long brown-haired  
And blue-eyed

You are a woman  
I'm a man

.....

I am blond-haired and brown-eyed.

...

Then you are blond-haired  
I am brown-haired  
With blue eyes like two sun storms.

----

There is the Snake too  
Coiled on a tree  
Looking at me with dark blue eyes.

...

But at the end of the centuries  
I was going to remain with the Snake  
That way the Vision told me.

-----

Your hair disheveled on your shoulders  
You were an Androgynous  
Unutterable beautiful  
With eyes like two blue lakes  
And we were having both of us long hair.

....

Your beauty was attracting me  
Your hair  
Your eyes  
Like a magnet

Above us the colours were passing unceasingly  
And were changing our look

Likewise the water of the lake is changing  
When it's hit by a storm  
Or enlightened by the moon rays.

....

I was knowing only that:  
That I love you.  
te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Forêt interdite  
te iubesc, dulceața mea.

Green  
Gas station  
As cropped from a fantastic movie  
Giving the absolute illusion  
of reality

....

A gentleman in the overalls  
half bald  
Feeds the gasoline machine

.....

Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new  
of paint  
The youngwoman from the wicket -  
a girl with black hair cut on her forehead  
As an actress in the twenties

is speaking politely with my mom.

.....

I watch every detail  
with a childish, exalted curiosity  
It was a nightfall in that Maramures  
with the taste of great, savage endless landscapes  
and with buried forests  
into dark blue smokes, with gray salvages.

.....

It was preparing to rain.  
The clouds were threatening, stretching together  
and covering the sky  
with their fantastic consistency, of huge dark  
foams,

.....

Everything was breathing an air of the end of the world  
Somewhere - on the other side -  
and we were really on the other realm  
into a chthonic, underground dimension  
of the world from the ground.

.....

There were Characters.  
Of course personae  
From a mute film, who were speaking  
Without hearing them  
Embodying something: a symbol, a figure, an idea.

.....

Underground passage through the world of dead  
dotted in my trip  
by endless calculations

.....

Forests of spirits  
a dream world, in which you were stepping slowly towards death  
in which you were in death  
eternal. Endless.

.....

Green  
Gas station  
As cropped from a fantastic movie  
Giving the absolute illusion  
of reality

.....

Straight, gray pillars, a smell of fresh, of new  
of paint

te iubesc, Putul meu.  
Chaos and chimera

Immobile, calm, protective, soothing order  
An order encrypted in Chaos, my dears

The only true reality  
Ultimate  
The first and the last  
Pneuma.  
Deep, black, endless, gentle, mild  
Without taste, without smell

Catalepsy

Darkness  
A world which was closing itself the wings  
Likewise my tired, sad eyes  
Which had been seeing the death.

Drain you ...  
I love you and I wish you, Victor, my baby.

At the resuscitation pailion there is a solution for infusion  
20% glucose 1000 ml solution for infusion contains 200 g glucose as 220 g glucose monohydrate and water for injections.  
I am weak, very weak, like falling into a deep sleep  
and gradually slip into a state of catalepsy.

...

Bujor is allowed to stay with me.  
He's very worried, as far as I'm aware.  
He asks me about capitals, cities. Mountains of water ...

..

Lia what hospital does Colombia have?  
Bogota.  
But Chile?  
Lima ....  
It's not Peru's ...

...

? ..  
Santiago de Chile, Bujor said.

...

What about Paraguay?  
Asunción ...

...

Lia, give Liberia ?.  
Monrovia ...  
What about Libya?  
Tripoli...  
What about Lebanon?  
Beirut.

..

He kept asking me, but I was freaking out in some weird sleep  
Where I was following him hard

Or I couldn't follow him anymore ...

..

This is catalepsy, think me ...

While the soul sinks into the all-encompassing darkness.

...

The tire I think of ...

It was a soft, soft, black space

Where my soul traveled in peace ...

He hugs me with love ...

A calm chaos, ordered protector, that spread the reflective effluent

Of love, of thought ...

...

I do not know how long I was immersed in that black, calm, quiet sleep

When suddenly you wake me up.

Peony was next to me holding my hand

and still asking me ...

from where he was taking breaks during his time

looking at me worried.

...

Lia what capital is Bolivia? ...

La Paz ...

Real estate, calm, protective, soothing

An order in chaos, my dear

The only true reality

latest

The former and the latter

Pneuma.

Deep, black, endless, gentle soft

No taste, no smell

Catalepsy

Darkness

A world that closed its wings

Like my tired eyes, reconcile

Who had seen death.

...

The tire I think of ...

It was a soft, soft, black space

Where my soul traveled in peace ...

He hugged me

A chaoscalm, an ordered protector, who spread the reflective effluent

Of love, of thought ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
  
and the ash of the sky ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt tied with hay ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
  
and the ash of the sky ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Soțiorul meu iubit și Dulce, Puiul meu.

Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, dulcele meu pușor, te iubesc nespus. Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The psychiatry section

Darkened worlds drifting away  
In the blue night where from they came out  
I listen to my heart sweet superstition  
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.

...

Shadows had been draining  
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses  
Shadows left from the dead world  
On the path of living ones  
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset



Have touched his cheek in silent kiss.

....

Hideous black shadows  
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face  
Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path  
And a streamer of indelible pains  
Were finding their spring on its crowned  
forehead.

Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday  
Where in the death was digging immortal  
black grave.

.....

Caught between today and yesterday, now and then  
Between there and here  
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around  
To his body of bones and pots

Freeing him from the sad carapace  
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here  
Where in his soul has found a path  
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp

....

Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened  
To the atrocious world from the deep  
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving  
slowly around

...

With his eyes large opened over the sunrise  
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips  
He left the body to the world of now  
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives

And his soul has flown away towards the  
imaginary worlds  
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn  
te iubesc, puil meu drag.

.....

Victor, Puilul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
time  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu, Dulcele meu.

It's so hard to turn Time out of his  
beat endlessly ...  
A star was when it was not seen ...  
I miss your raw love of your chest  
My string  
And the time runs out of the breeze  
Forgotten by himself. I can not look at it anyway  
I wish my son  
And my eyes blink blind  
Stick for moments, days, hours

And all the holes go up ...  
 What I miss  
 What I'm gonna die ...  
 No matter how I like, I can not watch Time  
 It's flowing  
 And the clouds pass as long and endless moments  
 Over the country .... te iubesc.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea. Victor, puilul meu soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc.  
 Puilul meu, Drăguș și Dulce Pușor, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Puilul meu Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, soțul meu dorit, Te iubesc, pușorul meu dulce

#### An Indian girl



A picture  
 Presenting a young girl  
 An Indian girl  
 With the eyes large and profound, almost black  
 If it wouldn't been the colour of the  
 roasted coffee beans

Or of some roasted chestnuts  
 Likewise her brown smooth short hair  
 Which falls around the pale-yellow  
 cheek

she is looking at me reproachfully  
I am sure she is looking at me...  
And her words written on a piece of paper  
Are adressing to me...

In the old sari, from the beginning of the thirties  
Cream-coloured  
She is turned to the left  
Likewise I was turned in my early forties  
In the photographs...

Only at forty  
I began to understand her  
To think mythical  
And in a language of the symbols of the self  
This young girl started to understand by young  
The value and the price of life  
Of love

Of the true love  
And of the sacrifice.

....

Infinitely sad, her eyes look through you,  
Beside you  
In a philosophical dimension of love  
And happiness  
Which learned of the early  
The incommensurable value of the eternal  
present.

....

O imagine  
Prezentând o tânără fată  
O fată indiană  
Cu ochii mari și profunzi, aproape negri  
Dacă n-ar fi fost de culoarea  
Boabelor de cafea coapte

A unor castane coapte  
Că și părul ei scurt, castaniu și lins  
Care-i cade în jurul obrazului  
Palid-gălbui

Ea mă privește cu reproș  
Sunt sigură că se uită la mine...  
Iar cuvintele ei scrise pe o bucată de hârtie  
Mi se adresează mie...

În vechiul sari, de la începutul anilor '30  
De culoare crem  
Ea este întoarsă spre stânga  
Așa cum eram eu întoarsă la începutul anilor mei patruzeci

În fotografii...

Doar la patruzeci de ani  
Am început s-o înțeleg  
Să gândesc mistic, și în limbajul simbolurilor sinelui  
Această tânără fată a început să înțeleagă  
De tânără  
Valoarea și prețul vieții  
Al dragostei

Al adevăratei iubiri  
Și al sacrificiului.

....

Infinit de tristă, ochii ei privesc prin tine  
Dincolo de tine  
Într-o dimensiune filosofică a dragostei  
Și fericirii  
Care a învățat de timpuriu  
Valoarea incomensurabilă a prezentului  
Etern.  
Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragul meu Victor. Soșul meu.

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu Te rog în genunchi să mă ierți, Puiul meu.  
Victul, puiul meu dorit, te dorește și te iubesc, puiul meu.  
mătreii



My trembling, tired soul, of unknown, pale frightenings  
has been hesitating, looking  
at this pallid beauty, with pale, yellowish  
hands of clay  
and hallucinating arms of sunny colour  
her powerful breasts of Bengali virgin  
getting out from a carriage.

There were impossible to define her eyes  
black like two firing coals, squirming slowly in the hearth  
and her beads carmine lips  
her face framed by dark licked hair  
of a chestnut glittering fainted, discrete  
in the night which was falling down.

...  
I wanted to give her my arm...  
But she gave me a sliver over my mouth

"It isn't appropriate to talk to me"  
She told me roughly with her guttural voice  
"nor to touch me..."

sahib."

....

And if I have been hesitating so long in front of this notebook  
It was only to play back  
the wonder, the uncertainty of our first encounters

when Maitreyi seemed to me  
almost ugly...

Te iubesc. Te doresc. Victor, Iartă-mă. Puiul meu.

Bengali nights



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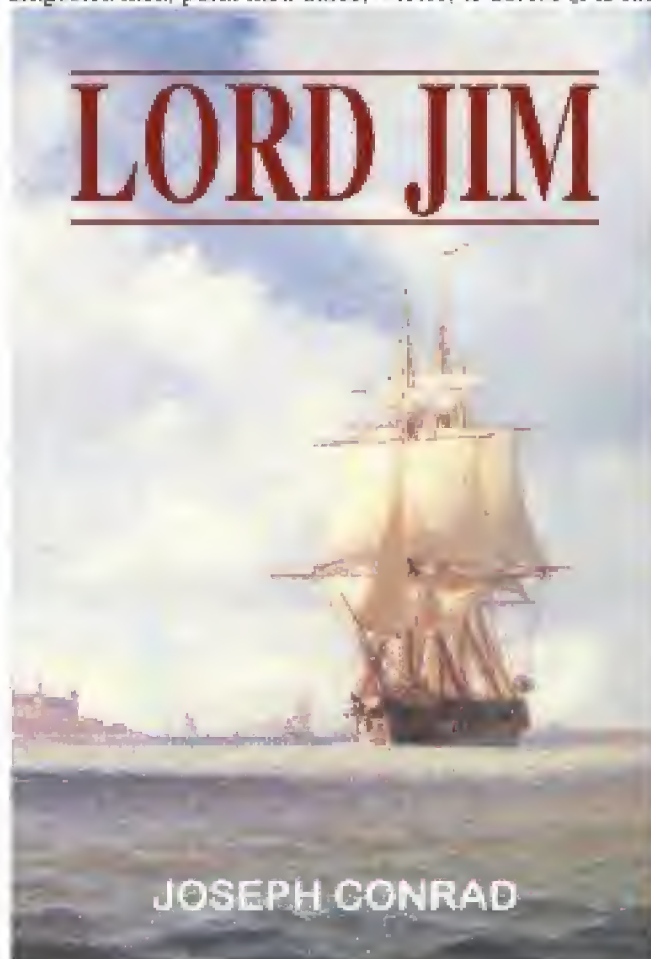
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te iubesc,



It was a warmy night...  
A springlike June...  
The sky, serene, dark blue, of an intense blue, of amethyst  
Profound and darkened  
Was sparked by a small veil of stars  
Moving  
Goldy, luminiscent  
Woven like a borangic veil  
And spread out on the milky ckeek of the sky.  
Limited by the trembling tops of the silvery trees  
In the darkened night  
By the voice full of warm whisperings  
Musical, gottural  
Of the tropical forest.

dragostea mea, puilul meu dulce, Victor, te doresc si te iubesc puilul meu dulce.



The Book

Te iubesc, puilul meu.  
Lord Jim  
( A ship disappearing under waters)

In my robe dripped-robe  
I was presenting myself in the face of the psychiatrist  
Who called me for a medical  
Appointment.

----  
I entered timidly  
And with my brain tensioned, trying  
To give a good impression.  
This intention was coming  
From the part still conscious  
Because, I have to say, much of my conscience  
Was buried deeply in the unconscious.

----  
I had to look at an image, black and white,  
Showing a girl  
Which resembled to me.

----  
I had to describe it.  
I described it as better I could  
Weaving an entire, beautiful story  
About the beautiful girl  
Turned to the left with her face  
And wearing a kind of headkerchief.

----  
I told him that is the Virgin Mary  
And she has a mission on The Earth.  
To save the world and Her Son  
To become the second Jesus Christ.

I tried to interpret every detail as better  
I could  
Giving a lot of details  
And trying to make the story veridic.

----  
The doctor then wrote me on my hospital exit letter  
That I suffer from border-line disorder.

----  
I have to say that I liked the term.  
I have read many times that medical exit letter  
Happy of its strangeness  
Which of course was due to my strangeness.

Once even I read it staying at a terrace in the center  
of my little town, drinking beer.  
Having an important air  
Of senior official, or maybe University  
professor.

----  
I was even a kind of laboratory mouse  
On whom the medicine students were doing  
their practice.



....

A state of consciousness and unconsciousness  
Of sadness and of happiness  
All that  
Trying to recount a story about Lord Jim  
To Mrs doctor  
A book whose plot I couldn't remember.  
All the students around me...

Looking at the poor Jesus  
Who was actually a young woman  
Curious, very, very curious...

....

Te iubesc, Dragul meu Victor, Puiul meu, Lia e tristă și i-e frică,

Victor, Te iubesc, priul meu drag,  
Elegy, The 11-th.



soful meu iubit, te iubesc nespus.

Hanged like an innocent child, with his little head  
downwards  
The little white rose  
Is lying pending over the lip of the tall vase  
Likewise a leg of swan in fallen flight.

....

His life was short... and not too beautiful  
He waved at the shade, far away from his dearest Sun  
in a smoky room, where in I am always  
wandering away...

And alone he faces innocently the immortality  
And carries my name through  
white spaces... Lia.

----

Ye iubesc, iubirea mea Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Fragmentarium

It snows with snow flowers, filigree over the verse  
Over the sense...  
Lips without a history, eyes densely of intense...  
Hands sliding passionately  
In the lapse between sweet moments  
of love.

Dulcele meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, Dragostea mea, Victor, puilul meu dulce și drag, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc  
și te iubesc, puilul meu dulce.

Dragostea ta, Puilul meu, ea cea mai prețioasă comoară de peppânt pentru mine.  
Victor, dulcele meu, te iubesc, puilul meu.  
Blurry flowers of silver

Dragul meu Dulce, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc, iubitul meu Victor, te iubesc, dulcele meu.  
The snake  
te iubesc.

I was passing through lazy forests of white willows  
Ripe warmth, likewise in the fireplace  
leaves of jade and of snowing  
Were caressing me with whisperings of love...  
the pearly sky - an amethyst teardrop

The grass, growing savagely beside the little path  
doves swinging on the empty road  
late o summer, it's very late...  
It was undulating the body of the nature, alive  
stretched like the greeny snake

in sun...

Blurry flowers of silver



My soul is so feeble, painful, timidly and cruel  
It is pallid, squeezed and slashed  
And of sweet love it is lividly emptied...

Floating in the the love of pallid moon on waters  
Trembling timidly and scared  
It looks in the high reed a bed  
Wherein its pain to sleep itself...

....  
The teardrops have been dried for a long time  
It has remained the heart pulsing sick  
In body, with its love, suave  
Towards an indelible, calm land shore.

.....  
I comprise tenderly in my hands  
Of this break of dawn cruel wrath  
Its sweet silence and stillness  
That comes up in silvery things, gravely.

....  
At the gates bundles of lillies are lying down  
And the velvet violets  
Are searching something in my eyes,  
timidly, revolted

Are scattering in thousands of drops...

....  
I was passing in silence through the gates  
Still verandah and blurry flowers

Of white silver  
In dead souls, with gentleness I catch myself.

...

I was passing silently at the gates  
No one has opened in a little while  
The wooden, heavy bars are falling heavily

In the bottom of the fountains  
and in weddings  
I hear how the dead souls are whispering.

Te iuresc, Victor, Dulce....

Puiul meu Victor, Dragoste Dulce, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag, Mântuitorul Sufletului meu.  
Nihil sine Deo





There are passing instants likewise long clouds  
on the lowlands  
and they are drowning in the shadow  
of another sunrise

with my head in my palms to the same superstitions  
I give my sweet oblation  
I wear them in my palms, and they are planted  
in the chest of mine.

To the same mystery I take a detour, just I am with a year  
two, maybe more, older and more tired  
The same walking stick with a silver head  
I wear with bitterness in a hand

...  
the same old scepter, the crown dilated  
I am older with a year, younger with an instant  
And the breathe is short, and the eyes  
are sinking muddy in the hooves

Sweeter, more sad, my hurried callings, but still the more  
they pass, more vane  
and the sky is pouring in my palms  
his glance of steel.

...  
It's me, I'm still sitting here and writing  
And I take my head in my arms and scream the desert ... do a long one  
Eclectic around the bare and tragic stance  
What keeps eye on itself

I've made a long portrait in the veline sheets  
Just the cinder breaks of dawn have caught me still waiting  
entering on the same door  
many times in a row, faster or slower

thinking that I will surprise a smile on the shape  
of the naked statue, a caress -  
and then I put in the firelock the silver bullet  
and the sea drove its way to the last big roar.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea... nespus...  
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu  
Trup și Suflet, te iubesc nespus, Te  
doresc, he singing wood



te

iubesc. dulcea dragă a sufletului meu,  
and the days are passing desert likewise steppes...  
the giant baobab has been rising up  
in the middle of the field.

Alone, sad, without vigour,  
Without fatherland, as the old men are saying  
He faces lonely the eternity.

....

Soon there will have been growing up beside him  
Some little baobabs  
Green, like some youth and tender offspring  
And they will comfort his sadness.

Soon the horizon will fall apart  
Or maybe the field will be just another.

....



A green meadow, sprinkled with flowers  
With the streams sliding crystalline into the cracks  
from the ground.

The silence of the joy and of the divine blessing  
Will cover the place  
Soon the birds will fill his branches  
and they will cover him with their  
cheerfully chirp

Soon his crown will become again  
rich and bushy  
Shelter of the birds of the sky.

Sad, I carry the cup of bitterness to my lips  
Love, you, painfully sweet  
Renunciation, you, painfully bitter  
Sweet and gentle  
Covering my soul with the dead leaves of the fatality.

Lost in dreams  
I make my head shelter of the birds of the sky.  
Full of holes  
My skull will breathe the absolute.  
On my bed of death I was reading  
Exercises of admiration. In my forever armchair.

The sky will be blue, without clouds  
A lightful azure  
Soon the Divine Being will stay underneath him  
In complete contemplation and meditation.

....  
Soon the baobab will cover himself  
By the flowing blossomed magnolia  
Covering the body of the man with his crossing legs.

Soon the Cross from the baobab wood  
Will transform itself in singing wood.  
Look, the silence has covered everything!...

Te iubesc. Te doresc, Victor, Pulul meu.

Great mom  
After an old poetry

Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels  
Ribbons and walks from head to toe  
Colored and shaded  
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips -  
Clothes tighten hedgehogs  
Colorful colorful colorful toys  
the chicks run down the valley, heap, what to say ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a sharp blow  
Ass to everyone shows it -  
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on  
At brine, that is in the mouth water.

----

He took it down the valley  
Because he doesn't know how to go agal  
The stairs trembled behind her  
The footsteps shook, slammed into the jute whips, into the tarp.

...

He took it down the valley, because he does not know how to walk agal -  
The blisters on the blouse swell  
The flesh of the dress deflates the baba -

before you could say Jack Robinson  
As the heart grows.

...

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her  
and she trembled at her hasty and heavy steps  
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn  
and - then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...

Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest  
Baba is no longer standing  
Red on the face as a porxie-  
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

----

Is she blonde? ... reddish ? .. brunette? ... sane? ...  
He wears a gentle anathema on his chest  
The elders are rattling  
Who get chest when meeting with nun.

...

Guard! ... The noodles are flowing on his chest  
Baba is no longer standing  
Red on the face as a porxie-  
She gives a small, small, small snout to her throat.

Dozens, rides, ribbons flow behind her  
and trembled by her hasty and heavy steps  
when the noodles take them in their mouths they come to mourn  
and then he gently strokes them with his left hand.

...  
...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with the whipping of whips  
Clothes are dragging hedgehogs  
Colorful colorful colorful toys  
the chickens are flowing down the hill, so to speak ...

...

His teeth clenched in his mouth - with a slamming blow  
Ass to everyone shows it -  
Then he sweeps them out of his mouth - he puts them on  
At brine, that is in the mouth water.  
Big mom is dressed in beautiful heels  
Ribbons and walks from head to toe  
Colored and shaded  
From the balconies or the seabed are purchased.

... I love you, my sweet chicken.

...

I take the gun and shoot myself .... te iubesc dulcișorul meu.

Te iubesc.

The little Chapel



To the little and receiving chapel at the hospital  
I went so many times and I stayed in  
and I prayed !...  
I was stopping astonished in front of the same  
icons

Trying to understand their mysteries and symbols!...  
most often there were beautiful  
blossomed flowers in the crystal vase, next to the wall  
on a little rectangular table  
covered by blue velvet.

.....  
there I saw for the first time the mystery  
of the Divine Liturgy of the Saint  
John Golden Mouth  
in front of my eyes, on the little square table  
in front of the sanctuary

where high on the wall was standing the wooden cross  
of the Saviour of the world  
with the blank eyes  
at the moment of His Divine death.

I watched every time in admiration  
the Saint Liturgy  
the small and fast, though attentive gestures  
of the Father Ionel Zărie  
the Priest of the little scepter and tried  
parishes.

Not to anybody is given to see this great Mystery  
only to the sufferings  
touched by a merciless fate  
most of them mental  
alienates.

....  
I was stepping inside  
when there was nobody in, and I watched with the same  
amazed fascination  
the icon of Jesus Christ  
wherein I was recognizing myself  
entirely.

.....  
The icons on the clean walls, on the desks  
The Mother of God with Her Divine Son  
where on I was kissing every time

everything was attracting me unutterably.  
In front of the Last Supper  
I have been standing for many times

trying to understand its meaning.

I was counting the apostles  
trying to figure out who they were  
Who is Joan and Judas  
or maybe if there was Mary Magdalene  
in the painting.

....  
from all that city  
it was the only church wherein I was feeling at home.  
I was feeling happy  
smelling the odoured white or pink lillies  
the carnations, the roses

and I brought myself some flowers.

....  
Once a time I wet them with holy water.  
there wasn't water anywhere  
and I put them holy water.

....  
For those times it dates my eating of bread with water  
and cherry syrup  
figuring out the body and the blood  
of the Saviour.

I learned to bring peace in my soul  
for this most blessed Father  
and from you, my sweet love.

making myself even the Holy Eucharist.  
I was so convinced  
and I am so convinced  
that I drink the blood of Saviour  
and I eat His sacred body

than I made myself healthy.  
God bless you, Father Ionel Zărie  
and your little and receiving Church  
where I understand thoroughly  
the mystery of the saint Communion  
with Jesus, His Mother, all Saints,  
and Apostles

our Patriarch  
and our Épiscope of Deva  
and Saint Arsenie Boca, who opened me  
my way  
to the much desired  
Divine Rescue.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ave Maria!...



Ave Maria, Saint Virgin



To you we come to worship  
With forehead in the ground  
For the first time.

Above our bitter sorrows  
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion

O, come from the night of my thoughts  
You, dressed up in light.

----

Ave Maria, Saint Virgin  
To you we come to worship  
With forehead in the ground  
For the first time.

----

Dulcele meu Victor, Te iubesc. Iartă-mă Te rog. Puilul meu.  
Red carpet wood...  
te iubesc, puilul meu. .



From five-six in the morning it comprised me  
The despair of being...  
It is wonderful the breaking of the dawn  
The candles of the night are  
turning off  
The air is cold and moist, burned September

Drunk in sake little cups  
With taste of brandy

## Ars poetica

I love you.  
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...  
The whole valley is in smoke ...  
Slips rising slowly, on the road  
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees  
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall  
Like shawls, white waves waving  
At the neck of some ladies  
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!  
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Through the orange-filled body of the world  
I walk with timeless walk - and melt them all in verse  
and I throw them to the brink!

As Faust I made a harsh covenant - to give my breath of life  
In a poem  
When a thousand lighters light up in the sky! ...  
and - my alabaster chest burns thousands more suns!

Through the orange-filled body of the world  
I walk with great speed - and I melt them all in verse  
and I throw them to the brink of knees ...

Banks lie in the damp air since September  
With the mist slipping into their eyes  
What I covered was old and cold sprinkled  
You have cold, tender mornings

Silent hours fly by  
In the milk of a matte, translucent ivory  
Autumn, night and early, hidden  
With her blue eyes  
smoky  
Blinking under the weeping eyelashes

and all of a sudden I feel like an alien  
in the world  
I suck and alone, and quencher  
and happy and sad in my fantasy world  
timeless

my hands and body flowing  
through the ancient mirrors  
to him yesterday

A magical moment, and ideal  
and a smile born of pain and meaning

through the body full of orange-  
of the world - with mine, non-existence went.

I love you...

The bright days drain their smoke flame  
In the voluptuous white mist  
Defeated at the edge of the road ...

The paths in the creeks sigh  
between the lines  
Leaves scattered by twigs  
mourning.

Silence from the beginning of the world and of the age  
The log shook his silver mane  
Silver and smoke stars fall  
It mixes with the steady land.

We used to go through the streets of yesterday  
Under the shade of lime blossoms  
Old houses, old descendants  
Their air was silent and languid in the alleys.

.....

..

Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...  
The whole valley is in smoke ...  
Slips rising slowly, on the road  
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees  
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn full  
Like shawls, white waves waving  
At the neck of some ladies  
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!  
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Your hair falls into my mouth  
I lie on my cheek  
Your sex is turquoise -  
It has the color of the crying sky

With fluid tears  
weird, full, empty and round.

In the snowy sky, she cries  
I closed my eyes nostalgically..

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -  
To orgasm pain  
Among the confetti and heavy metals

They flow into me, warm stars ...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet baby ...

I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

---

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

---

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

---

When everything is pretended  
and in stellar dust, back in the eye  
in the eye of God he looks at the world  
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea  
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.  
I love you, my sweet Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, my sweetness.

---

Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire  
and with its roots in hell  
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -  
I hear how dead spirits groan!

---

On the mirror of the shining lake  
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly  
The float is let in the soul lays down  
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -  
More ineffable treasure!

---

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which  
My bitter world is coming back to me -  
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet

What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses  
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float  
Made up of timeless plains -  
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...

--

The sky from the waters turned into zenith -  
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken  
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald  
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!

...

The sky from colored water and from the water  
He returned to the area -  
He returned to the rainbow -  
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...

On the edge of the shining lake  
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly  
The float is let in the soul lays down  
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -  
More ineffable treasure

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses  
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float  
It is made up of timeless plains  
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which  
My world turns bitter -  
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet  
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu. Te doresc, Dulcele meu.  
Soțiorul meu Dulce, Victor, Te te iubesc, Puiul meu.  
Alpha

Doors  
Doors opened  
Doors closed,  
Doors between-opened  
Parallel spaces  
Impermeability  
Symbiosis.

te iubesc, Victor

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu  
Damask rose



Frail, delicate tree offsprings are seeking for their fate  
Through fragile branches fallen to the wet ground  
It's winter in the forest, and it's wind  
And mist stubs and frozen grass are winding themselves  
in the ground.

The sweet thrills of the fall which is ending  
Are perishing likewise the dusty must  
is entering the ground

It's cold, late autumn and it's wind  
Which sweeps away the delicate corollas of the sweet  
dandelions.

.....

A dragon falling down at the sunset  
With multicolour diaphragms and green-turquoise  
shawls, which caress cold and diaphanous the cheek  
of air and of perfumed white snow.

----

Your smile imprinted in odd things,  
in my cold and thin arms  
Burying themselves warm in snowdrifts  
with long, and cold, translucent icicles

---

I was stealing your kiss from the white  
bark of birch  
And I was encrusting your heart with an arrow  
Milky, ivory, mat - a little scream of  
white swing

---

O, don't believe me when I'm gone, under the leaves  
of walnut green  
I'm waiting for another tender, goldy fall.  
And the sweet flesh of your lips, alive  
to kiss me sad, and bitter-sweet, with vivid cruel  
yellow leaves

To sip its bitter, sweet water of the mouth  
and the winter to black out imperceptible puff  
of lightful flower from its claypot.

Persian rose

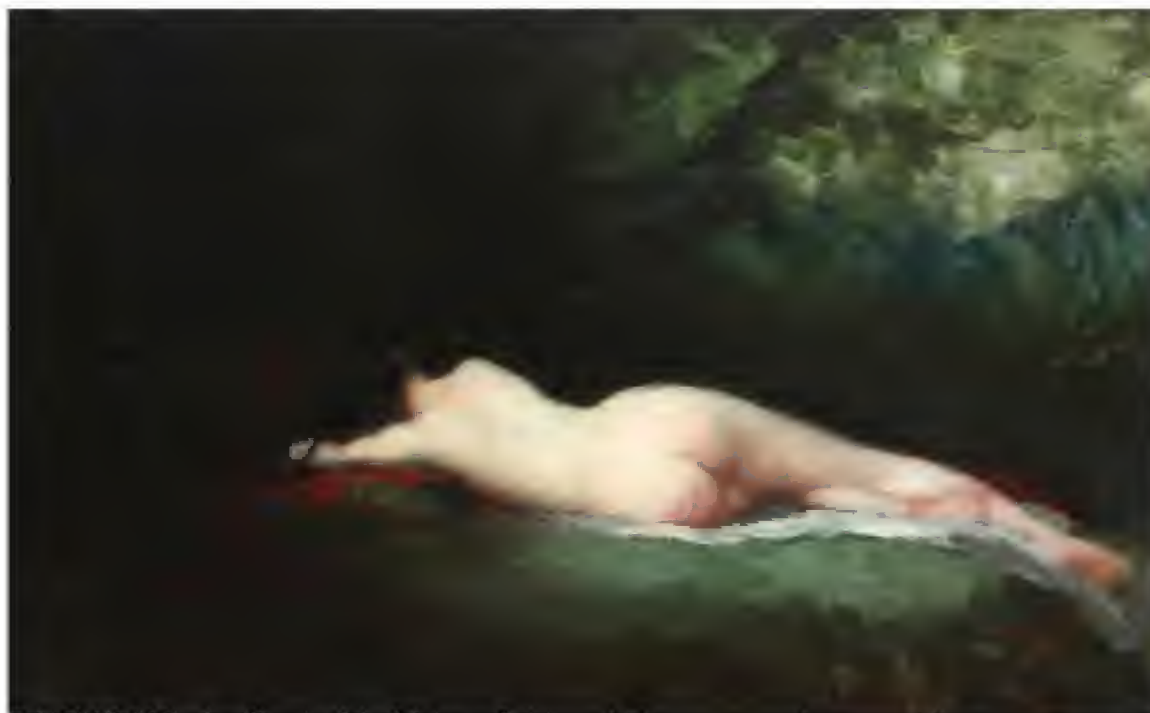
The leaves are trembling at the frontiere with the indicible dream  
in a deep, abyssal evergreen  
The flowers take themselves long respiration from the abyss  
beyond everything is phenomenal...

.....

clearly springs the sky from the deep blue sea  
and the horizon - a colourful spot  
a masterly bird  
trembles its waters at the border with dawn  
there where are meeting, misteriously, brightful  
al suns...

.....

The secret silence embraces all nature  
The body, the arbor, the speaking



There are lying the ridges of the wind on the sun  
From where are waving white, soft snow.

.....

The leaves are trembling  
at the frontiere with the indicible dream  
Like everything is eternal and phenomenal  
The shore calls to itself dream after dream  
Wave after wave, shore after shore

.....

Everything is ceasing in the roses perfume  
In the brides smile, in the longest day of the year  
Carried out by zephyrs in the horizon  
In the brightful, silky, rising up phaeton.

....

It remains everything frozen, everything is raises up  
In the highs, through brilliant dust  
of the small shiny, sparkling ore.

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu dulce.

Storm

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu pușor.

Surrealism...

An underground world, of the dream

A world opened in a miraculous way to our eyes...

The tower of a church, in the distance

The thunder of the raging rain

Getting down the green, white bushes of ash

To the ground...



The trees, livid in the rain  
Far away  
Into a décor lost in rain and in archetype

Little, green trees  
of a white green, close one to another  
Fallen down to the ground...

...  
A green greensward, unreal, detached it seems from a dream...  
Dreamed with the eyes  
wide opened...

...  
The colour of the sky, an endless degrade  
Of pastel colours  
Of the rainbow

Rosy mixed with green...

The colour of the dream  
And of the real killer of beauty...

Te iubesc.  
Love, salvation of the soul

It is raining with soot, with still winter thoughts  
With tired freesia, and autumnal.  
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace  
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...  
Over the breasts of perennial turmoil kiss, silky carnivore  
Silent bite  
From the meat of the arms, of the breasts ...  
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace  
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...  
Stone eyelids blink hard in the frozen deserts  
Snows with quiet stone, with stone flowers  
With flakes of stone  
and death, over my head.  
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace  
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.  
...

It's late, sweetheart, the fire is still burning in the fireplace  
with yellow sparkles -  
and-blue wishes I go through  
after the death of soft death  
snowing on my crest, in the frozen deserts  
stone eyelids blink hard ...

you take my hand, you look at me gentle, so gentle ...  
flowers of omnivorous sprout in the ground  
it's winter, baby, the fire is still burning in the fireplace  
with yellow sparks  
and blue ...

the cherry blossoms cast a black shadow over the alleys  
from city center  
and the flowers float like charred hands  
over arteries full of chimeras

I sit by the window and listen to the noise and anger  
I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep  
I hear strange sounds hitting  
of glass

like birds, scared of tired spring  
what came so late, as if blown away ...  
it rains with soot, with thoughts still hibernating  
with tired freesia

and autumnal.

You look at me gentle, so gentle ....  
Flowers of haze, dew and ice lurk in the ground  
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace  
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.  
I love you,

Paiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, paiul meu.  
Exorcising demons...  
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street  
And the prose of the house, of our own room  
This is the the world we are living in.

.....  
There...

I was thinking that I didn't have  
Nothing else but poetry.  
Being hit by the realism of Edit  
(money, money...)  
By the realism of the street.  
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home  
I am thinking that I don't have anything else  
But you, my dear, but you.  
An abyss between the realistic man of the street  
Of the place of work  
and the dreamy, fantasy one  
from the front of computer.

...

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain  
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)  
and my three quarter sleeves  
Where on the children have observed (...).

Te iubesc.  
Nirvana

The paradox presence-absence  
How to explain the absolute otherwise than through  
negation?...

...

The mystery is deepening out  
beyond the polymorph figures whose traits  
are suggesting  
The infinity of the living form...

...

Into the distance  
is lying down an illumination. Of the darkness  
by the light of day.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu.  
The sea



Fjords, coral fountains  
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing  
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface  
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops

Of the sky warm ephemeridae  
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea  
And they split out in a good still.

....

Sublime serene  
And the boat shaking on the opaline wave  
The sadness of the sea arching  
Over the round, in a divine smile.

.....

Fjords, coral fountains  
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing  
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface  
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops  
Of the sky warm ephemeridae  
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea  
And they split out in a good still.

Dragostea mea, te doresc...te iubesc, puinul meu drag, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Sirens' whispering...

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.



A metallic voice is speaking to me on the phone.  
I was eating crying,  
Alone  
In a railway station.

....

It wasn't anything special here.  
Everything was as commonly as possible  
But it hit me the voice stamp -  
A little bronze statue  
A cavern, deep voice, like a fence of wrought iron.  
But still warm...

....

The melted metal was making it warm.

....

The metal which was flowing from the few words  
Has transformed the few words  
Into a love date.

Dragosyea mea, Victor... te doresc și te iubesc...  
Prayer for the Lord



I'm sad, O, Lord, and I am slanting  
My soul is full of bitterness  
For underneath the moon gentle serene, it's still in me and  
in the world  
A heavy teardrop of wormwood.

....

My soul is bitter and wordless of all the things I've being said  
And the Animus - sweet dark blue  
bird of light, broken from the sky white snow fall  
I snowed it with the bitter  
teardrops.

Te iubesc, Dragostea vieții mele.

Te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea  
The midsummer nymphs





Wedding in the heaven  
 The sky is crying its clouds to the ground  
 Waves, huge waves of flowers  
 It is the noon time, when the midsummer nimpfs  
 Have come to the bridal celebration  
 Of the summer.

You don't know for sure if there is an absurd theatre  
 Or a brain catching n dimensions  
 Or a delirious state of any furibund mad.

...

Or simply the summer  
 In its enigmatic, firing majesty, translucent  
 In its heat it comprised everything  
 Static, petrified  
 Like a twirl carrying to the high  
 Brightfull powder of ore.

Parable...

It is raining ... with huge dew patches ...  
 It rains on the porch, on the window sills  
 The rain fluttered like fingers unseen by the moist  
 On the shoulders of mornings ...

...

I stopped in myself, in the infinite circle

in the sunflower seed  
in infinite, endless space-time  
of which, -instant times, when I awoke ...

...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze  
with the cold wind swelling their nostrils  
in time-space become infinite  
in the drink of the moment, moments of honey and smoke ...

...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze  
with the cold wind swelling the moans  
in the immense sky garden  
looking drunkenly on the road to light.

...

I weighed my volume, which measures  
one hundred grams =  
how much concentration and metaphor in this head  
brain-free  
in search of the lost realms of childhood

I HAVE DELIVERED THIS QUICK COURIER

...

The tips of the trees waved in the sky  
Like a tide, like a tide  
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth  
and with the trunk stuck in the light  
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world  
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim  
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world  
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves  
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty  
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts  
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth  
Watering the earth



With his trembling light.

Traveled on both sides, he knew the ecstasy  
The ecstasy of death on the cross.  
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd  
Among the strings of the dead and the living  
They are the past, the present and the transcendent  
Between sacred and profane.

--

Trying to recover  
out of solitude  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple.

Victor, Puiul meu, Puiul meu drag. Dragostea mea, te dorese și te iubesc. puiul meu.  
Te dorese, Puiul eu, iubirea Dulce a Sufletului meu, te iubesc, Victor...

Chant I



Sadness, reveries

The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book  
It's simply in another way.

----

It's more different the smile, the abyss  
The death, the destiny  
The word, the covenant  
The silence, the speaking.

-----

Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky  
Enchanting, charming  
An ivory end  
And the other gray.

----

Speaking, silence, murmur  
Laying bricks and immortality  
The sea and the chanting  
The moon, the sun and the Earth -  
Geea.

----

I'm blinking hit by the high  
And then I throw up myself in a spring  
Dense on the lips  
Smiling, transcribed  
On long parchments into abyss.

.....

Murmurs  
Voices  
Stones  
Rocks  
Transgressing the high  
Were hurting my eyesight

With the chanting, blinding, Geca  
Of the star named Earth

Sparkling their adornments  
In front of me there were passing the slaves  
of The One Too Tall  
Undulating the spokes  
And throwing up the seeds  
Of the giant wheat.

Exorcising demons...  
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street  
And the prose of the house, of our own room  
This is the the world we are living in.

.....

There...  
I was thinking that I didn't have  
Nothing else but poetry.  
Being hit by the realism of Edit  
(money, money...)  
By the realism of the street.  
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home  
I am thinking that I don't have anything else  
But you, my dear, but you.  
An abyss between the realistic man of the street  
Of the place of work  
and the dreamy, fantasy one  
from the front of computer.

....

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain  
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)  
and my three quarter sleeves  
Where on the children have observed (...).

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack  
of flesh and blood

I have come down from the cross  
and I live the dream of the green  
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones  
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green  
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

...

The dream of the green is here  
On this moist bench  
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely  
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair  
On my handbag

Smoking a cigarette  
Like a little old woman brought back...

----

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops  
The rain which is falling down  
With a gentle, unheard whispering  
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

----

No, it isn't here...  
My place  
I have run from the cross  
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green  
I am Jesus.

-----

In this new virtual world  
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...  
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness  
What transfigures my existence  
Like sudden illumination

In the moment of grace when my conscience  
Touch the world's consciousness  
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

I take the gun and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

--

There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...  
The sky is supported by a clay hand  
Everything is a silent euphoria  
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

--  
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind  
and then in a silent frenzy  
it is given to the black, the earth ...

--  
Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...  
They are lost in the streets ...  
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...  
I walk between heaven and earth  
As if I wanted to  
To join them in an indescribable kiss  
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

--  
I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...  
I am without eve and without age ...  
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine  
of my heart of indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

--  
It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...  
The sky is supported by a clay hand  
Everything is a silent euphoria  
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

--  
Come as you are - as holy as a whore  
Like a friend, like a friend ...  
As I want you to be ...

...  
Your hand holds mine  
Your kiss sucks my lips -  
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter  
More voluptuous chorus ...

...  
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

Puiul meu dulce, Soțul meu iubit,  
Te iubesc nespus de mult....

Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc, puiul meu, te iubesc...  
Leaving the dry meal of Easter



In our knees falling down, and to You praying  
We pray, Oh Lord  
Do not order us  
After our sad crying bones....

But after Your great goodness  
Over the everything, good or bad  
Oh, Lord, and save our souls.

Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victorie, dragostea mea.  
Copper-coloured little church



Copper-coloured little church, with oval windows,  
in semicircles  
Or round stained glasses cut in Cross  
The yellow light of the candle  
To the corners of the room leads it away...

With the foundation of yellow bricks  
And with a dome cupola, in the top with a flower  
In form of laced cross  
My Master and my Lord of the nights  
In a hurry brings to me.

.....

A sunny rosette  
Opened to the smile from the inside  
It carries, in gentle devotion, the Mystery, Saint One  
Which goes down to the ground  
And glows goldenly my little hermitage room.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Paiul meu Dulce, Te iubesc.  
I desire you, my sweet-heart, I love you Victor...  
Stones fallen down



Large, sharp rocks rolled  
Cataracts have been casting their depth to the pit  
The bones of the mountains dishevelled  
Were foreheading the burning glittering

Of the sun of July.

-----

Apocalyptic image. The red valley from a postcard  
With white-black rocks  
Fallen down  
Gray ridges of stone and granite  
Raising up their glance to the zenith...

...

Silvery, gray, colourless  
The static molecules of the air  
Have caught everything in a frozen vortex  
To the unseen sun  
Hidden by the rosy air  
Into a realm of absolute Time.

A vision....



Entering the little corridor of the kitchen  
Some day...  
On the seventeenth of June...



I had the strange feeling of your presence  
next to me.

I have seen your face, your shape  
In four dimensions  
Naturally  
With your blue eyes gentle and warm.  
Looking at me...

...  
It was a sweet apparition  
Coming seemingly from another world  
Or another dimension of the reality  
To comfort me and to caress me, as I was lost  
in my world

Without any events,...

.....  
The same day your sister came to me  
And took my hands in her hands  
And spoke to me...

....  
I felt happy  
That day I knew once again that you are  
My anima and my animus  
Sent to me by God himself.

...  
The garden before us  
The warm hands of Nicoleta keeping comforting  
My right hand...

The few words we have shared each other  
Before my mother came  
...a feeling of reconciliation, silence  
And inner peace.

....

..

### Three Little Pigs

On that summer day I was riding the car, the whole family  
On the road that leads to the Flori Lunca  
Far in the mountains ....

Climb up Mount Bou, right at its highest peak  
From where the panoramic image sits

Over the nearby mountains, the two nearby peaks  
The hills that were rolling away  
Carrying on the edges of their flimsy houses, small white dots  
Seen in the distance

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green  
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun  
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings  
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance  
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious  
the image of so many lands, Lord!

..

See my dad tells me, there are the mountains of Sibiu, of Sibiu  
My father was telling me, looking away  
I went to Magdi, Dieter and Ferries in Sibiu ...

...

Without wishing I thought of the illustrated book with the three pigs  
Seeing the green, yellow hills  
Different weddings of the summer, which seem to be twinning  
In a bright rainbow  
On the mountains around.

..

Without wishing I thought of the people who lived in these mountains  
In these hamlets, in these villages lost in the creek  
That everyone lived, slept, woke up, ate  
They would bring their food to marvel at where, and they lived there,  
at the top of the mountain.

...

The three pigs lived in the mountains around,  
On the hills sprinkled with green, with yellow  
On the grass that gleamed white in the wind  
Blowing its leaves long into the sun

Quickly moved by the windy expressions  
At the top of the mountain.

...

I lived the whole historicism and poetry of that summer day, in the mountains  
and I bent down, face blinded by light  
to lift a stone, consisting of several concentric layers of rock  
it was interspersed with small ore  
who had her beauty, beauty and toughness.

--

From the mountain peak on the left, two shepherds with sheep rode them on the saddle  
What connected the two peaks, with the sadness in the back  
and with the shepherd dogs after them  
and my father stopped talking to them and worshiped a glass  
of pumice

--

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green  
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun  
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings  
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance  
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious  
the image of so many lands, Lord!

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Odorul meu cel Sfânt și Scump

#### Burnt Forest

On the return from Bou Peak on that sunny summer day  
We thought about where the road would be better  
For the car.  
So I rode to the left, across the other side of the mountain  
then we started to take it slightly down.

I passed through a forest, still on the road  
Pretty good for the car  
Then I wandered down through the Burning Forest.  
It was a forest charred by the deadly flames of fire  
Recently.

--

As you can see with your eyes, only charred stains, fir trees, beech trees  
Of alders, birch trees, pine trees. Cut logs,  
burnt and charred. This was a terrifying picture.  
It seemed that the unconscious, the unconscious of Nature  
it had turned out to be outside

and had carbonized everything around him with his killer flame  
searing.

It's a bleak picture: it's the coast that once  
A green forest rose  
They were only contorted bodies, charred by trees

Cut logs  
Of forests or of owners and burns.  
The image shook me: I even wrote a story  
About it, a literary composition

Which I later deleted.

We descend below, sharing in the desolate impressions.  
In the zigzag.  
A road to the right was waiting for us below  
Through a living forest, with bizarre tall logs  
Of firs and pines.

...

When suddenly, astonishment: a tall fir had fallen along  
and had blocked our way, which was a kind  
like a swamp, a narrow and winding road.  
We look dismayed. I hadn't taken my medication  
On departure.

However, I look at how Dad and Bujor had taken the little bullfighter  
Suitable in case of need in the car  
and they had begun to dig the trunk just below the middle.  
The tail of the bulls had dried, and the edge played in the tail  
They had to fix it several times  
With lemongrass, beaten into the hole in which the cut

Get in the queue. Weary. They did it in a row. Their hands had swollen  
and they were almost bleeding, the minstrel was small  
not quite effective for such a heavy task.  
The shadows of the sunset were coming down.  
I was sitting near the trunk, on a log

Looking at their skillful movements, their silent despair  
and non-invasive. I was pretty sure we were going out  
from there. Bujor and dad will clear the way.  
Dad was already old. She was trying hard to hide

The confusion, while Bujor had taken the hard on his shoulders.  
My mother was spinning like a butterfly  
From one to the other, probably incomplete conscious  
The seriousness of the situation.

...

When suddenly the truffle bursts into air  
Pressed above Bujor.  
The trunk is chomped to one side, with weight  
To make room for the car to pass.

...

Below, through the swamp that clogged the wheels of the car  
The car bends dangerously to the right.  
Believing the car will overtake us  
I jumped out of the car, from my front seat

By the driver's side. Once upon a time, my mother, who was behind me  
He does the same. Finally, Bujor goes hop

and something awaits me. Soon when the darkness  
these wild places were already beginning to be expected

take the main road, which led to the Lunca Florii.  
We drive it to Taia, on the paved road, full of sand  
The children were playing, careless  
In the middle of them, and then, you arrive in Petritu  
We make it to Petroșani.

--

... To live a bath of fire, to feel the play of an inner heat, full of flames, is not to attain an immaterial purity in life, an immateriality similar to the dance of flames? Does not emancipation under the weight, under the attractive forces, what happens in this bath of fire, make life an illusion or a dream? But this too is little compared to the final sensation, which is one of the most paradoxical and strange, when from the feeling of that dream unreality you reach the feeling of the ash-gray preface. There is no inner fire bath whose final result is not the strange wrapping of the feeling of this preface in ash, when you can really speak of immateriality. When the inner flames burned all over you, when nothing left of your individual existence, when only the ashes remained, what sense of life can you have? I have crazy voluptuousness and infinite irony when I think that someone would blow my ash in the four corners of the world, that the wind would spread it with a frenetic jolt, scattering me in space as an eternal rebuke to this world.

...te iubesc, dulcele meu, puilul meu.  
te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puilul meu.

Leg you

Kissing your leg ...  
I climb into my world of dreams and pain  
Pleasure, smoke and honey  
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.  
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...  
Until you touch your lips  
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm  
I listen to the call for milk from me  
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry  
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...  
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

--

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, love me.  
I want you.  
The desire and the love of my life, Victor Braut.  
Te iubesc.

From the nojan of rememberings...  
From the nojan of rememberings...  
At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canals?...  
...  
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white foams  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...  
...  
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...  
...  
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking at her...  
...  
What can it be more passionate for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment  
When he becomes a man?...  
...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.  
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy  
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute  
In the ideal dimension of poetry  
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love,  
...  
His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure  
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings  
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes  
Soft and tightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.  
...

What can be more disturbing for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman  
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young Youngman  
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking at her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut  
From an Archetype  
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour  
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life  
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering  
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints  
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter  
Which is the world, a Youngman  
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread  
And gloomy dew raindrops  
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops  
Of absolute  
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky  
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.  
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched

As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain  
As the whisper of the springs on the raven  
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought  
Of the first sunbursts of love

...

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –  
And he was receiving entirely  
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young Youngman  
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor  
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman  
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in fumes  
There where the great and imposing deeds  
They will remain for eternity recorded

...

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd  
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.  
There it was a Him  
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...

Or maybe the gentle star  
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down  
In the bright azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu pușor, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, pușorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without translate

At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven

Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white fumes  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad



The Youngman who received a his tender, gentle Soul  
The whole suffering  
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love  
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself  
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...  
At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened  
Shadowed by glasses  
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering  
Of whom he received in his heart  
The poisoned arrow, impure of love  
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire  
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences  
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal  
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love  
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul  
Salvation and faithfulness  
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother  
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate  
Full of promises of the World  
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?...

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world  
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...  
...te iubesc, dulceisorul meu, piul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy  
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute  
In the ideal dimension of poetry  
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure  
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings  
It was brown, with straight, silky strings  
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving

Like the signature of color and light  
Of a painter  
Gathering itself on his neck  
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars, of the sky.

...  
The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise  
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered  
They were letting to guess, only, their whole  
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...  
His innocent shoulders in the thin coat  
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest –  
Waiting to be just lighted  
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...  
The feet slipped under the table  
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection  
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable  
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

--  
At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...  
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white foams  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...  
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...  
Te iubesc, puilul meu.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu,iubitul și doritul meu pușor.  
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate

Te iubesc. Dulcele meu Pușor. Dragul meu.

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle.  
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ....  
Although there were a few words  
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puilul meu, a folder in the back  
Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...  
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table  
of which only a sec

and from which you deduced that the young character  
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
a serene and unforgiving smile  
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix  
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head  
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -  
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...  
correlating with image numbness  
made to squeeze sublime shreds  
from every detail ...

...  
Smash the blue circles  
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects  
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves  
By spring arms  
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table  
like everything that would physically mean manhood  
but the face speaks for itself  
for this man

who does not need physical details  
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face  
gentle, smooth, straight, deep  
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...  
I fell in love instantly  
to death in Venice  
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man  
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck  
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face  
an imberbant neck  
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture  
non-verbal language  
a flying force, as a dynamic image  
statically surprised

...  
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious  
and about everything I wrote  
and I read  
a memory of the foundations of being  
and the surprising force of the Animus  
who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.  
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc. Victor, dulceața mea, Pușorul meu dulce. Te iubesc. Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu

My baby

His profile picture

They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue  
Like the Mediterranean at the exit  
Like an old, blurry image  
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peesters from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face  
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf  
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes  
Where lies still alive and hidden  
Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will  
When from His soul a rising  
Blue-pink only the Being  
My child was watching in the sea  
His smile was silent on the baby's lips  
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas  
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits  
With round arms of flower and milk  
Ask for my whisper noodles  
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure  
At the knowledge of the azure heaven  
Of the world, of genius and fate  
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards  
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea  
It's the crying and whining of the child  
It's the pink and white cherry blossom

Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering  
Bitter, sad and humiliating  
I gave a new look to the heavy body  
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning  
From where it rises with power  
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower  
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be  
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children  
Over forgetting the hard stuff  
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star,

...

His profile picture  
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue  
Like the Mediterranean at the exit  
Like an old, blurry image  
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeters from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...

T iubec, Viactor, dragosea mea, ulceaga mea,  
The book of Anime III  
Second painting  
Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle,  
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ....  
Although there were a few words  
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meu drag și iubit, puia mea, a folder in the back  
Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...  
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table  
of which only a sec  
and from which you deduced that the young character  
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
a serene and unforgiving smile  
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix  
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head  
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -  
by the sun's rays.

it would not be the holdest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...  
correlating with image numbness  
made to squeeze sublime shreds  
from every detail ...

...  
Snash the blue circles  
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects  
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves  
By spring arms  
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table  
like everything that would physically mean manhood  
but the face speaks for itself  
for this man

who does not need physical details  
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face  
gentle, smooth, straight, deep  
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...  
I fell in love instantly  
to death in Venice  
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man  
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck  
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face  
an imberbant neck  
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture  
non-verbal language  
a flying force, as a dynamic image  
statically surprised

....  
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious  
and about everything I wrote  
and I read  
a memory of the foundations of being  
and the surprising force of the Animus  
who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size  
the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.

I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc. Victor, dulceața mea, Pușorul meu dulce. Te iubesc. Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu

Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

.

The book of Anime III

Painting three

### **So tender ...**

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires

They spoke to me with such love, so often ...

Contained with the ornate eyes

Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then

In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves

In their light which descends gravely

I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest

In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight

Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way

And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight

the passing of the soul, love

soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet

over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise

What has been since then, what is before

Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown

Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind

I cannot think and mirror it...

...

... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns

Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine

What I grew up in my breast, on my chest

Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us

I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness

the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-

a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself

I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter

Through a dark labyrinth of fields

Until I touch with the lips the Earth  
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter  
To me the lobster on my chest  
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.  
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Google translate  
Small correction: Natalia Gălățan  
Te iubesc. Tudor. puțul meu,dulcele meu.  
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puțulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

I love you, Tudor, my baby.  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor..

#### Initiation

Flying at high heights  
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared  
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.  
Wild beasts scurried the ground  
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors  
put on the canvas of a painter  
an irrational crossing and blending of realities  
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled  
Like a tide, like a sea  
With the crown in the body of the earth  
and with the trunk in the light  
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

---  
In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world  
All saints, archangels, and seraphim  
With her hair hunted for truth.

---  
I plunged into the consciousness of the world  
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves  
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch  
of war.  
My body was devoured by wildlife  
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.  
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth  
Watering the earth



With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy  
The ecstasy of death on the cross.  
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd  
Among the rows of dead and living  
Those past, present and transcendent  
Between sac and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd  
I have been devoured in their arms  
My body was devoured by wildlife  
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.  
I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back  
from solitude  
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude  
I find myself on the high hills  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

...  
When everything turns into ashes  
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass  
in the glass with which God sees the world  
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...  
Trying to recover from solitude  
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude  
I find myself on the high hills  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

...  
I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

...  
My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape

The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked  
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass  
in the glass with a god looks at the world  
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...  
te iubesc.

--

The magnolias were falling ...  
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash  
I was late yesterday  
On the corridors of memory  
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky  
they were comforting my inert body.  
I whispered words of love  
In the steamy window  
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul  
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows  
With smiling faces ...  
I was wondering where you are ....  
... we were defending and disappearing  
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked  
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash  
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground  
I was walking in a dream  
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing  
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked  
They appeared and disappeared ...  
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes  
An air discovered from another realm.

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world  
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...  
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness  
What transfigures my existence  
Like sudden illumination  
In the moment of grace when my conscience  
Touch the world's consciousness  
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...

It's all lost in the sight of youth  
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...  
I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars  
I love you, my sweet Victor,

See Rama

The door lock moves like a dream -  
I again leave the soul of temporal eternity  
Momentary, eternal, concrete, yet abysmal  
Nothingness, no chaos ...

...

With thousands of eyes the black dagger speaks to me in the window  
I tremble in bed  
Not daring to sleep - though almost asleep  
With his hand on the temple, caste ...

..

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream  
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul  
Eternity is empty, yet temporary  
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural  
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short  
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple  
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had  
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Frosted fretboard from sleep - with infinite care open the door  
and I slip  
go to the room, in the bedroom -  
I press the brown door, I speak from the threshold  
I told them I was scared and was about to fall out of bed ...  
(in which for a few more nights I lie)

...

That out there sounds weird, weird noises ...  
Who's who walks outside in the middle of the night  
Seeing all my thoughts?

...

I miss the dreams of the night - the powerless right hand to squeeze  
I spend my night dreams on paper  
With his left hand  
My right hand hurts like a beast  
squeezed over thoughts and images like a pencil -

I bend down to pick up the Matrix tubes from the closet - like in a dream ...  
when all the world at once  
a wheel is spotted ... it gets in my throat, belly and gut  
the time in my room is doubling, it is burning ...

in the yellow light, crying ...  
near the foot of the table is the empty glass  
in the night there are noises, owls outside -  
it's the slot - now full of less than a quarter ...

but didn't I drink it all? ... I exclaimed in my thoughts  
with circumflex forehead, inert eye -  
but I didn't drink it all - the quarter glass?

...

"Dreamy cypress trees sway  
With the black branches looking down.  
And lime with a wide shade of flowers down to the ground  
Towards the dark sea the wind shakes! "

Through the halls a man in a black robe deserts  
Fearing his footsteps, he slips into secret.  
Under his long cloak he hides a dagger,  
He looks back with fear and bitterness.

He laughs ... He rushes to the shadow ... the salt shadow.  
Due to some walls, it slowly appears again ...  
Above them quickly and again:  
-O, Sarmis, long fight, great for us!

What are you running away from? What are you running away from? Don't you see in the fight that I'm calling  
you?

He doesn't think I'm shaking, he doesn't think I'm afraid!  
He was rising again and his face was weak.  
And the fixed eye looked with fear and pain:  
"Oh, my cowardly heart, why do you gnaw in your breast,  
Ends up! And the dagger I get out of my hands now ...  
But I'll squeeze it in ... Wait ... wait, you foolish fool."  
-Children once and fall dead -Brigbel.

..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back  
from solitude  
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude  
I find myself on the high hills  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move  
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The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

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and in sterile dust, returned to the glass  
in the glass with which God sees the world  
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

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...  
I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

...  
My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

...  
When everything becomes crooked  
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass  
in the glass with a god looks at the world  
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...  
te iubesc,  
..Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

I was silent on the road ...

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...  
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars

Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -  
The stars were slowly setting in the sky  
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground  
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...  
... my hands traveled far from my body  
Trying to wash leads to the heart  
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...  
I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu, Puiul meu.  
.. I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems,

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -  
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Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems  
...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...  
Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...  
  
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Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached in the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea Dulce,

I was silent on the road,

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand

Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -  
The stars were slowly setting in the sky  
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground  
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...  
... my hands traveled far from my body  
Trying to wash leads to the heart  
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ...

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Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...  
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Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

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The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
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Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

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Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

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I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc.  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The Humans move like a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the soot forehead  
With hands full of earth  
With my shirt stuck with hay ...

...

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky  
Driven by a celestial wind  
My knees are moving in the wind  
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...

I'm blue and alone  
As much as a man can be ...  
I fish in the evening  
Blue lizards  
With the miraculous body of water ...

----

I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te iubesc, Puilul meu.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now –  
The stars were slowly setting in the sky  
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground  
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...  
... my hands traveled far from my body  
Trying to wash leads to the heart  
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...  
Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems  
..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
  
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

--  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -  
The stars were slowly setting in the sky  
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground  
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...  
... my hands traveled far from my body  
Trying to wash leads to the heart  
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
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Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
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Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

Black trees, white trees  
Sit naked in the solitary park  
I pass among them, sick of dreams  
With my step increasingly rare ...

...

White birds, black birds

I rear, shake  
On the top of a pillar, between the antennas -  
Strange and black bucket ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, puia! meu.

Adonai

The word of death that saves  
Slowly on the chest and eyes go up  
It is lost in the blue Sea of Atlas  
Like spikes on the cheek.

--

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes  
Your gaze turns to me, my eye freezes  
Like leafy green leaves through the vines  
In a cold, dewy morning ...

...

White hands like the face of a lover's face  
Your chest is spasmodically tight  
and they are offended  
white hands like the sweetness of the face  
to a loved girl.

...

--

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes  
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes

Like leafy green leaves through the vines  
In a cold, cold morning ...

and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth  
moved by the celestial cosmic wind  
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where  
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....

--  
There's nothing but Pneuma  
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck  
Silent and asleep like a bride  
With your pale-skinned face like the Moon.

--  
and your soft golden hair falls to the Earth  
moved by the celestial cosmic wind  
acolytes, through the spaces of the space where  
mysterious Night-intense, cosmic penetrates ....

---  
A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars  
You will find green clay pots  
and nights of movies  
a sky of stars below  
above the sky of stars ...

---  
and from the chaos of the valleys, in the proud face is closed:  
Oh, I come. Lord's night!  
By fate it dislodges me!  
Give me Freedom to roam  
All the cosmic space like a lentil seed

--  
Give him Love, hope, mind  
In wise remembrance!

--  
Oh, young voivode with soft hair  
What you adore, your overnights empty  
I give them Love and Mind  
and many feelings  
to look back like before!

---  
You ask me for my Immortality!  
But I'll give you the Time  
To discover even in the Land of the Dead with her  
To enter, triumphant n-Olympus!

---  
You are my very own Immortality!  
But I'll give you the Time.

---  
Time of war, cruel hatred and fate  
Time of love, of sweetness  
and death  
Time to do everything I thought  
Time to think and think long.

---

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time to sleep  
To the great advice of the wise  
I give you time for the eternal to reap  
To kill the righteous from death.

...

...

For you see the harsh measure of those on Earth:  
You make yourself breathless, ice wind  
Burning sun and power  
and blows their pain!

...

Oh, Adonai, I'm giving you time!

...

A sky of stars below, above the sky of stars  
You will find green clay pots  
and nights of movies  
a sky of stars below  
above the sky of stars ...

...

There's nothing but Pneuma  
In which you stumble with your hands around your neck  
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...

White hands like the face of a lover's face  
Your chest is spasmodically tight  
and they are offended  
white hands like the sweetness of the face  
to a loved girl.

...

...

Oh, dead beautiful with live eyes  
Your gaze burns to me, my eye freezes  
Like leafy green leaves through the vines  
In a cold, dewy morning ...  
A beautiful dead man with live eyes  
Your look burns me, your eye presses me!

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone  
Hours leave  
Over the autumn sill, aged  
Before time  
With long whiskers falls over the yarn  
White winter deception ...

...

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -  
a madness  
everything they have been and how many they will be  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

....  
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing  
What do you give me, at sunrise  
Sweetlips with bitter lips  
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart  
I kiss bitter lips  
Lips sweet lips bitter  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

....  
You hold me up when the bedtime comes  
and we whisper -  
a madness  
everything they have been and how many they will be  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

....  
Like sweet sweet wine, kissing  
What do you give me, at sunrise  
Sweetlips with bitter lips  
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet  
I kiss bitter lips  
Lips sweet lips bitter  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

....  
Silent, cadence, monotone  
Hours leave  
Over the autumn sill, aged  
Before time  
With long whiskers falls over the yarn  
White winter deception ...  
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla  
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...  
your trees  
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine  
with cinnamon flavor...  
my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through  
the pine tree forest  
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that  
is moving out the strings...  
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away  
realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla  
I bury my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands  
which comprise my face  
into a misunderstood, misunderstood  
caress...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering  
...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like...  
...  
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.  
--  
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.  
Is opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.  
..  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...  
...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering  
...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ....  
..  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.  
...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness  
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy.  
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
Leaving my mouth as a prey  
To your lips, so sweet ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your shy breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--  
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet tones  
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

--  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world  
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...  
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tale of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...  
With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canals  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...  
I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
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There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice

Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking at her...

...  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of the young man  
Ready to enter the flood door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love

...  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost pesteeps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...  
te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva. dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia GălăganWithout Google translate

The book of Anime III

The fourth painting

**Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..**

.  
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From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
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...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ...

...  
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

--  
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.  
It was opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...

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With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

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And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
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Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,  
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--

Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

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and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
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to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

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At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

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Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

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From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
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Up to its core.

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With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

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It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
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Love?...

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Love?...

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His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

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At the Heaven door  
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As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
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translation: Natalia Gălăţan  
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate  
Google translate the last two strophs  
te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu Victor  
Te dorest, Puiul meu.



Blue skies

...  
From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying  
Hit by the storm ...  
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home

It was a rain and windblown  
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance  
Where the mountains fought  
In the heads  
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales  
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains  
Fighting on their heads.  
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away  
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone  
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white  
and they remained so white  
with water running down his chest, his hands  
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes  
Not having them believe their eyes  
But his hands were barely wet  
and the rainy arms

threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds  
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets  
Hurry to wrap one another  
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.  
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks  
Lightening the earth with their shadow  
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through  
Red and pink rose bushes  
He was getting closer and closer  
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain  
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun  
As it passed through the street  
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

He reached the gate.  
Cathy was shaking from the red roses  
and is thrown into his arms.  
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time  
On a rain like this, I would not have believed

On a wind like this

...

This is fine, he smiled

Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself

At his chest

Feeling the humming of the clothes

Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...

and it rained here, she sighed

covering his neck and looking him in the eye

then hiding his face at his chest.

Suddenly Dorian bent down

...

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips

While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them

and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.

My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.

Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss

Which went through his soles

As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...

Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips

Like two luscious petals

Of rose

Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

...

Cathy whispered the troubled young man

I love you my love ... you know ...

Oh, Dorian and I

I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

...

...

When suddenly there was a good shadow.

The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks

Lightening the earth with their shadow

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threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
crying .....

### Sexus

His white body, half-naked  
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a virgin bed ...

...  
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
I easily touch the lotus flower lips  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

...  
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...  
At the entrance to the gate of heaven  
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body  
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...  
The virgin is trembling in orgasm  
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.  
While he completely gave himself away inside of her  
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically.  
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...  
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...  
The young Dorian may be hungry ...  
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?  
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...  
In about half an hour ...

...  
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed  
The young man grabbed her hair  
he drew her but power towards him ...  
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers  
they were looking for bed sheets  
whispering with a passion ...

...  
The young man was moving quickly inside her  
It seemed like an engine excited  
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...  
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst  
Entering the gate of heaven  
With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body  
...

Supporting her long bed legs ...  
His white body, half-naked  
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...  
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

--  
I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights  
I get out of bed slowly  
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...  
In my nightgown  
Received at the entrance  
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine  
They really look like a show .....

-  
-  
I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on  
To the borderline smoker  
From a high metal door  
I open it slowly and enter...

...  
It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light  
and I light a cigarette.  
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs  
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally  
I pull the canned fish next to me  
and I lean to write a few lyrics  
abruptly inspired.

...  
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

...  
Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...  
Serve the servants



A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ....

---  
I ask for the films  
Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

--  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold,

--  
At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

---  
He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

---  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea

Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

..  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love, te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu, te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc. Victor, Dulceața mea, Puilul meu.

The book of Anime III

The fifth painting

**Michael ...**

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.  
But he looked at Mihai  
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body  
Thinking about who knows where ...

...  
There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...  
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile  
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first hint of the beard -  
Two silky hanches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..  
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?  
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed  
Winking at her.

...  
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...  
I wanted to ask him something ...  
Let's talk about books.

...  
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared  
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..

Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face  
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...  
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,  
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

--  
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.  
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months  
After their last date.  
Wash your face  
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall  
Lost in thoughts.

--  
When Mihai suddenly enters.  
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret  
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached  
Her silky wavy hair  
Like a spiral.

--  
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused  
Not knowing what to say.  
Then he handed her a note from Alin.  
Baby, today is coming ...  
Michele needs me  
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..  
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.  
The red-eyed young man reads.

--  
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!  
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something  
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body  
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms  
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years  
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.  
Cathy shivered, then chained her  
and she tightened her breast tightly.

--  
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically  
As if he had really met  
After a thousand years  
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

--  
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once  
A tiger with feline movements  
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

--  
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love  
We are lost ...

--  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched

On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

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Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile  
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -  
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

--  
There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu.  
Te iubesc, Iubirea și Dragostea scumpă a vieții mele!...

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk  
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.  
They hugged the bed  
Kissing frantically, to the blood.  
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers  
Hit the light

...  
--  
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree  
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -  
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.  
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms  
How much I love my love!  
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...  
-  
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross  
She, with red eyes, caressed them  
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

--  
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt  
Breathing in the chest breaths  
Hot, deep ...  
His heartbeat fast through his shirt  
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...  
He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.  
Or she didn't know too well ...  
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist

whispering words of love to him.

--

Then he slowly raised his chin  
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...  
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious  
The movements of love on purpose ...

--

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -  
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor  
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth  
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

--

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice  
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me  
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly  
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
O Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved  
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of shame!

---

Come on, closer and closer  
Fall on my chest  
Let me kiss you on the chest  
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
O. Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of shame!

--

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body

Like two pink flowers, bittersweet  
Searching for her hiding place we hide  
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride  
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent  
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers  
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens  
They clutched at the palm of his palm  
it is consumed as two ripe fruits  
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

--

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water  
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora  
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure  
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

--

His blond hair fluttered silky light  
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-  
scented with musk scent  
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

--

Come on, closer and closer  
Fall on my chest  
Let me kiss you on the chest  
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers.

--

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
O, Cathy came to my breast  
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as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.  
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.  
Te iubesc, Dulceisorul meu Mihai.  
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked  
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed  
Out of pants

It turned white, virgin  
Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
I easily touch the lotus flower lips  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...  
At the entrance to the gate of heaven  
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body  
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed..

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm  
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.  
While he completely gave himself away inside of her  
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically.  
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...  
The young Dorian may be hungry ...  
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?  
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...  
In about half an hour ...

...

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed  
The young man grabbed her hair  
he drew her but power towards him ...  
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers  
they were looking for bed sheets  
whispering with a passion ...

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The young man was moving quickly inside her  
It seemed like an engine excited  
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

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I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights  
I get out of bed slowly  
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

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Received at the entrance  
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine  
They really look like a show .....

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To the borderline smoker  
From a high metal door  
I open it slowly and enter...

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It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light  
and I light a cigarette.  
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs  
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally  
I pull the canned fish next to me  
and I lean to write a few lyrics  
abruptly inspired.

...  
The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

...  
Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...  
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Puilul meu dulce, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puilul meu.  
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.  
Te doresc, Dulceața mea, Puilul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night  
As I write I read Kant ...  
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,  
Like a long afternoon, in a room



long deep  
In which everything is dressed in white ...

--  
In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts  
- embroidered in outdated languages  
Ah, I've told you thousands of times  
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine  
Just cold forged  
and everything was dressed in white ...

---  
It was a deep night - de Profundis  
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul  
Impure and pure, unclean  
It was not manly, or life-like  
It was a cold night away.

--  
They were heard from nowhere  
There were no voices, no footsteps  
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment  
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

---  
My forehead was burning with red mist  
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -  
although everything is worse than drawing in coal  
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

---  
Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...  
No sound, no sound, just means around  
my soul is black and white  
Impure and pure, unclean  
It was not manly, or life-like  
It was a cold and distant night.

---  
I died! Yeah... I died ...  
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam  
Sea when Adonis comes out...

---  
Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds  
I was sleeping forever  
Reading, thinking and writing Kant  
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,  
Like a long afternoon, in a room  
long deep  
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc  
Te doresc, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Victor, Puiuleu.

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside  
and my heart was clenching like a claw,  
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast  
They are like a flower-like an undead  
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside .....  
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.  
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes  
hot and cold....  
question marks in taste were mottled  
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost  
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...  
in dusk in the evening, so sweet  
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me  
to sink slowly, slowly  
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...  
question marks popped into your eyes  
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...  
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast  
like a flower or an undead  
what made his bed in us ...

--

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy  
I don't know where to drink  
If you do not know who ...

...

It smells like Jesus Christ ...  
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone  
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine  
Teddy bear must  
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence  
Nothing but smells  
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence  
Next to me  
A brandy with shades of misty primes  
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive  
I smelled abstract work  
You, lambs, children  
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -  
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered  
It was silence it was late  
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar  
A puppy with white fur

I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples  
In my rational ear  
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...  
Transparency, mate  
Worried, daddy ...  
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet  
What they never have time to go to bed  
The smell of huge insects  
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV  
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor  
and then I took the gun to shoot myself  
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter  
although it was a rational night  
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos  
until I touch the lips of the earth  
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea  
the soul of the Earth is  
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...  
Transparency, mate  
Worried, daddy ...  
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet  
What they never have time to go to bed  
The smell of huge insects  
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence  
Nothing but smells  
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence  
Next to me  
A brandy with shades of misty prunes  
Mine and children ...

te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puilul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puilul meu

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puilul meu Dulce, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai,

...te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu, dulcele meu.

Love me when night falls

...

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices  
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...  
Nine, two, broke the silence  
with their synoptic, lethal fall ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic  
Medications from both foils ...  
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...  
To enter the moths' page.

----

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable  
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon  
Raw, raw, mean  
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams  
Love me when night falls  
Over weak, weak bodies

...

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23  
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor  
No taste, no smell  
and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her  
and the last driptine  
in a film with many pills, all taken  
with mistakes and stolen things ...

----

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!  
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!  
I'm born again. Mom ...

--

I sleep in the bed. I slip in the dream, with tea. I drink on my lips  
Quiet, quiet  
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...  
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

...

Things are really very messy  
There are no options to say...  
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus  
There is not much to say ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic  
Medications from both foils ...  
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...  
To enter the moths' page.

...

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable  
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon  
Raw, raw, mean  
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

take me to you, Lord Jesus  
Be my guardian and flock of dreams  
Love me when night falls  
Over weak, weak bodies

...  
... over dead bodies of dreams ...  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea...  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puilul meu.  
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

The book of Anime III  
The fourth painting

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes  
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor  
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle  
A voice for hidden mysteries

...  
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks  
From that lost, new life  
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep  
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...  
Your lips are like two azure petals  
soaked in the blue of pure eyes  
that I kiss with flair  
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...  
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses  
like two water lilies ready for flying  
blue, full of thirst for heaven  
breath of ice and mystery  
jumping into each other ...

...  
Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies  
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips  
when they turn vertiginous  
endlessly to the stars.

...  
In the blue of your eyes  
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor  
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle  
A voice for hidden mysteries  
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks  
From that lost, new life  
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep  
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

--  
Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine  
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods  
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe

all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..  
Like two late comets, caught in a poem op  
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain  
Like two hidden, green vine clusters  
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...  
Your lips are like two azure petals  
soaked in the blue of pure eyes  
that I kiss with flair  
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...  
Your lips are like two crazy lotuses  
like two water lilies ready for flying  
blue, full of thirst for heaven  
breath of ice and mystery  
jumping into each other ...  
Translation: Google Translate  
Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş  
... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.  
Te iubesc, Victor, puţin meu.  
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Come as you are ...  
Come as you are - as holy as a whore  
Like a friend, like a friend ...  
I want you to be ...

...  
Your hand holds mine  
Your kiss sucks my lips -  
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter  
More voluptuous chorus ...

...  
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...  
the body of poetry is untied  
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking  
from meat to piece by piece ...  
heavy words speak of love and death  
and shatters the body by staring at the stars  
the black, torn banner  
to wear it  
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full  
to die ...

.....  
the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning  
warm over clay  
just beginning, full of  
the end  
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand  
and in kisses  
we forget what it will be  
careless at Time, at crossings

to words  
looking into our eyes  
remembering ...

.....  
slip on your bare feet  
in my warm dream of love and pleasure  
as you close your eyes in pain  
when I give my lips tender  
-ohoh ...

.....  
the subtle light faded from your eyes  
like two mysterious headlights  
in the distance  
traveling tenderly at sea  
as in a ship  
only the poet?

...  
...  
Come as you know ...  
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore  
Now I want you to be ...

...  
and I swear I don't have a weapon  
I don't have a weapon  
just an old toy gun for kids  
so come as you are  
as I want you to come ...

...  
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore  
Like I want you to be ...  
I will hang the hall with stories  
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

...  
...  
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back  
Like the boy in the story  
Sad singers  
That before much more ...

...  
I'm not like him  
I'm not dumb  
Come on try me love  
How good-natured he is  
...  
So come on as you are...

...  
I take the gun and shoot myself  
I fall through a dark labyrinth  
Until I touch the brush  
Which I stumbled upon  
...  
So come as you are ...  
...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back  
Like the boy in the story  
Sad singers  
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore  
Like I want you to be ...  
I will hang the hall with stories  
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are  
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror  
Like Kali-yuga family  
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness  
I wrap my hand around his neck  
and one at the temple  
and I don't know very well what this story is about  
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon  
I don't have a weapon  
just an old toy gun for kids  
so come as you are  
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore  
I want you to be now  
Te iubesc. Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple



...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish  
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story  
The fish have no feelings  
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness,

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google Translate, Google dictionary

Where is not precised the Author of transtation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc,

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ....

...

I ask for the films  
Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony,

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--

At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

---  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold,

--  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves  
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor. Dulceapa mea, Puiul meu.

#### Outsectie

On the black hair veil, the crown crowns seems  
He really is broken  
From star fire, from sun fire  
By burning it they grow ebony wings  
Above that falls ebony hair  
Under the clear sky  
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

--  
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—  
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky  
What goes down his chest gently  
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

--  
The sun was trembling in its orbit  
In the black one -  
The aroma of her bear  
A young girl in front of him appears ...

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

---  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate

While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly  
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake  
Wet and warm and beat  
With fast movements and rhythmically  
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

"  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.  
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.  
Te ddoresc, Puilul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..  
Te iubesc, Vitor, Dragostea mea, Puilul meu,  
te iubesc, pușorul meu dulce, Victor, dragul meu.  
The shadow archetype

Sobbingly on the obscure paths of the mist  
The divinity was showing up to me  
In her immeasurable form, bahiko, and dark.

.....  
The divinity isn't a summum bonum.  
He is beyond the good or evil  
Beautiful or ugly, feminine or masculine.

....  
He is beyond opened and closed  
Liberty or prisoning, external or internal.

.....  
A dream has clarified me  
That divinity is immeasurable. Beyond of the dogmatic descriptions  
from books  
Beyond the Christian doctrine and morality  
Beyond the formal interpretation whom the many  
give to her.

.....  
I was locked somewhere  
And I was hoping to get out  
There, outside it was Jesus  
But not Jesus from fairy tales.

...  
It was an atrocious divinity  
By a painful and soothing completeness  
Gathering together the contrary principles  
Making himself a vehicle of the Good

and Evil alike.

....

Only accepting in my life  
The Archetype of Shadow  
I learned something.

---

That this is another face of the Good  
An eternal face of Good  
Closer by his destructive mythological  
Valences.

....

This hypostasis of the divinity  
It doesn't stretch you temptations.

Only beyond of temptations  
And of the infamous purgatory of sins  
You discover, in an end,  
That Divinity doesn't stretch you  
Any temptations.

---

It is because she is the temptation itself  
And only who has the courage  
To discover the dark side of himself  
Learn that it's no temptation.

....

There the Divinity thrones  
An immeasurable entity, beyond the good or evil.

---

Crossing the purgatory of morality  
You discover that the essence of Divinity  
It doesn't lie in morality.

....

But in her painful, dark, contemplative  
Completeness.

....

And only who has the bold  
To discover to himself as a God  
Gets to know in the end this divinity  
Atrocious and sublime.

### Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered  
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day  
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow  
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

--

Many drips fall into the strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In wet rain, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
Wet of desire, of promise, of the covenant.

--

She bent warm passion fishes it  
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses  
Like a red-marbled zephyr  
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

...

and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm comprised his head from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Dorian, my love... I love you. I desire you my chicken...  
My soul whispered to him  
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate  
Like a strawberry cream  
Like a wild raspberry, two berries  
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck  
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In a shower, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow  
like a pot under the presses.

...

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm covered him from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck

and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puilul meu drag, te iubesc.

Invasion of objects

The world has passed lightly, imperceptible  
From miracle to commonplace  
It has become, suddenly, familiar, calm, silent  
Like an evening of October, leisurely  
Near the cup of tea...

The wind, the birds, nature  
Don't conspire any longer in offering me mutely  
The free and solemn spectacle  
Of the myth

The waters don't hide anymore the deep depths  
Of the unconscious

...

I see the object in itself.  
The object is silent, it doesn't discover to the glance its core  
Twisted into concentric layers  
Like the rings of a tree

And though, I can touch it  
I can resonate with its magnetic rays

...

The object is tired but still generous.  
It offers himself, in his simple, secret, silent way  
To the searching eye  
Which caress it, and doesn't aggrieve it

Occupying its place from always  
In the pantry of the things

....

The deck between known and unknown  
A bridge between the past and future  
Constant between equilibrium and imbalance  
Eternal and passenger  
Multitude and uniqueness  
Interpretations and interpretation, absolute  
and relative

....

The searching eye take in possession the object  
From this unmiraculous world  
Where in it is a miracle  
Projected outside itself, in an eternal, perpetual, glorious  
Participation mystique.

With silver undines ...

He left the evening, with thick, voluptuous wings, in foam  
Of the sea coming in with silver  
In the room of visions displacement  
In the room of agony and direction ...

...

--

.

I watched where I swam like a swim  
When heavy golden hair lets it fall  
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways  
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

...

We met in dreams of pleasure  
We met in sweet dreams  
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean  
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

...

Your penis, like a snake from deep, groaning  
I get my soft butterflies, gnarled moaning  
It is allowed to fall into uninterrupted waters  
Over lustful wishes, standing ...

--

He craves a new life  
Maybe a new morning when Aurora slammed her fingers into the window  
and the birds in the morning sing with gossip  
on a branch.

We met in dreams of pleasure  
We met in sweet dreams  
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean  
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

--

Sweetlips come down on her breasts  
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest  
Mix with the mouth water

...

The ghost enters deep, deeper and deeper  
In butterflies flaking and obsolete  
Passionate wishes for moaning calf  
When the water is pounding, it gets louder.

...

Blanca is in the swing  
Lord is your Mire  
It flashes like a child's dream  
Yours love of love  
Leave your face sweet

Over sweet German foodstuffs  
Under the serene ray  
Your arms to sleep on  
Leave your sweet face  
sweet and blackened by sweets ...

....

Sweetlips come down on her breasts  
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest  
Mix with the mouth water

...

I watched where I swam like a swim  
When heavy golden hair lets it fall  
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways  
Nude nymph, with pearl silver,  
I

An endless man

Suddenly you discover  
That you are not interested in anything  
Nor of the career  
Nor of love  
Nor of friends

...

You remain lonely on a desert island.

....

Suddenly you ascertain  
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs  
Are more full of Anima  
Than the people  
And you are starting to understand Buddha.

....

Suddenly you ascertain  
That the solely full of sense is the life  
and death  
and between them, it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown  
so pure, so beautiful  
the creation

....

That everything that it counts is what you are living now  
this instant  
suspended in time  
lived intensely, in a perpetual present  
stretched in all your fundamental  
gestures  
in birth, wedding, death  
love

.....

All that I have learned  
I've learned from my Moromets  
and from the Comăneșteni orchards  
from my father, from my mother  
from my brother  
from my dearest beloved

Lying on the porch of the house  
Ordered gently  
As in some sessile coffins  
I tell you



The only moment is now  
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins  
The only moment is now

Victor, Te doresc. Dragostea mea. te iubesc. puilul meu drag.

Participation mystique

te doresc și te iubesc, puilul meu dulce și drag, soful meu iubit.  
My brain has become fecund  
It fertilizes the rhymes with its passionate voracity

My gentlemen

I was born dead  
whilst the eagles were feeding with my flesh.  
And love, physical love  
it was still participating in the history  
to the real, to the ideal  
To the splendid animal.

....

Creature, human being, bird, symbol  
How much religiosity is in the naked body  
and in the thought fleshless alive  
circling in sweet surrender in the desert.

----

In real, mythical, archetypal worlds,  
in forms and in beginnings  
I pour out the clay of my hands  
the being of the dust and straw.

---

On the top of the mountain  
a fire has sprung out in the heights, and in strange  
circles and in springs  
the blue light of the edge of the blade  
to my eye, it was given to see.

---

forces had been fusioned in a roar  
wherein into the same consciousness  
waters had united over the fire, hot ash  
over the Sacred place.

---

Axis Mundi!... Axis Mundi!...  
I stay like the primitive in the iron center  
and the fire is crossing me  
from the Sky to the Infern.

----

Let it be! let it be!...your spirit to preamble  
in the things  
To project in nature beginnings, contents  
and the sacred fire which preambles  
in your dust!...  
Victor, puilul meu drag, te iubesc.

The book of Anime III

The fifth painting

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves

Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves

When in the morning with her cold wing

They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits,

but at night on the edge of the world

Flying Shadow-swallowed knee

Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam

Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

--

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam

and fly by night, a cruel genius

it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world

like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

--

Green mound with meadows of filomores

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars

Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers

The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man

in the spike, caught him

--

Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams

When the seagull beats the water with its white wing

He cold thought of longing

Brought in the whisper of love,

--

At the black castle, he partly beats

and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick

falling down and hunched over

with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly

she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint

of ebony hair,

Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine

She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,

it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...

for I came, oh, here

the tea of the nightingale beats

until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark

hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...

and gently lifted her thighs

passing it on reaching the creeks

--

and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes

fall with desire on his left shoulder,

In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -

and fine-opaque by spitting up berries

chicken belly with her children  
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!  
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night  
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper

Green mound with meadows of filomores  
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars  
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers  
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...  
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..  
and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes  
leftover the left shoulder  
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry  
his arm curling his body in tears.

...  
Harder and harder, closer, closer  
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest  
And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass  
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes  
leftover the left shoulder  
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry  
his arm curling his body in tears.

...  
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars  
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers  
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...  
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..  
The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves  
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves  
When in the morning with her cold wing  
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings  
When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world  
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee  
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam  
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..  
Mihai stomps his stallion in foam  
and fly by night, a cruel genius  
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world  
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!  
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.  
Te iubesc Victor, Puilul meu, Te doresc, Dragul meu. Te iubesc și te doresc Mihai, Dulcele meu. Dulcele meu  
Tiudor, Alin, Mihai.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Draostea mea, Puilul meu.

Your eyes...  
te iubesc, puilul meu dulce.  
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering

and fills down the darkness with their  
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.  
And your hairs which is reflecting  
it's dark blonde light...

....  
Like two red precious stones  
that fills the air of their summery warmth  
Your sweet lips are stealing me,  
the shy light of my eyes..

....  
Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground  
As in winter the white flakes  
of snow and pure light  
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness  
which in the white night of the spring  
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...

te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.

Your neck  
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery  
It pours out the sweet nightfall  
on the ground

Covering the earth with warm darkness  
Of the night and of the burning stars  
Glittering smoldered..  
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night..  
Of thunderstorm streak....  
And though... The sweet twilight  
warm sweet odor of the springtime  
brings out in your eyes a dark blue light..  
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves  
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are litting up in the sky a thousand..  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....  
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Collosal rain of dragons  
te iubesc.  
te iubesc, puilul meu drag și dulce.  
Your sex is like a huge bird  
A huge stone phallus, and of magma hardened

blinking, orbiting to the sky in red waves  
from a hidden, enigmatic crypt.

....  
the birds were flying on the sky  
Smaller or larger, whiter or more violet  
straight, curved or straight  
rosacea or, on the contrary, funeral...

....  
colossal rain of dragons shaking in the heights  
thrushes, bottles and guinea fowl  
making in the sky the last waltz  
confetti, rice, barley, oats - the sky was a savage sausage

....  
mouths, swirls of typhoon  
Shaking themselves, with their smoky backs  
Swallowed hugely  
insatiable...  
the blue and tenebrous dragons..

....  
an orgiastic union between yin and yang  
the kite rising in the warm wind  
waves of storm and serenity  
it's in your hook-up, sweet pilgrim...

....  
the stone colossus washed by rains  
glows shyly, indelible between soft winds  
the Time has carved out in it  
a crypt  
under his arm sleeps his buddy, a gentle  
old, frightened - he looks in the fog of the time  
the tender orchid of his sweetheart  
to call him  
lying down in forgotten, dusty poems.  
Te iubesc . Vuictor. Dragostea mea.

Victor, Puilul meu, te iubesc și te doresc, puilul meu dulce.

Te iubesc Dulcele me Mihai-Victor, Victor, Puilul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu, Dulcele meu.

Te hesc, Dragostea mea.

#### Outsectione

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems  
He really is broken  
From star fire, from sun fire  
By burning it they grow ebony wings  
Above that falls ebony hair  
Under the clear sky  
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

~  
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—  
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky

What goes down his chest gently  
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

--  
The sun was trembling in its orbit  
In the black one -  
The aroma of her hair  
A young girl in front of him appears ...

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

---  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly  
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake  
Wet wet and warm and beat  
With fast movements and rhythmically  
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

---  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.  
...Te iubesc. Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl. Dragostea mea.  
Te ddoresc. Puiul meu. Victor te iubesc și Te doresc. Dulceața mea..  
Te iubesc. Dragotea mea Victor.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ....

---  
I ask for the films

Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

--  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

---  
He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

---  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

---  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Dulceata mea, Puiul meu.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words not being  
understood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
in the opal depths of the sea...

....

And your down voice  
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus  
In the moist ground...  
Deep, grave, like a melted iron

Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina  
with its incandescent and ardent  
light.

Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips  
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words misunderstood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
into the pearly  
sea....

and your low voice  
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground  
in the moist land...  
whispering metallic  
lava flowing down onto the eye  
with its black and incandescent  
light.

te iubesc

Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.  
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips  
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body  
Tired and sad...  
They carry in their coral flesh and blood  
Deep thoughts  
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...



--  
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--  
The smell of the corpse and the coffin  
He seemed to be dead alive  
It had blue stars, white stars  
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

--  
Outside there was a symphony of colors ...  
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds  
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it  
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure,

--  
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--  
A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puilul meu.  
Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.  
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puilul meu.  
Te Doresc.  
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puilul meu iubit.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple  
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment  
and light  
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin  
raised to the bottom, to the belt  
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew  
pure and clean  
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat  
like the clear water that drips  
turning through the meanders of a stream  
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

--  
Blue eyes in bloom  
Like two light-hearted violins  
A tenderness flared  
Painted with the smell of alea and miss

...  
and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones  
like two little nasty spiders  
what a kiss

their tenderness in my soul moves me  
with their easy and smooth steps. of sweet, raw raw  
born in the lightness of the palm tree  
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them  
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -  
All the power is hidden from the blue of the spark  
It descends over meadows and over lambs  
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

--

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.  
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite  
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart  
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled  
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm  
with the blushes of the blue-spark  
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves  
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom  
Like two light-hearted violins  
A tenderness flared  
Painted with the smell of alea and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones  
like two little nasty spiders  
what a kiss  
their tenderness in my soul moves me  
with their easy and smooth steps. of sweet, raw raw  
born in the lightness of the palm tree  
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them  
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ... te inbese, Victor, Dragosta mea.

#### Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me  
I'm staying and I look at them  
Without no word  
In silence and with remembrance  
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking  
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely  
Over your face, sweet white ray  
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through  
On your shape  
Without no words...

...

I have been trying to find in them the echo  
Of the feelings which are tormenting me

Then when from the large of the world ark  
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn  
them in book  
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...  
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.  
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply  
My desert feeling I laid down  
in the book  
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word  
To give me life to drink  
again  
Of the heart innocent echo  
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntija Gălăţan, Google translate  
Te doresc şi te iubesc. Victor, dulceaţa sufletului meu.

The seven sermones

I am a monster  
I know I am a sacred monster....  
I transformed everything into literature  
The screaming, the agony  
The pain, the death.  
Love.

Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind  
Another I from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting  
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

--

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops if green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

--

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest  
Your sweet tender hand to look at it  
Which bent in unknown harmony  
Over the sweet human thought...

---

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops if green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puîul meu,  
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths  
Another self from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.  
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

----

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

---

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening

Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest  
Hands down to look at you  
What bends in unknown harmony  
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...

With great tears it leaves the evening  
Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ..... te iubesc, puilul meu, cu toate acestea...  
Te doresc, puilul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea, iubirea mea.

#### The book of Anime IV

##### Painting one

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box, with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus huge, slightly arched.

Is opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...

...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
The darkness of their patrots sipping the sweetness  
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy.  
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
Leaving my mouth as a prey  
To your lips, so sweet ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your shy breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--  
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet tones  
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

--  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

....  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world  
Up to its core.

...  
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?  
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy  
The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tule of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...  
With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...  
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking at her...

...  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...  
...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of the young man  
Ready to enter the flood door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love

...  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love  
...



The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iurtă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.  
translation: Natalia Gălăţan  
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ....

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

--

One neck a lotus huge, slightly arched.  
It was opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

--

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness  
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,  
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
Leaving my mouth as a prey  
To your lips, so sweet ...

--

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your shy breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet flames  
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

--

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

Eyes in the chest help memories

From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of the memories, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in a dimension full of bitterness  
of the world  
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piol meu,  
With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?..  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tulle of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

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The World was expecting for him, at her open Canals  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

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and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking at her...

....  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...  
...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of the young man  
Ready to enter the flood door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am cănit cu ceva, dragostea mea,  
translation: Natalia Gălăgan  
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate  
Google translate  
te iubesc, Dulceața mea. Puilul meu Victor  
Te doresc, Puilul meu.

Anima mea, Animusul eu, Arhetipul meu iubit, Te iubesc nespus,  
Te oiubesc și Te doresc, Putul meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes

I lose myself in a garden full of splendor

Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle

A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks

From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep

and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals

soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with flair

lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy intuses

like two water lilies ready for flying

blue, full of thirst for heaven

breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies

lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips

when they turn vertiginous

endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes

I lose myself in a garden full of splendor

Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle

A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks

From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep

and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine

from which force he gives the unbelieving gods

to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe

all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op

Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain

Like two hidden, green vine clusters

That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals

soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with flair

lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses  
like two water lilies ready for flying  
blue, full of thirst for heaven  
breath of ice and mystery  
jumping into each other...

--

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

Correction: Natalia Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.

Te iubesc, Victor, puinț meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Dragostea mea.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla

You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...

your trees

Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine  
with cinnamon flavor...

my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through  
the pine tree forest

Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that  
is moving out the strings...

Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away  
realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla

I bury my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands

which comprise my face

into a misunderstood, misunderstood

caress...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower desires

They spoke to me with such love, so often ...

Contained with the ornate eyes

Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then

In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves

In their light which descends gravely

I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest  
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight  
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way  
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight  
the passing of the soul, love  
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet  
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise  
What has been since then, what is before  
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown  
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns  
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine  
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest  
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us  
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness  
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-  
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself  
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter  
Through a dark labyrinth of fields  
Until I touch with the lips the Earth  
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter  
To me the lobster on my chest  
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

Correction: Natalia Gălățan

Te iubesc, Tudor, puilul meu, dulcele meu,  
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.  
Te doresc, Puilul meu, T iubesc.  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone  
Hours leave  
Over the autumn sill, aged  
Before time  
With long whiskers falls over the yarn  
White winter deception ...

---

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes  
and we whisper -  
a madness  
everything they have been and how many they will be  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

----

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing  
What do you give me, at sunrise  
Sweetlips with bitter lips  
Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart  
I kiss bitter lips  
Lips sweet lips bitter  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

-----

You hold me up when the bedtime comes  
and we whisper -  
a madness  
everything they have been and how many they will be  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

----

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing  
What do you give me, at sunrise  
Sweetlips with bitter lips  
Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet  
I kiss bitter lips  
Lips sweet lips bitter  
and red lips kiss indifferently  
ardently...

-----

Silent, cadence, monotone  
Hours leave  
Over the autumn sill, aged  
Before time  
With long whiskers falls over the yarn  
White winter deception ...

I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.  
Te iubesc, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.  
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

---

Outsecticie



On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems  
He really is broken  
From star fire, from sun fire  
By burning it they grow ebony wings  
Above that falls ebony hair  
Under the clear sky  
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

--  
A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—  
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky  
What goes down his chest gently  
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

--  
The sun was trembling in its orbit  
In the black one -  
The aroma of her bear  
A young girl in front of him appears ...

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly  
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake  
Wet wet and warm and beat  
With fast movements and rhythmically  
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Puilul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.  
Te ddoresc, Puilul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te dorese, Dulceața mea..  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor. Puiul meu. Dulcele meu.  
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...  
Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems  
He really is broken  
From star fire, from sun fire  
By burning it they grow ebony wings  
Above that falls ebony hair  
Under the clear sky  
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

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A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—  
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky  
What goes down his chest gently  
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

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The sun was trembling in its orbit  
In the black one -  
The aroma of her bear  
A young girl in front of him appears ...

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders,

...  
Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly  
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Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

--  
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde

Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai.  
Te ddorec, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..  
Te iubesc Dragul meu.

Come as you are ....

Come as you are - as holy as a whore  
Like a friend, like a friend ...  
I want you to be ...

...  
Your hand holds mine  
Your kiss sucks my lips -  
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter  
More voluptuous chorus ...

...  
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...  
the body of poetry is untied  
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking  
from meat to piece by piece ...  
heavy words speak of love and death  
and shatters the body by staring at the stars  
the black, torn banner  
to wear it  
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full  
to die ...

.....  
the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning  
warm over clay  
just beginning, full of  
the end  
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand  
and in kisses  
we forget what it will be  
careless at Time, at crossings  
to words  
looking into our eyes  
remembering ...

.....  
slip on your bare feet  
in my warm dream of love and pleasure  
as you close your eyes in pain  
when I give my lips tender  
-obol ...

.....  
the subtle light faded from your eyes  
like two mysterious headlights  
in the distance  
traveling tenderly at sea  
as in a ship

only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore

Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon

I don't have a weapon

just an old toy gun for kids

so come as you are

as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore

Like I want you to be ...

I will hang the hall with stories

Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back

Like the boy in the story

Sad singers

That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him

I'm not dumb

Come on try me love

How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself

I fall through a dark labyrinth

Until I touch the bush

Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back

Like the boy in the story

Sad singers

That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore

Like I want you to be ...

I will hang the hall with stories

Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror

Like Kali-yuga family

From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness

I wrap my hand around his neck

and one at the temple  
and I don't know very well what this story is about  
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon  
I don't have a weapon  
just an old toy gun for kids  
so come as you are  
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore  
I want you to be now

...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish  
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story  
The fish have no feelings  
They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness,

Translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate

Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceața mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulceșorul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor, Puiul meu.

My baby

His profile picture  
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue  
Like the Mediterranean at the exit  
Like an old, blurry image  
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

....  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...

...  
A boy-teen-boy face  
Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf  
Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes  
Where lies still alive and hidden  
Of the silent seas

...  
An androgynous body naively imagining the Will  
When from His soul a rising  
Blue-pink only the Being  
My child was watching in the sea  
His smile was silent on the baby's lips  
Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas  
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....  
With his pink hands full, with pits  
With round arms of flower and milk  
Ask for my whisper noodles  
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...  
Where to bring them to the salvation of pure azure  
At the knowledge of the azure heaven  
Of the world, of genius and fate  
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...  
Spin it arched like salt orchards  
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea  
It's the crying and whining of the child  
It's the pink and white cherry blossom  
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...  
Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering  
Bitter, sad and humiliating  
I gave a new look to the heavy body  
From where new young shoots rise

...  
I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning

From where it rises with power  
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower  
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...  
Whatever it was is and will be  
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children  
Over forgetting the hard stuff  
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...  
His profile picture  
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue  
Like the Mediterranean at the exit  
Like an old, blurry image  
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peetersps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...

Two tears of azure, pure gold  
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
Reds, whites, climbers  
A young man approaching.

...  
With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree  
Light and Shine -  
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold  
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...  
With red lips full like two birds approaching  
Moving away...  
Like two blooming flowers  
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...  
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
White, climbers  
A young man approaching.

...  
His arms clutched and clutched her chest  
Applying lipsticks to the hairline  
With the smell of rose water -  
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...  
It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice

Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses  
Flowing reds and pinks  
Among the white tombs with crosses  
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces  
Faces of good old men  
Get together in a hug over time  
In the same paroxysm, cruel season  
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls  
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels  
Slit shirt at the neck  
The sad smile ...  
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blue shirt butterfly-wind  
Born of rocks and earth ...  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...  
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple



...

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my love,  
Te iubesc dulcea mea.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Pușor.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puțul emu, Dragostea mea.

Two tears of azure, pure gold  
Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
Reds, whites, climbers  
A young man approaching,

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree  
Light and Shine -  
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold  
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching  
Moving away...  
Like two blooming flowers  
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
White, climbers  
A young man approaching,

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest  
Applying lipsticks to the hairline  
With the smell of rose water -  
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses  
Flowing reds and pinks  
Among the white tombs with crosses  
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces  
Faces of good old men  
Get together in a hug over time  
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While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls  
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels  
Slit shirt at the neck  
The sad smile ...  
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blue shirt butterfly-wind  
Born of rocks and earth ...  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...  
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

...

.

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape

Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, my love.

Te iubesc dulceața mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dulce Pușor.

Sexus

His white body, half-naked

With the tasseled shirt comb. hanging half removed

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

I easily touch the lotus flower lips

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...

At the entrance to the gate of heaven

With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm

She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.

While he completely gave himself away inside of her

Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,

His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...

The young Dorian may be hungry ...

Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?

Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...

In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed

The young man grabbed her hair

he drew her but power towards him ...

knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers

they were looking for bed sheets

whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her

It seemed like an engine excited

With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst

Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream

He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...

His white body, half-naked

With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out

Out of pants

It turned white, virgin

Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat

In waves of orgasm

Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower

As if to test their moisture and softness

Rose petals ...

--

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights

I get out of bed slowly

and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown

Received at the entrance

With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine

They really look like a show ....

.

.

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on

To the borderline smoker

From a high metal door

I open it slowly and enter...

----

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light

and I light a cigarette.

Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs

Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally

I pull the canned fish next to me

and I lean to write a few lyrics

abruptly inspired.

...Te lubesc.

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green

Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...  
The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.  
Te iubesc, Victor. Dragostea vieții mele.

Anima și Animusul meu, jumătatea mea dulce, Soțiorul meu iubit, Puiul meu Dule Victor, Te iubesc nespus,  
nespus...

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the own sin  
Being with the others  
passing through my own Self

Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which knows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...  
The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky  
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...  
To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which knows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...  
Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the prop sin  
Being with the others  
passing through my own Self  
Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...  
The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky

Like the Flower on the cheek...  
te iubesc dulcele meu Pușor, dragostea mea.  
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

#### Love story

With pigeons in the hospital,  
It was a beautiful story of love. This was one of the main reasons why I didn't want to leave  
salon no. 14.

The window on the opposite side of the entrance overlooks the roof of the building,  
the cover of the hospital covered with  
a kind of pitch.

There, in the mornings, and at noon,  
the pigeons came in search of food.  
From salon no. 15 they were given food at the beginning,  
over the roof,  
then the doves gathered to me,  
in front, and on the window sill.

It was beautiful to see them,  
to touch them if they let me, to talk to them.  
I encouraged and loved her very much.  
There were also two or three blue ones,  
with the feather of the dual harps,  
in two colors: they were exceedingly beautiful.

Most of them they were blue.  
There was one hit in the head, at back, dark-blue,  
black, every time I whispered a lot:  
Mother's baby, what do you care for,  
what can mother do for you,  
what happened to my darling, his mother's love?

Then I would talk to each one separately.  
A few days later, two white pigeons appeared,  
one completely white and one white  
painted red, rusty, red, rusty.  
I told everyone: make slices at home, chickens of the mother,  
dears of the mother, look for me at home! ...

The pigeons were too adventurous on the squash and didn't seem too hungry ...  
so I gave them food to the peacock,  
on the roof, under their nose.  
In general, ugly, black crows did not venture too close.

The pigeons swarmed and fluttered away  
like rain showers.  
They would put their beaks between window  
and sill, to pick up the fallen bread  
or even enter the inner window, to eat the fallen bread.

I ate two pieces of bread from them in the room.  
All the bread, a lot, which was overrunning,  
I gave to them.  
In one of the last ones one  
spontaneously dropped me a breakdown.

a beautiful, small, almost black feather, on the interior window, almost black feather, on the interior window,  
until I spoke to you.

There was also a beautiful love story.

I loved them

and I love them very much...

te iubesc, Victor,doritul și dulcele meu pușor, dragostea mea.

Te Doresc, Puilul meu.

Puilul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Animusul meu și Achetipul meu.doritul meu sot.

Love story



And I forget just why I taste  
Oh yeah, I guess it makes me smile  
I found it hard, it's hard to find  
Oh well, whatever, nevermind

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I can't see the end of me  
My whole expanse I cannot see  
I formulate infinity  
And store it deep inside me  
I formulate infinity  
And store it deep inside me

ALWAYS REMEMBER  
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te iubesc.  
I kiss your arms, your shoulders  
I am falling down into the snowing of your body  
As into an emerald sea  
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion

With the smile of everlasting  
Remembrance

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle.  
Introverted of youth  
His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ....  
Although there were a few words  
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puinl meu. a folder in the back  
Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...  
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table  
of which only a sec  
and from which you deduced that the young character  
he likes dry wine.  
Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
a serene and unforgiving smile  
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication  
like the look ... little crucifix  
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head  
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -  
by the sun's rays,  
it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...  
correlating with image numbness  
made to squeeze sublime shreds  
from every detail ...  
...  
Smash the blue circles  
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects  
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves  
By spring arms  
and unformed  
legs are hidden under the table  
like everything that would physically mean manhood  
but the face speaks for itself  
for this man  
who does not need physical details  
but of impenetrable souls, and of cartiages of the face

gentle, smooth, straight, deep  
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...

I fell in love instantly  
to death in Venice  
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man  
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck  
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face  
an imberbant neck  
a manly and full smile  
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture  
non-verbal language  
a flying force, as a dynamic image  
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious  
and about everything I wrote  
and I read

a memory of the foundations of being  
and the surprising force of the Animus  
who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.  
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Pușorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puțul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu  
te doresc.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are fitting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes...

Victor, Puțul meu, Te iubesc, te iubesc, puțul meu drag.  
Your smile...  
te iubesc, puțul meu drag.  
Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind  
likewise some sea snakes  
bearing the black of the earth  
to the sky...

....

your smile  
carried on colored waters of air  
winds in the rib of matter

likewise an omica carried in the living viscera  
of the earth  
by an indescribable wind  
on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music  
of the stars  
united at this beginning of the year  
in the stars' glittering  
cornfield.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words not being  
understood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
in the opal depths of the sea..

....

..And your down voice  
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus  
In the moist ground..  
Deep, grave, like a melted iron

Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina  
with its incandescent and ardent  
light.

Victor, dulcele meu, te dorese și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips  
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words misunderstood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
into the pearly  
sea...

and your low voice  
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground  
in the moist land..  
whispering metallic  
lava flowing down onto the eye  
with its black and incandescent  
light.

te iubesc

Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te dorese și te iubesc, Victor, priul meu.  
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips  
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body  
Tired and sad..  
They carry in their coral flesh and blood  
Deep thoughts  
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon..  
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc Victor, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.  
te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are fitting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes...

A rain of dreaming stars  
A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...  
--  
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--  
The smell of the corpse and the coffin  
He seemed to be dead alive  
It had blue stars, white stars  
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

--  
Outside there was a symphony of colors ...  
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds  
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it  
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

--  
He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--  
A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.  
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.  
Te Doresc.

Victor, Rudor. Alin. Mihai, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.

Animusul meu, Arhetipul meu, Te doresc și iubesc nespus!... Victor, Puiul meu.  
Te iubesc și Te Doresc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...  
te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.  
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering

and fills down the darkness with their  
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.  
And your hairs which is reflecting  
it's dark blonde light...

....  
Like two red precious stones  
that fills the air of their summery warmth  
Your sweet lips are stealing me,  
the shy light of my eyes..

....  
Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground  
As in winter the white flakes  
of snow and pure light  
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness  
which in the white night of the spring  
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...  
te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.

Your neck  
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery  
It pours out the sweet nightfall  
on the ground

Covering the earth with warmly darkness  
Of the night and of the burning stars  
Glittering smoldered...  
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...  
Of thunderstorm streak....  
And though... The sweet twilight  
warm sweet odor of the springtime  
brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...  
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves  
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are lifting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes...  
Te iubesc. Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.  
doresc și Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Victor, Puilul meu,  
Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words not being  
understood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
in the opal depths of the sea...

----

..And your down voice  
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus  
In the moist ground...  
Deep, grave, like a melted iron  
Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina  
with its incandescent and ardent  
light.  
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips  
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs  
Are whispering words misunderstood  
I'm falling down deeply and deeply  
into the pearly  
sea...

and your low voice  
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground  
in the moist land...  
whispering metallic

lava flowing down onto the eye  
with its black and incandescent  
light.  
te iubesc

Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.  
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips  
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body  
Tired and sad...  
They carry in their coral flesh and blood  
Deep thoughts  
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...  
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Ochii tăi...  
De la mine pân' la tine  
Numai ape limpezi line  
Ochii blânzi, duioși ai tăi  
Blânde măgăritărele  
Ce se-aprind în cer ca stele...  
Ochii tăi...  
Te iubesc.

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc și Te oresc nespus. Soțul meu Dulce. Dragostea mea. Puiul meu. Animusul și Arhetipul meu.  
Your eyes...  
From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are fitting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....  
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Arhetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu!...  
Dulceața mea iubită.

The magnolias were falling ...  
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash  
I was late yesterday  
On the corridors of memory  
From an uncertain future  
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky  
they were comforting my inert body.  
I whispered words of love  
In the steamy window  
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul  
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...  
....  
The bites were silent, feverish in the windows  
With smiling faces ...  
I was wondering where you are ....  
... we were defending and disappearing  
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked  
They appeared and disappeared ...  
The whole breathed an air of gray and ash  
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground  
I was walking in a dream  
I was and wasn't ...  
Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Dulcele meu.  
... we were defending and disappearing  
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked  
They appeared and disappeared ...  
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes  
An air discovered from another realm.  
te iubesc, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Dragostea mea, nespus de mult!...  
Te iubesc, Dragul meu Soțior, Puișor iubit, Soțior, Dragostea mea..

The book of Anime IV  
Painting two  
Te Doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Puișor Dulce.



Te iubesc, Victor. Puigorul meu iubit,  
Te iubesc, Mihai. Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ...

...

Task for the films  
Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

--

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--

Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--

At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

...

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby

Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

te iubesc, Victor, Păiul mă, te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Păiul meu.

From the nojan of rememberings...  
At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...  
It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white foams  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...  
Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness  
He is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...  
From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking at her...

...  
What can it be more passionate for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment  
When he becomes a man?...

...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.  
His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy  
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute  
In the ideal dimension of poetry  
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...  
His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure  
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings  
It was brown-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes

Soft and lightly, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

...

What can be more disturbing for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman  
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young Youngman  
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking at her...

...

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut  
From an Archetype  
Buried deeply in the soul of all mothers.

...

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and sinless, un sinful Saviour  
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life  
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering  
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of memories, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints  
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter  
Which is the world, a Youngman  
He was looking at her.

...

His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with a silvery thread  
And gloomy dew raindrops  
Two precious stones burning like two bright drops  
Of absolute  
The Youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky  
In the rare, ideal dimension of the poetry.  
Of love.

...

What can be more tormenting for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?...  
From the nojan of memories, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a Youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched  
As the cool kissing of the sea is the graceful thunder of the mountain  
As the whisper of the springs on the raven  
They were kissed by the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought  
Of the first sunbursts of love

...

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –  
And he was receiving entirely  
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

...

The look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young Youngman  
Ready to enter the tumultuous door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

...

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor  
To describe the entering in the world of a young Youngman  
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams  
There where the great and imposing deeds  
They will remain for eternity recorded

...

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd  
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.  
There it was a Him  
In His eyes, it was a Her...

...

Or maybe the gentle star  
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down  
In the bright azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu pușor, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, pușorul meu, dacă te-am rănit, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc.

Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google Dictionary and Google Translate  
At the door of Heaven...

At the door of Heaven

Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white foams  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Sad, overly sad  
The Youngman who received in his tender, gentle Soul  
The whole suffering  
He is looking in the pure, unaltered dimension of Love  
With the feeling of the bitterness of whom he knows himself  
A defeated.

...

But I wonder if he is truly a defeated?...  
At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canats?...

...

His eyes, gentle, sad, darkened  
Shadowed by glasses  
They carry in them the whole dimension of pain and suffering  
Of whom he received in his heart  
The poisoned arrow, impure of love  
Which brings suffering, not happiness and desire  
Not happiness and victory.

...

His shape, cut in the tough stone of the cruel, world experiences  
He is looking in an absolute profound noumenal  
In the pure, ideal dimension of true love  
Of Love, redeemer, which brings in soul  
Salvation and faithfulness  
And not bitterness, humiliation.

...

What can be sadder for a mother  
Than to see her Son, ready to enter the Gate  
Full of promises of the World  
Than to be stepped out, humiliated, crucified?...

...

From the nojan of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent Youngman, with his eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking... in the dimension full of bitterness of the world  
Up to its core, to its bottom.

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...  
...te iubesc, dulcișorul meu, puilul meu.

...

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy  
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a noumenal absolute  
In the ideal dimension of poetry  
In the realm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, framing his oval, innocent figure  
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings  
It was brown, with straight, silky strings  
Which they were stretching, in a touch of color and poetry

...

On the length of his figure, forming a silky waving  
Like the signature of color and light  
Of a painter  
Gathering itself on his neck  
Soft and silky, like the silvery, goldy veil, of the stars. of the sky.

...

The lips gathered in a bitter sunrise  
With that involuntary, spasmodic stretching of whom he suffered  
They were letting to guess, only, their whole  
Beauty and their whole poetry.

...

His innocent shoulders in the thin coat  
Over the shirt is woven with fir-trees, a girdle of love below on his chest -  
Waiting to be just lighted  
By the rays of the heavenly Jerusalem

...

The feet slipped under the table  
In a moment of recovery, of attraction, of rejection  
Of the donation, and simultaneously of imperturbable  
Abstinence, of bitter resignation.

--

At the door of Heaven  
Who whatsoever is beating?... who got hurried to enter  
On his immortal, white Canals?...

...

It is a young Youngster, sad and misery  
For his comrades have prepared to kill him...  
Then when He was carried in the world  
Only of the immortal, white foams  
Of the tender and bright word which is Longing?...

...

Up to the bottom, he has drunk the cup of suffering and bitterness  
Unmerciless, tormented and pitifulness he is burning alive as Nessus  
Can he be reborn  
Brightful and pure, as the Phoenix Bird?...

...

Te iubesc, Andrei, puilul meu.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu,iubitul și doritul meu pușor.  
Translation into English: Natalia Gălățan, without Google translate

#### Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle,  
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ....  
Although there were a few words  
Written on te iubesc, dulcele meudrag și iubit, puilul meu. a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...  
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table  
of which only a sec  
and from which you deduced that the young character  
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
a serene and unforgiving smile  
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix  
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head  
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -  
by the sun's rays,  
it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...  
correlating with image numbness  
made to squeeze sublime shreds  
from every detail ...

...  
Smash the blue circles  
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects  
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves  
By spring arms  
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table  
like everything that would physically mean manhood  
but the face speaks for itself  
for this man  
who does not need physical details  
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face  
gentle, smooth, straight, deep  
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...  
I fell in love instantly  
to death in Venice  
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man  
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck  
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face  
an imberbant neck  
a manly and full smile  
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture  
non-verbal language  
a flying force, as a dynamic image  
statically surprised

...  
Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious  
and about everything I wrote  
and I read  
a memory of the foundations of being  
and the surprising force of the Animus

who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.

I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Te iubesc, Victor, Pușorul meu, Iubinul și Dulcele meu Animus

Te dorește și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Pușorul meu dulce. Te iubesc, Puțul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dulcele meu  
te dorește.

#### Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered  
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day  
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow  
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams,

--  
Many drips fall into the strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In wet rain, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
Wet od desire, of promise, of the covenant.

--  
She bent warm passion fishes it  
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses  
Like a red-marbled zephyr  
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

--  
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm comprised his head from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...  
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...  
Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...  
My soul whispered to him  
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate  
Like a strawberry cream  
Like a wild raspberry, two berries  
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...  
Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck  
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain



In a shower, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow  
like a pot under the presses.

...

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm covered him from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair,  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
Te iubesc, Dragul meu Pușor, Victor,  
Victor, puilul meu drag, te iubesc.  
Te dores, Puilmeu, Te doresc.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
Reds, whites, climbers  
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree  
Light and Shine -  
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold  
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching  
Moving away...  
Like two blooming flowers  
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
White, climbers

A young man approaching.

...

His arms clutched and clutched her chest  
Applying lipsticks to the hairline  
With the smell of rose water -  
His lips red and full like two zephyr

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses  
Flowing reds and pinks  
Among the white tombs with crosses  
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

...

They look at the faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces  
Faces of good old men  
Get together in a hug over time  
In the same paroxysm, cruel season  
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls  
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels  
Slit shirt at the neck  
The sad smile ...  
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blue shirt butterfly-wind  
Born of rocks and earth ...  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...  
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

Trying to recover from loneliness

From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

...  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

...  
-  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my love.  
Te iubesc dulceața mea.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulce Pușor.

Which of the aces

Dark evening with scalding scars  
Flashing lights flash on the hills around  
With the sound of pure metals  
The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.

I paused quietly in the light  
from a low lamp to a table in strips  
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly  
keep me on my knees.

...  
My mesh stockings  
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks  
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand  
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out

Let me give my company ladies a mesh.

...  
I go out, happy. I shake my head

and a hand goes to my mouth  
ruby liqueur ...  
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection  
The pale of the night night innocent lady

...

She looks at me with big eyes  
Then he smiles as if guilty  
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker  
In his books he accidentally bent me ....

...

We raise, it's a big stake.  
abbey  
The sad lady went to pray  
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin  
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes  
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table.

...

With jeans on the table stretch  
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine

The madness that makes me slow my eye  
Blinking like a dream ...  
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table  
..

It then rolls and hisses  
and taking the coins pile  
Which he also laid on his feet  
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly  
Passing by me pulls me a twig.

...

I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts  
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders  
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing  
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...

...

Come back  
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple  
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...  
It crumbles, then snores again ...

The other counts their holes in the net.

....

Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.  
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line  
Just grinning at a thought I just knew  
Passing a bat over his ass  
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...

--

Dark evening with scalding scars  
Flashing lights flash on the hills around  
With the sound of pure rejuvenation  
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...

I fell silent in the light of goodbye  
from a low lamp to a table in strips  
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly  
keep me on my knees.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my sweetness

Barbarian Jebir  
After an old poetry

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea  
What surrounded her with her big shoes  
Her spine smelled like salt  
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing  
Only she, my lover, was earth.

...

Celebrate them dearly ...  
The wind is flowing from full poles  
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths  
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

----

It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...  
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...  
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table  
The food is mixed with the wine  
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...

...

Celebrate them dearly ...  
The wind is flowing from full poles  
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths  
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea  
What surrounded her with the big tassels  
Her spine smelled like salt  
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing  
Only she, my lover, was earth.

Even in his youth ...

At dusk, Jack hurried to his house  
From a fringe neighborhood of the city  
Cathy was waiting for him at the entrance  
At seven o'clock fixed, and they were going to get together ...  
In his little bohemian apartment, by the young holt.

Rush. The wind came in easily  
Through the rebellious pleats, of the rocker, of a dark chestnut  
Silky and upright, entering his eyes  
Beneath the glasses with a thin frame, which he wore  
A little rough, a little naughty  
Slightly absent ... with the thought alone he knew where  
In the blind spot of light,  
in a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

...

Cathy was waiting for him, wet with happiness, at the entrance to the small market  
Where was his house, bordered by flowers at the entrance  
and hanging them from the windows ...  
with the hair fluttering, swayed by the rebellious wind  
with my eyes as I said wet with happiness ...

give you goodies, both of you are concerned: Hi Cathy...  
hello Jack ...  
are you waiting for me a lot?  
for about a quarter of an hour ... she said, her forehead burning  
of an unusual temperature  
although it was evening and the air was cool...

the young man suddenly pulled her close to him, biting his lips and one hand  
tapping her small tits, she is even in shape  
what they were guessing under the thin blouse.  
Come on, said the impatient young man, today I'm going to...  
To listen to Nirvana

He said, smiling softly, ironically, pulling her up.  
Arriving upstairs, the young man put "Even in his youth"  
and then he went back to get a glass of wine.

Do you drink? ... he said slightly troubled, his hair in his eyes  
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.  
Then he sat down in front of the low table  
On the couch, while she admired her flowers  
Books and you wonder what ...

...  
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.  
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table  
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable  
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration

When, suddenly, the young man got up, he used to bring the girl wine.  
He pulled her onto the couch, grabbing her hair  
and pulling it easy  
where she slept, and he began to kiss her desperately  
pulling her hair and biting her lips  
then tearing off her clothes.

Jack penetrated her, then slightly bending her leg  
He frantically penetrated her  
In a wave of pleasure and orgasm, with irregular movements  
Hitting his eyes closed  
As he got deeper and deeper ...  
In an orgasmic journey that seemed to have no end.

...  
Cathy, the young man whispered, covering his arms  
How is my love, my sweetness  
My sweet, I love you... she whispered, perspiring  
and as if in hypnotic poison.  
Cathy, he whispered, with the latest irregular movements  
He reached paroxysm  
Then, in a sudden relaxation  
She let herself fall over her, her breasts, her legs and her hollow.

...  
As it is, he whispered, finally warm  
With a frown, severe figure, held in a smile.  
Okay, she whispered, Jack, you're a real car  
To make love ...

...  
E. not quite so, said the young man again imperturbably.  
In fact, that's how I would like to always be  
But they are only rare  
and only with you, my love ... get me out of my mind ...

...  
and you do me, she whispered, keeping her eyes down.  
With the same glacial voice, a little warm, a little absent.

Then he sat down in front of the low table  
On the couch, while she admired her flowers  
Books and you wonder what ...

...  
Listening to the woman's nothingness, the young man was filled with despair.  
He had let himself slip on the couch, his feet under the table  
Excited, and at the same time imperturbable  
His forehead slightly swollen with perspiration  
Prepared for another trip  
In the world of purple-cherry shadows of love  
and pouring a glass of wine, red, dry  
listening to her quietly and desperately.

...  
At this point, I remained with my eyes on the ceiling, relaxed  
and suddenly decided not to repeat the experience.  
Mrs. Verginica was asleep, snoring agitated and gasping in her sleep  
and Mrs. Cristina, lightly, with her back to me.

...  
Outside peace starts cracking by the day ... with slight movements  
I get out of bed, take my cigarettes  
and I straighten myself, with my head slightly bent,  
at the smoker, suddenly as if by the banality of life  
those of all days ...  
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor dulcișorul meu.  
te iubesc, Puiul meu Andrei, Iartă-mă, te rog, Puiul meu. Te iubesc, Dragostea ca

Come as you know ...

...  
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore  
Now I want you to be ...

...  
and I swear I don't have a weapon  
I don't have a weapon  
just an old toy gun for kids  
so come as you are  
as I want you to come ...

...  
Come here you are, as anointed as a whore  
Like I want you to be ...  
I will hang the hall with stories  
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

...  
...  
Come with the man-temple, and one at the back  
Like the boy in the story  
Sad singers  
That before much more ...

...  
I'm not like him  
I'm not dumb  
Come on try me love  
How good-natured he is



...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself  
I fall through a dark labyrinth  
Until I touch the bush  
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back  
Like the boy in the story  
Sad singers  
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore  
Like I want you to be ...  
I will hang the hall with stories  
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are  
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror  
Like Kali-yuga family  
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness  
I wrap my hand around his neck  
and one at the temple  
and I don't know very well what this story is about  
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon  
I don't have a weapon  
just an old toy gun for kids  
so come as you are  
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore  
I want you to be now  
Te iubesc, Te doresc Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc. Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor, Puișorul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor, Dragostea mea.  
Soțul meu iubit. Puiul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc. Victor, Dragostea vieții mele

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...  
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple  
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated  
in millions of sperm ...

...

We were traveling through the virgin forests  
At high heights from the ground  
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem

The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

---

I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented  
I love you, my sweet Victor

Leg you ...  
Blowing your paw ...  
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain  
Of pleasure, smoke and honey  
An indescribable fall ...  
Kissing your arm  
I'm listening to the call from me  
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy  
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ...

---

Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
I drive away around me all the evils  
... and in general everything blasphemous  
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

--

Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
I give a new definition to the miss  
and the sense of Amor ...

---

Kissing your violin  
Which the stars have set  
I note the existence of creation  
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace  
What's happening to your sweet son  
Easy, easy, easy ...  
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...  
Te doresc și te iubesc, puțul meu.

## Sexus

His white body, half-naked  
With the tasseled shirt comb, hanging half removed  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a virgin bed ...

...  
His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
I easily touch the lotus flower lips  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

...  
He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...  
At the entrance to the gate of heaven  
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body  
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...  
The virgin is trembling in orgasm  
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest,  
While he completely gave himself away inside of her  
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,  
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking,

...  
Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...  
The young Dorian may be hungry ...  
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?  
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...  
In about half an hour ...

...  
Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed  
The young man grabbed her hair  
he drew her but power towards him ...  
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers  
they were looking for bed sheets  
whispering with a passion ...

...  
The young man was moving quickly inside her  
It seemed like an engine excited  
With water hoiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...  
He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst  
Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...  
His white body, half-naked  
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

...

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights  
I get out of bed slowly  
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown  
Received at the entrance  
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine  
They really look like a show .....

-

-

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on  
To the borderline smoker  
From a high metal door  
I open it slowly and enter...

.....

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light  
and I light a cigarette.  
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs  
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally  
I pull the canned fish next to me  
and I lean to write a few lyrics  
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind

Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade  
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Blue skies

...

From the side, we saw tall roses of roses swaying  
Hit by the storm ...  
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home  
It was a rain and windblown  
As if he had never seen it before.

...

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance  
Where the mountains fought  
In the heads  
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales  
It had been so long since then ...

...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains  
Fighting on their heads.  
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away  
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone  
On his left side.

...

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white  
and they remained so white  
with water running down his chest, his hands  
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes  
Not having them believe their eyes  
But his hands were barely wet  
and the rainy arms  
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds  
Blue as his bride's atlas sheets  
Hurry to wrap one another  
In the middle  
When suddenly there was a good shadow.  
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks  
Lightening the earth with their shadow  
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through  
Red and pink rose bushes  
He was getting closer and closer  
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain  
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun

As it passed through the street  
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

He reached the gate.  
Cathy was shaking from the red roses  
and is thrown into his arms.  
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time  
On a rain like this, I would not have believed  
On a wind like this

...

This is fine, he smiled.  
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself  
At his chest  
Feeling the humming of the clothes  
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

...

and it rained here, she sighed  
covering his neck and looking him in the eye  
then hiding his face at his chest.  
Suddenly Dorian bent down

...

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips  
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them  
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.  
My love

...

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.  
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss  
Which went through his soles  
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

...

Cathy felt his sweet-scented lips  
Like two luscious petals  
Of rose  
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

..

Cathy whispered the troubled young man  
I love you my love ... you know ...  
Oh, Dorian and I  
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

..

....

When suddenly there was a good shadow.  
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks  
Lightening the earth with their shadow  
Soaked in a diamond thread.

...

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through  
Red and pink rose bushes  
He was getting closer and closer  
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain

Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun  
As it passed through the street  
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes  
Not having them believe their eyes  
But his hands were barely wet  
and the rainy urns  
threatening clouds, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
crying .....

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Te doresc.

Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Pușorul eu, Dragol meu, Te iubesc, Victor, Pușorul meu iubit.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea mea.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ...

...

Task for the films  
Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

--

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--

Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--

At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

...  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with roby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

..  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves  
I love, my baby Chick, my love,  
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.  
But he looked at Mihai  
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body  
Thinking about who knows where ...

...  
There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

--  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...  
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile



Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -  
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

--  
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?  
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed  
Winking at her.

---  
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...  
I wanted to ask him something ...  
Let's talk about books.

---  
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared  
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

--  
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face  
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...  
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly.  
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

--  
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.  
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months  
After their last date.  
Wash your face  
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall  
Lost in thoughts.

--  
When Mihai suddenly enters.  
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret  
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached  
Her silky wavy hair  
Like a spiral.

---  
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused  
Not knowing what to say.  
Then he handed her a note from Alin.  
Baby, today is coming ...  
Michele needs me  
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..  
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.  
The red-eyed young man reads.

---  
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!  
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something  
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body  
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms  
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years  
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.  
Cathy shivered, then chained her  
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..  
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically  
As if he had really met  
After a thousand years  
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...  
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once  
A tiger with feline movements  
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...  
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love  
We are lost ...

...  
..  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe,  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...  
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile  
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -  
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground,

..  
There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea  
Te dorese și Te iubese, Victor, Puilul meu.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk  
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.  
They hugged the bed  
Kissing frantically, to the blood.  
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers  
Hit the light

...  
..  
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree  
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -  
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.  
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms  
How much I love my love!

I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross

She, with red eyes, caressed them

Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

--

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt

Breathing in the chest breaths

Hot, deep ...

His heartbeat fast through his shirt

and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.

Or she didn't know too well ...

Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist

whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin

With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...

The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious

The movements of love on purpose ...

--

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -

Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor

Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth

As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice

Your look freezes me, your eye presses me

You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly

and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride

O Cathy came to my breast

and let the cruel cuddle

it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai

as your black hair, like your hair, you waved

black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved

I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm

where the moon is warm

silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer

Fall on my chest

Let me kiss you on the chest

When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
o Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

...  
a sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body  
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet  
Searching for her hiding place we hide  
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride  
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent  
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers  
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens  
They clutched at the palm of his palm  
it is consumed as two ripe fruits  
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water  
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora  
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure  
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light  
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-  
scented with musk scent  
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer  
Fall on my chest  
Let me kiss you on the chest  
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
o Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of sadness!...

Te iubesc Victor, Tudor, Mihai. Puiul meu.  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.  
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.  
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Pușorul meu Dulce.  
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragul meu.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower desires  
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...  
Contained with the ornate eyes  
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The mysteries that I have met since then  
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves.  
In their light which descends gravely  
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest  
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight  
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way  
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight  
the passing of the soul, love  
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet  
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise  
What has been since then, what is before  
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown  
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns  
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine  
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest  
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us  
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness  
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-  
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself  
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter  
Through a dark labyrinth of fields  
Until I touch with the lips the Earth  
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter  
To me the lobster on my chest  
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Google translate

Correction: Natalia Gălăţan

Te iubesc Victor, puilul meu,dulcele meu.

te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puilulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

Te doresc, Puilulmeu. T iubesc.

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street  
Catherine paused, thinking a little:  
this would not be one of the endless  
incursions between the leaves of love

...

full of candy, no purpose? ...  
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force  
with an incomprehensible charm  
to Jack's apartment in the spring  
on Florilor street...

...

His gaze troubled with sadness  
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...  
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it  
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

...

A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory  
To disperse in the spring expressions:  
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children  
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

...

why they are happy, why and why ...  
the rain danced around their wet bodies  
with clothes sticking to the skin  
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -  
a deflated farmhouse  
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands  
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

...

...

I met you in the summer night  
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt  
of deflated witch  
you swung likewise the waves of the sea  
then when they come washing the land  
and they retreat in slow reflux

...

-

My sweetheart, it's summer  
and cricket crickets in the grass  
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces  
long stalks of hollyhock  
I fell down with my face upwards  
watching with wonder eyes  
under the shadow the sky  
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

...

--

I met you on a summer night  
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt  
of deflated witch  
you swung likewise the waves of the sea  
then when they come washing the land  
and they retreat in slow reflux  
translation: Natalia Gălățan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

Te doresc, Victor, Dulceata mea, Puisorul meu,  
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,  
Victor, Puilul meu, Te iubesc, te iubesc, puilul meu drag.

Your smile...  
te iubesc, puilul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind  
likewise some sea snakes  
bearing the black of the earth  
to the sky...

....

your smile  
carried on colored waters of air  
winds in the rib of matter  
likewise an omica carried in the living viscera  
of the earth  
by an indescribable wind  
on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music  
of the stars  
united in this beginning of the year  
in the stars' glittering  
cornfield.

te iubesc.  
Your cruel and warm eyes...

I was looking for answers in the bitter beer, in your  
warm and cruel eyes...

There were sluttering question signs in the taste  
of fruits of the mulberry tree

In your fading away, lost smile...  
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...  
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night  
so sweet, so bitter...

I was feeling rising up in me bigger and bigger a desire  
to draw yourself slowly and slowly....

in my soft, wet eyes...

There were sluttering signs of questions in your cruel  
and warm eyes...

.....

In your fading away, lost smile...  
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...  
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night  
so sweet, so bitter...

te iubesc, Victor și te doresc...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters

Your gentle, serene, pure eyes

Gentle, little, precious pearls

That are litting up in the sky a thousand...

Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips

Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body

Tired and sad...

They carry in their coral flesh and blood

Deep thoughts

And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Pușorul eu, Dragul meu, Te iubesc, Victor, Pușorul meu iubit.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars

It seemed like a lightning break

Wandering through them

With his arm when the girl covers it

And looking at the weeks

He falls, dear darling ...

...

I ask for the films

Through the dark shadows the darling

With the tall and silky stew

Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.



--  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

---  
He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

---  
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

---  
Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--  
Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--  
Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu te doarese  
Te iubse și te doarese, Victor, Dulceata mea, Puiul meu.

Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu, Te iubesc nespus, Odonul Sufletului meu,  
Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Pușorul meu,  
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,  
Victor, Puțul meu, Te iubesc, te iubesc, puțul meu drag.

Your smile...  
te iubesc, puțul meu drag.

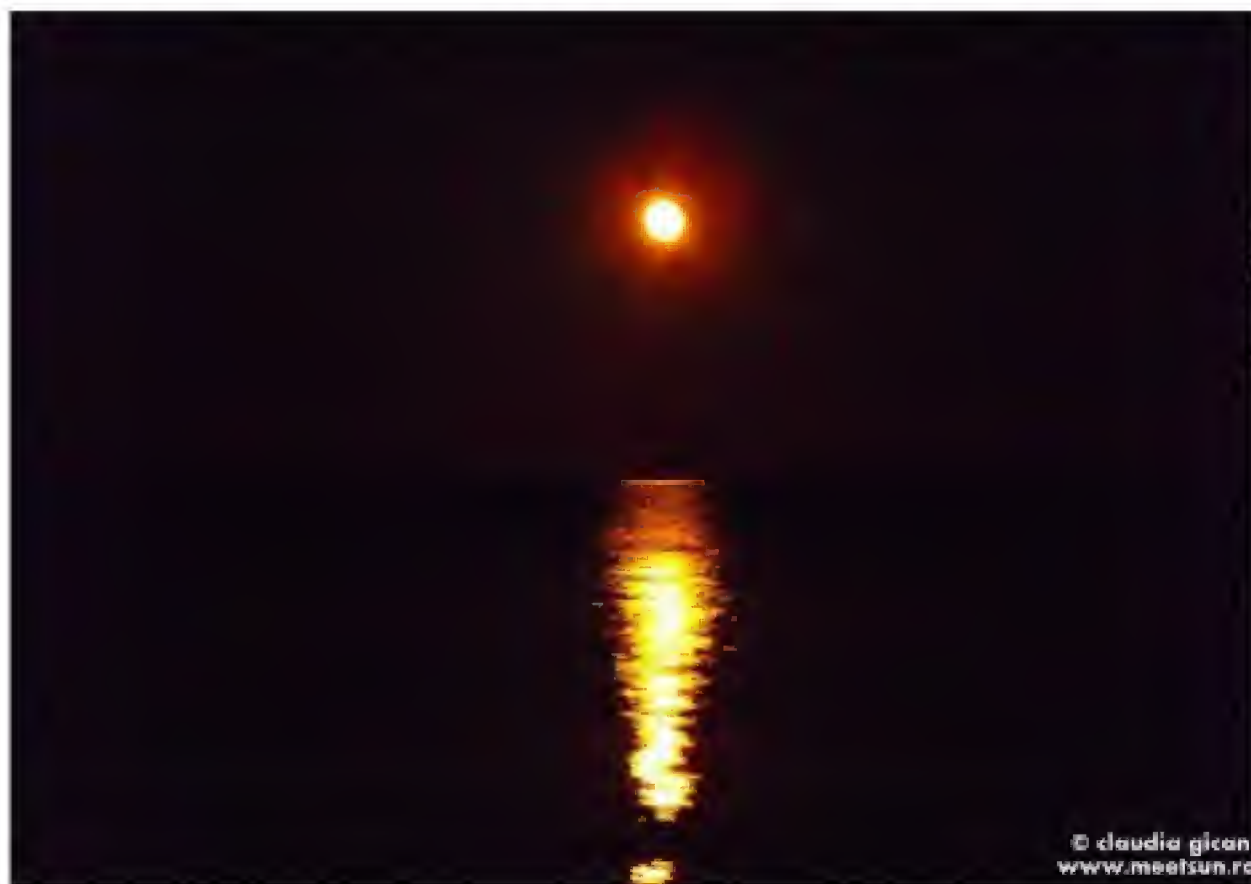
Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind  
likewise some sea snakes  
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....  
your smile  
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by an indescribable wind  
on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music  
of the stars  
united at this beginning of the year  
in the stars' glittering  
cornfield.

Te iubesc, Puțul meu, Dragul meu, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu,  
Te Doresc, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea,  
Te iubesc, Puțul meu Mihai,  
Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea mea, Te iubesc, Puțul meu,  
Dulceața mea, Victor, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puțul meu.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

The book of Anime VI  
First Painting



T iubesc, Victor, Dulceața ma, Puiul meu  
Luceafărul – Mihai Eminescu

A fost odată ca-n povești,  
A fost ca niciodată,  
Din rode mari împărătești,  
O prea frumoasă fată.

Și era una la părinți  
Și mândră-n toate cele,  
Cum e Fecioara între slăni  
Și luna între stele.

Din umbra falnicelor bolți  
Ea pasul și-l îndreaptă  
Lângă fereastră, unde-n colț  
Luceafărul așteaptă.

Privea în zare cum pe mări  
Răsare și străluce,  
Pe mișcătoarele cărări  
Corăbii negre duce.

Îl vede ăzi, îl vede mâni,  
Astfel dorința-i gata;

El iar, privind de săptămâni,  
Îi cade dragă fata.

Cum ea pe coate-și răzima  
Visând ale ei tample  
De dorul lui și inima  
Și sufletu-i se împle.

Și cât de viu s-aprinde el  
În oriceare sară,  
Spre umbra negrului castel  
Când ea o să-i apară.

\*

Și pas cu pas pe urma ei  
Alunecă-n odaie,  
Tesând cu recile-i scântei  
O mreajă de văpaie.

Și când în pat se-ntinde drept  
Copila să se culce,  
I-atinge mâinile pe piept,  
I-achide geana dulce;

Și din oglindă luminiș  
Pe trupu-i se revarsă,  
Pe ochii mari, bătând închiși  
Pe fața ei întoarsă.

Ea îl privea cu un surâs,  
El tremura-n oglindă.  
Căci o urma adânc în vis  
De suflet să se prindă.

Iar ea vorbind cu el în somn,  
Oflând din greu suspină  
– „O, dulce-al nopții mele domn,  
De ce nu vii tu? Vină!

Cobori în jos, luceafăr blând,  
Alunecând pe-o rază,  
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând  
Și viața-mi luminează!”

El asculta tremurător,  
Se aprindea mai tare  
Și s-arunca fulgerător,  
Se cufunda în mare:

*Și din adânc necunoscut. Un mândru tânăr crește* (Mișu Teișanu, 1923)

Și apa unde-au fost căzut  
În cercuri se rotește,  
Și din adânc necunoscut  
Un mândru tânăr crește.

Ușor el trece ca pe prag  
Pe marginea ferestei  
Și ține-n mână un toiag  
Încununat cu trestii.

Părea un tânăr voevod  
Cu păr de aur moale,  
Un vânător giulgi se-ncheie nod  
Pe umerele goale.

Iar umbra feței străvezii  
E albă ca de ceară -  
Un mort frumos cu ochii vii  
Ce scânteie-n afară.

- „Din sfera mea venii cu greu  
Ca să-ți urnez chemarea,  
Iar cerul este tatăl meu  
Și mună-mea e marea.

Ca în câmara ta să vin,  
Să te privesc de-aproape,  
Am coborât cu-al meu senin  
Și m-am născut din ape.

O, vin't odorul meu nespus,  
Și lumea ta o lasă;  
Eu sunt luceafărul de sus,  
Iar tu să-mi fii mircasă.

Colo-n palate de mărgean  
Te-oi duce veacuri multe,  
Și toată lumea-n ocean  
De tine o s-asculte.”

- „O, ești frumos, cum numa-n vis  
Un înger se arată,  
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis  
N-oi merge niciodată;

Străin la vorbă și la port,  
Lucești fără de viață,  
Căci eu sunt vie, tu ești mort.

Și ochiul tău mă-ngheață."

\*

Trecu o zi, trecură trei  
Și iarăși, noaptea, vine  
Luceafărul deasupra ei  
Cu razele-i senine.

Ea trebui de el în somn  
Aminte să-și aducă  
Și dor de-al valurilor domn  
De inim-o apucă

- „Cobori în jos, lucefăr blând,  
Alunecând pe-o rază,  
Pătrunde-n casă și în gând  
Și viața-mi luminează!"

Cum el din cer o auzi,  
Se stinse cu durere,  
Iar ceru-ncepe a roti  
În locul unde piere;

În aer rumene vâpăi  
Se-ntind pe lumea-ntreagă,  
Și din a chaosului vâi  
Un mândru chip se-ncheagă;

Pe negre vîele-i de păr  
Coroana-i arde pare,  
Venea plutind în adevăr  
Scîldat în foc de soare.

Din negru giulgi se desfășor  
Marmoreele brațe,  
El vine trist și gânditor  
Și palid e la față;

Dar ochii mari și minunați  
Lucese adânc himeric,  
Ca două patimi fără saț  
Și pline de-nțineric.

- „Din sfera mea venii cu greu  
Ca să te-ascult ș-acuma.  
Și soarele e tatăl meu,  
Iar noaptea-mi este mama;

O, vin', odorul meu nespus,  
Și lumea ta o lasă;  
Eu sunt lucefărul de sus,  
Iar tu să-mi fii mireasă.

O, vin! în părul tău bălai  
S-antîn cununi de stele,  
Pe-a mele ceruri să răsai  
Mai mândră decât ele."

- „O, ești frumos cum numa-n vis  
Un demon se arată.  
Dară pe calea ce-ai deschis  
N-oi merge niciodată!"

Mă dor de crudul tău amor  
A pieptului meu coarde,  
Și ochii mari și grei mă dor,  
Privirea ta mă arde."

- „Dar cum ai vrea să mă cobor?  
Au nu-nțelegi tu mare,  
Cum că eu sunt nemuritor,  
Și tu ești muritoare?"

- „Nu caut vorbe pe ales.  
Nici știu cum aș începe -  
Deși vorbești pe înțeles,  
Eu nu te pot pricepe;

Dar dacă vrei eu crezământ  
Să te-ndrăgesc pe tine,  
Tu te coboară pe pământ,  
Fii muritor ca mine."

- „Tu-mi ceri chiar nemurirea mea  
În schimb pe-o sărutare.  
Dar voi să știu asemenea  
Cât te iubesc de tare;

Da, mă voi naște din păcat.  
Primind o altă lege;  
Cu vecinicia sunt legat,  
Ci voi să mă dezlege."

Și se tot duce... S-a tot dos.  
De dragu-unei copile.  
S-a rupt din locul lui de sus,  
Pierind mai multe zile.

\*

În vremea asta Cătălin,  
Viclean copil de casă,  
Ce împle cupele cu vin  
Mesenilor la masă,

Un paj ce poartă pas cu pas  
A-mpărâtesii ochii.  
Băiat din flori și de pripas,  
Dar îndrăzneț cu ochii.

Cu obrăței ca doi bujori  
De rumeni, bată-i vina.  
Se furigază pânditor  
Privind la Cătălina.

Dar ce frumoasă se făcu  
Și mândră, arz-o focul;  
Ei Cătălin, acu-i acu  
Ca să-ți încerci norocul,

Și-n treacăt o cuprinse lin  
Într-un ungher degrabă.  
– „Da' ce vrei, mări Cătălin?  
Ia du-t' de-ți vezi de treabă.”

– „Ce voi? Aș vrea să nu mai stai  
Pe gânduri totdeauna,  
Să râzi mai bine și să-mi dai  
O gură, numai una.”

– „Dar nici nu știu măcar ce-mi ceri,  
Dă-mi pace, fugi departe -  
O, de luceafărul din cer  
M-a prins un dor de moarte.”

– „Dacă nu știi, ți-aș arăta  
Din bob în bob amorul.  
Ci numai nu te mânia,  
Ci stai cu binișorul.

Cum vânătoru-ntinde-n crâng  
La păsărele lațul.  
Când ți-oi întinde brațul stâng  
Să mă cuprinzi cu brațul;

Și ochii tăi nemșecători  
Sub ochii mei rămâie...  
De te înalț de subțiori  
Te-nalță din călcăie;

Când fața mea se pleacă-n jos,  
În sus rămâi cu fața,  
Să ne privim nesățios  
Și dulce toată viața;

Și ca să-ți fie pe deplin  
Iubirea cunoscută,  
Când sărutându-te mă-nclin,



Tu iarăși mă sîrui."

Ea-l asculta pe copilăș  
Uimită și distrasă,  
Și rușinos și drăgălaș,  
Mai nu vrea, mai se lasă.

Și-i zise-noet: - "Încă de mic  
Te cunoșteam pe tine,  
Și guraliv și de nimic,  
Te-ai potrivit cu mine..."

Dar un luceafăr, răsărit  
Din liniștea uitării,  
Dă orizon nemărginit  
Singularități mării:

Și tainic genele le plec,  
Căci nu le uple plânsul  
Când ale apei valuri trec  
Călătorind spre dănsul:

Lucește e-un amor nespus  
Durerea să-mi alunge,  
Dar se înalță tot mai sus,  
Ca să nu-l pot ajunge.

Pătrunde trist cu raze reci  
Din lumea ce-l desparte...  
În veci îl voi iubi și-n veci  
Va rămânea departe...

De-accea zilele îmi sunt  
Pustii ca niște stepe,  
Dar nopțile-s de-un farmec sfînt  
Ce nu-l mai pot pricepe."

- „Tu ești copilă, asta e...  
Hai ș-om fugi în lume,  
Doar ni s-or pierde urmele  
Și nu ne-or ști de nume,

Căci amândoi vom fi cuminți,  
Vom fi voioși și teferi.  
Vei pierde dorul de părinți  
Și visul de luceferi."

\*

Pornî luceafărul. Creșteau  
În cer a lui aripe,  
Și căi de mii de ani treceau  
În tot atâtea clipe.

Un cer de stele dedesubt,  
Deasupra-i cer de stele -  
Părea un fulger nentrerupt  
Rătăcitor prin ele.

Și din a chaosului vâi,  
Jur împrejur de sine.  
Vedea, ca-n ziua cea de-ntâi,  
Cum izvorau lumine;

Cum izvorând îl înconjur  
Ca niște mări, de-a-notul...  
El zboară, gând purtat de dor,  
Pân' pierd totul, totul;

Căci unde-ajunge nu-i hotar,  
Nici ochi spre a cunoaște,  
Și vremea-ncearcă în zadar  
Din goluri a se naște.

Nu e nimic și totuși e  
O sete care-l soarbe,  
E un adânc asemenea  
Uitării celei oarbe.

- „De greu! negrei vecinicii.  
Părinte, mă dezleagă  
Și laudă pe veci să fii  
Pe-a lumii scară-ntreagă;

O, cere-mi, Doamne, orice preț,  
Dar dă-mi o altă sorte,  
Căci tu izvor ești de viață  
Și dătător de moarte;

Reia-mi al nemuririi nimb  
Și focul din privire,  
Și pentru toate dă-mi în schimb  
O oră de iubire...

Din chaos, Doamne, am apărut  
Și m-aș întoarce-n chaos...  
Și din repaus m-am născut.  
Mi-e sete de repaus."

- „Hyperion, ce din genuni  
Răsai c-o-ntreagă lume,  
Nu cere semne și minuni  
Care n-au chip și nume;

Tu vrei un om să te socoți,  
Cu ei să te asameni?

Dar piară oamenii cu toți,  
S-ar naște iarăși oameni.

Ei numai doar durează-n vânt  
Deșerte idealuri -  
Când valuri află un mormânt,  
Răsat în urmă valuri;

Ei doar au stele cu noroc  
Și prigoniri de soarte,  
Noi nu avem nici timp, nici loc,  
Și nu cunoaștem moarte.

Din sânul vecinicului ieri  
Trăiește azi ce moare,  
Un soare de s-ar stinge-n cer  
S-aprinde iarăși soare;

Părând pe veci a răsări,  
Din urmă moartea-l paște,  
Căci toți se nasc spre a muri  
Și mor spre a se naște.

Iar tu, Hyperion, rămâi  
Oriunde ai apune...  
Cerc-mi cuvântul meu de-nțai -  
Să-ți dau înțelepciune?

Vrei să dau glas acelei guri,  
Ca după-a ei cântare  
Să se ia munții cu păduri  
Și insulele-n mare?



*Luceafărul* (Lascăr Vorel, 1904)

Vrei poate-n faptă să arăți  
Dreptate și tărie?  
Ți-aș da pământul în bucăți  
Să-l faci împărăție.

Îți dau catarg lângă catarg,  
Oștiri spre a străbute  
Pământu-n lung și marea-n larg,  
Dar moartea nu se poate...

Și pentru cine vrei să mori?  
Întoarce-te, te-ndreaptă  
Spre-acel pământ rătăcitor  
Și vezi ce te așteaptă."

\*

În locul lui menit din cer  
Hyperion se-ntoarce  
Și, ca și-n ziua cea de ieri,  
Lumina și-o revarsă.

Căci este sara-n asfințit  
Și noaptea o să-nceapă:  
Răsare luna liniștit  
Și tremurând din apă.

Și împlie cu-ale ei scântei  
Căcările din crânguri,  
Sub șirul lung de mândri tei  
Ședeau doi tineri singuri

– „O, iasă-mi capul meu pe sân,  
Iubito, să se culce  
Sub raza ochiului senin  
Și negrăit de dulce;

Cu farmecul luminii reci  
Gândirile străbute-mi,  
Revarsă liniște de veci  
Pe noaptea mea de patimi.

Și de asupra mea rămâi  
Durerea mea de-o curmă,  
Căci ești iubirea mea de-ntâi  
Și visul meu din urmă."

Hyperion vedea de sus  
Uimirea-n a lor față;  
Abia un braț pe gât i-a pus  
Și ea l-a prins în brațe...

Miroase florile-argintii

Și cad, o dulce ploaie,  
Pe creștetele-a doi copii  
Cu plete lungi, bălaie.

Ea, îmbătă de amor,  
Ridică ochii. Vede  
Luceafărul. Și-necelișor  
Dorințele-i încrede



*Pătrunde-n codru și în gând, norocu-mi luminează! (Ion Schmidt-Faur, 1929)*

- „Cobori în jos, lucefăr blând,  
Alunecând pe-o rază.  
Pătrunde-n codru și în gând,  
Norocu-mi luminează!”

El tremură ca alte dăți  
În codri și pe dealuri,  
Călăuzind singurătăți  
De mișcătoare valuri;

Dar nu mai cade ca-n trecut  
În mări din tot înaltul  
- „Ce-ți pasă ție, chip de tut,  
Dac-oi fi eu sau altul?

Trăind în cerul vostru strămt  
Norocul vă petrece,  
Ci eu în lumea mea mă simt  
Nemuritor și rece.”

The morning star

It was now as never, once upon a time  
It was today as never  
From emperor great relatives  
A too much beautiful girl.

And she was one at her parents  
And proud of everything  
As it is the Virgin among saints  
And the moon amidst the stars.

From the shade of majestic vaults  
She leads her step away  
To the corner, where he waits for her  
The Morning Star, the beautiful Youngman.

He looks in horizon how on seas  
It rises and it shines up  
On the trembling forest paths  
Black ships carry away.

She sees him today, she sees tomorrow  
Thereby her wish is ready;  
He once again, looking from weeks  
He falls in love with her.

As she was supporting hands-on elbows  
Dreaming, her pale, rosy temples  
Of his longing her heart  
And soul it was filled.

And how alive he fires the proud young  
In every and each evening  
To the shade of the black castle  
When she will appear to him.

And step by step on the trace he follows  
He slips into the room  
Waving with his cold sparks  
Web of red, gleamy, cold flames.

And when in the bed she stretches right  
The child to fall asleep  
He touches her hands on her chest,  
He closes the sweet lash.

And from the mirror in a clearance  
On her body, he flows away  
On her large eyes, beating closed  
On her pale face turned.

She looks at him with a gentle smile  
He was trembling in the mirror  
For he followed deeply in her dream  
Of her soul to catch him.

And her, talking with him in the dream,  
Sighing from deep, she suspirate  
- O, sweet of my night Lord  
Why don't you come to me?... Come!

Descend adown, O, gentle Star  
Sliding on a ray  
Permeate in my home and thought  
My luck you shine with longing

He listens to her trembling  
He fired harder and harder  
And he was throwing like a striking bolt  
He was sinking into the sea.

And the water where he fell down  
In circles, it is spinning  
And from the deep of the unknown  
A proud young are growing up.

Easy he passes as the threshold  
On the edge of the open window  
And holds in his hands a silver rod  
Wreathed with the lake reed.

He seemed a young voivode  
With long hair of soft gold.  
A bruise shroud it clenches knot  
On his empty shoulders.

And the shade of his thin, pale face  
It is white as the wax  
A beautiful dead with his eyes alive  
Which shines sparkling outside.

-  
From my sphere, I hardly came  
To follow your sweet calling  
And the sky is my father  
And my mother is the sea.

For in your pantry to come down  
To look for you so close  
I went down with my serene  
And I was born from waters.

Oh, come on! my unspoken odor,  
And your world leaves it;  
I'm the top Morning Star,  
And you have to be my bride.

There in bean palaces  
It takes you many centuries,  
And everyone in the ocean  
They will listen to you. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful, as in a dream  
An angel shows up,  
But on the path, you opened  
I will never step on.

Foreign in speech and clothing.  
You gleam cold, without life,  
Because I'm alive, you're dead,  
And your eye freezes me. "

One day passed, three passed  
And again, at night, he comes  
The morning star above it  
With his clear, gleamy clear rays.

She needed him in her sleep  
Remember to bring it  
And miss of the waves Lord  
Take her by heart

- "Get down, gentle shine,  
Sliding on a beam,  
Permeate into the house and think  
And my life illuminates me! "

As he heard it from heaven,  
He died with pain,  
And the sky is starting to turn  
Where it perishes;

In the air, blushing flames  
Spread all over the world,  
And out of the valley chaos  
A proud face is coming to an end;

On the black hairs of the beautiful young  
His crown burns,  
It was floating in truth  
Bathing in the fire of the sun.

From the black shroud it unfolds  
Marble arms,  
He comes sad and thoughtful  
And pale is the face:

But big and wonderful eyes  
I gleam deeply, chimerical,  
Like two passions without a break  
And full of darkness.

- "From my sphere you scarcely came  
To listen to you now,  
And the sun is my father,  
And my mum is at night;

Oh, come on, my unspoken odor,  
And your world leaves it;  
I'm the top star,  
And you have to be my bride.

Oh, come on, in your hair you danced  
Star wreaths,  
My heaven to rise  
Prouder than them. "

- "Oh, you are beautiful as in a dream  
A demon shows up,  
But on the path you opened  
I will never step on!

I miss your cruel violins  
Of my chest,  
And my large, heavy eyes miss me.  
Your look burns me. "



- "But how would you like me to go down?  
Don't you know, I wonder  
Because I'm immortal, a gentle star,  
And you are mortal? "

- "I'm not looking for words of choice,  
I don't know how to get started -  
Even though you understand it,  
I cannot understand you;

But if you want in faith  
To delight you,  
You come down to earth,  
Be mortal like me. "

- "You ask me for my immortality  
Instead of a kiss,  
But you know that too  
How much I love you;

Yes, I will be born from sin,  
Receiving another law;  
With the old age, I am connected,  
But I will untie myself. "

And it keeps going ... It's gone,  
From a dear child,  
It broke from his place above,  
Missing several days.

\*

At this time Cătălin.  
Cunning homemade baby.  
Who was pouring wine in bowls  
To the cheerful, at the table

A page that carries step by step  
A-king dresses.  
A boy of flowers and of stray  
But bold with the eyes.

With cheeks like two peonies  
Blushing as red petals, blame it.  
He sneaks up thoughtful  
Looking at Cătălina.

But how beautiful it became  
And proud, with lotus lips  
Hey Catalin, here it is  
To try your luck and fire.

I passed her smoothly  
In a corner, sooner the Youngman

- "Yes, what do you want, I wonder, Cătălin  
Go and see your work."

- "What will you? I would like you to stop  
Thoughts always.  
Laugh better and give it to me  
One mouth, only one. "

- "But I don't even know what you are asking me.  
Give me peace, run away -  
Oh, the star in heaven  
He missed me so much. "

- "If you don't know, I'd show you  
From love to love,  
But just don't get angry,  
You stay with gentleness..

How the hunter lay in the grove  
In the birds,  
When you extend your left arm  
To embrace me with my arm;

And your eyes still  
My eyes remain ...  
I lift you from the lower ones  
He raises you from the heel;

When my face goes down,  
You stay face up.  
Let's look insecure  
And sweet all life;

And to be fully yours  
Known love,  
When I kiss you I bow,  
You kiss me again. "

She listened to the baby  
Amazed and distracted,  
And shameful and cute,  
He doesn't want to, he leaves.

And he said softly: - "Still very young  
I knew you,  
And by no means,  
You fit me ...

But a skylight, a sunrise  
From the silence of oblivion,  
It gives unlimited horizon  
The loneliness of the sea;

And secretly the lashes go away,  
Because my crying is over them  
When the wave water passes  
Traveling to the next;

It shines an unspoken love  
The pain to drive me away,  
But it's rising higher,  
So I can't reach him.

It gets sad with cold rays  
From the world that separates it ...  
I will love him forever and forever  
Will stay away ...

That's why my days are here  
Deserts like steppes,  
But the nights are of a holy charm  
What I can not understand. "

- "You are a child, this is ...  
Come and run into the world,  
We'll just lose track  
And we don't know the name,

Because both of us will be happy,  
We will be cheerful and tough,  
You will miss the parents longing  
And the dream of stars."

\*

Start the thing, grew  
In the sky of his wings,  
And paths of thousands of years passed  
In so many moments.

A sky of stars below,  
Above them I ask for stars -  
It seemed like an uninterrupted lightning bolt  
Wandering through them,

And out of the valley chaos,  
I swear by myself,  
He saw, that on the first day,  
How light flowed;

How springing around him  
Like the seas, of wavy chaos...  
He flies, thinking of longing,  
Until everything is extinguished, everything;

Because where you get there is no border,  
No eyes to know,  
And the weather-try in vain  
From goals to be born.

It is nothing and yet it is  
A thirst that sips him,  
It's a bit too deep  
Forgetting the blind.

- "The hardship of the black eternity,  
Father, it dislikes me  
And I praised you forever  
On the whole world;

Oh, ask me, Lord, any price,  
But give me another chance,  
Because you spring you are alive  
And the giver of death;

Resume me of immortality nimbus  
And the fire in the eye,  
And for all, give me back  
An hour of love ...

Out of chaos, Lord, I appeared  
And I would go back to chaos ...  
And from rest I was born.  
I'm thirsty for a rest. "

- "Hyperion, what about the knees  
You said the whole world,  
It does not ask for signs and wonders  
Which have no face and name;

You want a man to count on,  
With them to wander?  
But people all die,  
People would be born again.

They only last in the wind  
Ideal desserts -  
When waves find a grave,  
Rising behind the waves;

They just have lucky stars  
And harassment of fate,  
We have no time, no place,  
And we don't know death.

From the bosom of the eternal yesterday  
He lives dying today,  
A sun would go out in the sky  
The sun shines again;

Seeing the rising of the dawn,  
After death, peace,  
For all are born to die  
And I die to be born.

And you, Hyperion, stay  
Wherever you place ...  
Ask me for my word first -  
May I give you wisdom?

You want me to voice that mouth.  
Like her second song  
Take the mountains with forests  
And the islands at sea?

You may actually want to look  
Justice and Strength?  
I would give you the land in pieces  
Make it a kingdom.

I give you a mast near the mast,  
Hosts to cross  
The earth is long and the sea wide,  
But death cannot be ...

And for whom do you want to die?  
Turn around, you're on your way  
To that wandering land  
And see what awaits you. "

\*

In his place appointed from heaven  
Hyperion's gone  
And, like yesterday,  
The light poured on her.

For it is sundown  
And the night will begin;  
The moon is rising quietly  
And trembling from the water,

And she shares with her spark  
The paths from the forests,  
Beneath the long line of proud lime  
Two young men were sitting alone

- "Oh, leave my head on my breast.  
Baby, go to bed  
Under the clear eye  
And unsurprisingly sweet;

With the charm of cold light  
My thoughts run through me.  
It pours forever silence  
On my night of passions.

And stay on top of me  
My pain of a sudden,  
Because you are my first love  
And my last dream. "

Hyperion saw from above  
In their astonishment;  
He barely had an arm around his neck  
And she held him in his arms ...

It smells like silver flowers  
And fall, a sweet rain,  
On the crest of two children  
With long hairs, barefoot.

She, drunk with love.  
He looked up. Viewing  
Star. And slowly once again  
Wish them trust

- "Get down, gentle shine,  
Sliding on a beam,  
Get in your mind and think,  
Fortunate me enlighten! "

He was shaking like other dates  
In the hills and on the hills,  
Guiding lonely  
Of moving waves:

But it does not fall as in the past  
In the high seas  
- "What do you care about, clay face,  
Whether it's me or another?

Living in your tight circle  
Good luck to you,  
But I feel in my world  
Immortal and cold. \*

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Victor, Dulcele meu, Puul meu.Iartă-mă, Puul meu, Dragostea mea.  
The book of Anime 6  
The second painting



Te doresc și YTe iubesc nespus, Puul meu, Dulele meu, Dragostea mea.  
Ye iubesc, Victor, Drhose mea, Puul meu.

Fata în grădina de aur - Mihai Eminescu

A fost odat-un împărat – el fu-neă  
În vremi de aur, ce nu pot să-ntorn,  
Când în păduri, în lacuri, lanuri, luncă,  
Vorbeai cu zeii, de sunai din corn.  
Avea o fată dulce, mândră, pruncă,  
Cu cari basme vremile ș-adorn.  
Când trece ea, frumoase flori se pleacă-n  
Ușorii pași, în valea c-un mesteacăn.  
În van i-o cer, Bătrânul se gândește,  
Prea e frumoasă, prea nu e de lume –  
Mă mir cum cerul nu s-ademeneste

Să scrie-n stele dulcele ei nume;  
E rău poetul care n-o numește.  
Barbară țara unde-al ei renume  
Încă n-a-ajuns, și chipu-i răpitori  
Nu-i de privirea celor muritori.

În vale stearpă, unde stânci de pază  
Înconjurau mărețată adâncime,  
Clădi palat din pietre luminoase,  
Grădini de aur, flori de-nuneeime;  
Iar drumul văii pline de miroase  
Afar de el nu-l știe-n lume nime ~  
Acolo ș-a închis frumosa față,  
Ca nici o rază-a lumii să n-o bată.

Sale-mbrăcate în alaz, ca neana,  
Cusut în foi și roze vișinii.  
În mozaicuri strălucea podeaua,  
Din muri înalți priveau icoane vii;  
Fereasta-i oarbă, deși stă perdeaua.  
De-aceea-n sale ard lumini, făclii.  
Și aerul, pătruns de mari oglinzi.  
E răcoros și de miroase nins.

O noapte-eternă prefăcută-n ziă,  
Grădină de-aur, flori de pietre scumpe,  
Zefir trecea ca o suflare viuă,  
Și-n calea lui el creange grele rumpe.  
Cu-aripi de-azur, în noaptea cea târziuă,  
Copii frumoși ai albei veri se pun pe  
Boboci de flori, când ape lin se vaer  
Zbor fluturi sclipitori, ca flori de aer.

Acolo-nchisă cu mai multe soaje,  
Ca ea copile și soții de joacă,  
În lumea ei sălbatic se răsfață,  
În străluciri viața ș-o îmbracă.  
A ei priviri sunt tinere și hoaje,  
Zâmbirea-i caldă buza-i stă s-o coacă.  
Și-n acest rai, în astă lume suavă  
De mulțămire se simțea bolnavă.

Dar de a ei frumseță fără seamăn  
Auzi feciorul de-mpărat Florin,  
Norocul lui cu-al ei îi pare geamăn.  
De-atunci un foc îl mistuie în sin.  
„În van stau locului, stau să mă-ndeamăn  
Cu munca mea, cu dorul, cu-al meu chin.”  
Pătruns de dorul neștiutei verguri,  
S-au dus să ceară sfat la sânta Miercuri.

~ Alai, convoi, îi zise atunci sfânta,  
Napoi trimite, nu lua nimica.  
Și singurel te du de-ți cată ținta,  
Căci strimt e drumul și e grea potica.  
Ia calul meu cel alb; el se avântă,  
Ca gândul zboară-n lume fără frică,

Dar dacă vrei s-o afli, ține minte:  
Nu sta în valea-aducerei aminte.

Porni în lume, singurel, în toiu-i.  
Îl duce calu-i frățior cu vântul →  
De aur păru-i și frumos e boiu-i,  
Fecior de-a drag, cum n-a văzut pământul.  
O stea el pare-n neamu-i și în soiu-i →  
Cu bine meargă-mi și să-l ție sfântul.  
Ajunse-o vale mândră și frumoasă →  
Părea că-i chiar grădina lor de-acasă.

Și sub un tei el de pe cal se dete,  
Se-ntinse leneș jos, pe iarba moale →  
Din tei se scutur flori în a lui plete  
Și mai că-i vine să nu se mai scoale,  
Și calu-i paște flori, purtând în spate  
Presutul lui și șeama cu paftale,  
În valea de miros, de râuri plină.  
În umbra dulce bine-i de odină.

De-a lui bătrân el își aduse-aminte,  
Cum îl lăsă și cum porni în lume,  
Dorind cu o iubire-așa fierbinte:  
O umbr, un sunet, un nimic, un nume.  
L-apuc-un dor de țară și părinte,  
Tot ce-a dorit fi pare-atunci că-s spume.  
Și când pe calul lui el iar se simte,  
Napoi apucă, peste drumuri strimte.

Dar îndăcăt ajuns, l-apucă dorul  
Din nou, → neliniște, iubire-adâncă →  
S-aruncă iar pe cal, urmând amorul  
Ce-n al lui suflet neclintită-i stâncă.  
În van l-oprește regele, poporul,  
E dus de-o stea ce arde-n minte-i încă,  
Dorit de raza unor doi ochi tineri →  
S-a dus să ceară sfat la sfânta Vineri.

→ Voinicul meu, îi zise-atancea sfânta,  
De ce-ai stătut în valea amintirii?  
Pentru oricare e frumoasă, blândă,  
Cu curté-oricărui seamănă. Ceirii  
Din acea vale inima-ți frământă.  
Nu sta în ea. De te-nchinași iubirii.  
Te du de-o cată, și-n a ei fereastă,  
De-o vezi deschisă, zvârle floarea astă.

Dar să nu stai în valea desperării,  
Ce-n a ta cale tu vei trece-o sigur,  
El iar porni în lumea întâmplării,  
Bolnav de dor și de-a iubirii friguri.  
Dădu de-o vale-n asfințitul serei,  
Prin crengi negre umbre se configure,  
Întunecoasă-i, cum o simt doar orbii,  
Și fâlfăiește prin aer rece corbii.



El de pe cal se dăde, în pădure  
Șoptește frunza, ramuri stau de sfaturi  
Și somnul nu voiește ca să-l fure,  
Căci umedă e frunza lui de paturi.  
Urechea-i trează a dălbăvnei gure  
Le asculta șoptind din mii de laturi.  
Și corbii croncănesc și zboară-n fală  
În aer clar ca pete de cerneală.

Atunci o frică înima-i pătrunde,  
Pe cal se pune și fugi din vale,  
Și-n loc s-urmeze drumu-acolo unde  
Voia să meurgă, s-a întors din cale.  
Sosește iar în țară-i, de-l pătrunde  
Din nou un dor, o amărăre, -o jale.  
Atunci din nou el o luă pe mâneci  
Să ceară sfat acum sântei Dumineci.

~ Ai stat în valea desperării iară,  
Îi zise sfânta, ci din nou pornește!  
Îți dau o pasăre cu tine ~ zboară  
Cu calul tău, unde norocu-ți crește.  
Când ai vedea frumoasa ta fecioară  
Că plânge, -atunci dă drumul pasărei iește.  
Tu dorul ți-l ajungi, deși te ticăi.  
Ea-ți fie tot, ce-ai suferit nimică-i.

Trecând prin valea desperării, -astupă  
A lui urechi, să n-o audă-n șopot:  
În van se-ncearcă calea-i s-o-ntrerupă  
Vuii, murmure, s-o oprească n-o pot.  
O umbră zboară, pân- se vede după  
Atâta mers e-aude zvon de clopot:  
Atunci văzu în zărea lui palatul  
În care-nchise fata-i împăratul.

În ziduri de oțel lucea castelu-i  
Cu streșini de-aur și cu turnuri nalte  
Și scris pe muri-i, minunat în felu-i,  
Făptură grea a meșterelor dalte.  
În mari grădine i se arătă lui  
Izvorul viu, ce cade, vrând să salte.  
El se mira cum toate-astfel a fi pot:  
Grădine, rediuri, lacuri, ziduri, șipot.

Dar un balaur tologit în poartă  
Sorea cu lene pielea lui peștriță.  
Cu ochi-nchiși pe jumătate, poartă  
Privirea jucătoare să-l înghiță,  
Iară Florin ~ inima-n el e moartă ~  
Când vede solzii, dinții cei de criță,  
Sărind la el și-nfipse a lui spadă  
Și de pământ îl ținui de coadă.

Apoi din munte stanuri el răstoarnă,  
Le grămădește crunt peste balaur;  
Acesta iar se zbate, se întoarnă

Și în durerea-i muge ca un taor,  
Dar el mereu pe dânsul pietre toarnă  
Pân- nădușit plesni acel centaur.  
Trecu-nainte Ț două lăncii scurte Ț  
Pân- ce dădu de strălucita curte.

Un an de când copila petrecuse  
Urzind gândirea-i și visând ursitul.  
Un an întreg prea fericită fuse.  
Dar dup-un an mi-a fost-o-ajuns urâtul.  
Își amintea viața ce-o avuse  
Și peste pieptu-i își îndoaie gâtul,  
Și trist privea un punct cu ochii țintă,  
Și se usca ca și la umbr-o plântă.

Ț Eu mor de n-oi vedea seninul, cerul,  
De n-oi privi nemărginirea vastă.  
Răceala umbrei m-a pătruns cu gerul  
Și nu mai duc Ț nu pot Ț viața asta.  
Ah! Ce ferice-aș fi să văd eterul  
Și să văd lumea, codrii din fereastă,  
Și de voiți cu viață să mai suflu,  
Deschideți uși, fereste. să răsuflu.

Astfel o mistuia neastâmpăratul  
De viață dor și dorul cel de soare Ț  
Deși le poruncise împăratul  
Să nu care cumva să-și amăsoare  
Ca să deschidă ușile, palatul Ț  
Dar totuși, când văzură că ea moare,  
Nu știu ce or să facă, să se poată, Ț  
De l-ar urma, el ar găsi-o moartă.

Văzând cu ochii, pierde de-a-n picioare  
Din zi în zi Ț atunci ele-au deschis  
Ferești înalte și, la mândrul soare,  
Din boală-adâncă fata a învis  
Și se făcu și mai farmăcătoare,  
Astfel cum nu îți trece nici prin vis Ț  
Se rumeni în fața ei cu mărul.  
A-ntinerit-o aerul și cerul.

Un zmeu o vede, când s-a pus să steie  
N-a ei fereastă-n astînjit de săci;  
Zburând la cer, din ochi-i o scânteie  
Cuprinse-a ei mândrețe, farmăcări:  
Și-n trecătoarea tânără femeie  
Se-namoră copilul sfintei mări Ț  
Născut din soare, din vâzduh, din neaună.  
De-amorul ei se prefăcu în steaună.

Căzu din cer în tînda ei mureață.  
Se prefăcu în tânăr luminos.  
Și corpul lui sub haina ce se-ncreață  
S-arată nalt, subțire, mlădios.  
Păr negru-n vițe lungi ridică fața,  
Și ochi-albaștri-nchis, întunecos,

Iar fața-i albă, slabă, zâmbitoare →  
Părea un demon rătăcit din soare.

→ Ah! te iubesc, îi zise el, copilă,  
La glasul tău simt sufletu-mi rănit.  
Din stea născut, plec fruntea mea umilă,  
Cu ochii mei prind chipul tău slăvit.  
Nu vezi cum tremur de amor? ai milă!  
În nemorirea mea de-aș fi iubit →  
Iubit de tine → te-aș purta: o floare  
În dulci grădini, aproape lângă soare.

N-ai vede iarnă, toamnă nu, nici vară,  
Eternă primăvar, -etern amor...  
De ți-aș închide zarea ta cea clară  
Cu-al meu sărut, o, scumpul meu odor,  
Pân- ce să mângâi inima-mi amară  
Culea-mi-aș capul la al tău pieior  
Și te-aș privi etern ca pe o steauă  
Frumos copil, cu umeri de neauă.

→ O, geniu mândru, tu nu ești de mine,  
De-a ta privire ochii mei mă dor,  
Sângele meu s-ar storce chiar din vine,  
Căci m-ar usca teribilu-ți amor!  
Curând s-ar stinge viața mea, străine,  
Când tu m-ai duce-n ceruri lângă sori,  
Frumos ești tu, dar a ta nemorire  
Ființei trecătoare e pieire.

El o privi atunci cu ochii țintă;  
În fața-i slabă → zâmbet dureros;  
Se face stea și iarăși se avântă  
În cerul nalt, în roiul luminos.  
Acolo toată noaptea stă de pândă,  
Și prin fereastră el privea duios,  
Cu o lumină dulce, tristă-clară.  
Să vadă umbra-i albă și ușoară.

A doua zi el se făcu o ploaie,  
În tact căzândă, aromată lin,  
Și din ferești perdelele lă-ndoaie,  
Burând prin jesăturile de in.  
Pătrunde iarăși în a ei odaie,  
Preface-n tânăr sufletu-i divin:  
El stă frumos sub botțile ferestii,  
Purtând în păr cununa lui de trestii.

Blond e-azi și părul lui de aur moule  
Pe umeri cade îndoișor, înflăcă;  
Ca ceara-i palid... buza lui cu jale  
Purta un zâmbet trist, nemângălat.  
El o privește... sufletu-i s-adună.  
În ochiul lui albastru, blând și mat...  
Ș-așfel cum sta mut înger din tâcii  
Părea un mort frumos cu ochii vii.

→ O, vin cu mine, scumpă, -n fundul mării.  
Și în palate splendizi de cristal.  
Când vântu-a trece peste-a apeiării  
Tu-i auzi cântarea lui pe val:  
Ți-i închina viața ta visării,  
Vei fi oceanului monarcul pal...  
Ți-oî da palate de mărgean și profir.  
Cu bolți lucrate numa-n aur d-Ofir.

→ Ca să-mi ajungi nevrednica-mi iubire  
Ai părăsit al cerurilor cort,  
Dar nu e chipul tău cel peste fire  
Ce-n fundul sufletului meu îl port.  
O, geniul meu, mi-e frig l-a ta privire.  
Eu palpit de viață → tu ești mort.  
Cu nemurirea ta tu nu mă-nveți.  
Acum mă arzi, acuma mă îngheți.

Nu... om să fii, om trecător ca mine.  
Cu slăbiciunea sufletului nost,  
Să-ți înțeleg tot sufletul din tine  
Și brațul tău, de mi-a fi adăpost,  
Să-l știu că-i slab, iubirea că-l susține,  
La om e-un merit, ce la zei n-a fost.  
De mă iubești, să-nu fii de sama mea,  
Fă-mi dar de nuntă nemurirea ta.

Întunecus și fără de speranță.  
La ea privește geniul în nimb →  
Își simte inima legată-n lanțe.  
În lanțul lumii cei cu-o mie limbi.  
→ Chiar nemurirea mea, chiar abundența.  
Puterii mele tu o cei în schimb.  
Ei bine, da! Eu m-oî sui la cer,  
Ca de la Domnul moartea mea s-o cer.

Da, moartea! Pentru-o clipă de iubire  
D-etermitatea mea să mă dizlege.  
Să văd în juru-mi anii în pieire,  
Să am în inima mea moartea rece.  
Să fiu ca spuma mării în selipire,  
Să văd cum trec cu vremea, care trece...  
O, mult ceruși, prea mult, → și totuși ție  
Ți-achin splendori, putere, vecinicie.

La cer se-nalță el pe bolta mare,  
Cu-aripe lunge curățind seninul  
Privește-n jos castelul în splendoare,  
L-apucă dorul inimei, suspinul.  
→ Ah! ce-ni cernu, femeie trecătoare,  
Femeie scumpă, ca să-mi mângâi chinul!  
Deasupra lunei risipile-n șoapte  
El se-nalța → un curcubeu de noapte.

Precum o floare ar ieși din surii  
Și morții munți, din piatra lor uscată.  
Astfel copila-nvîoșează murii,

Pe când în bolta geamului s-arată  
Copil al apei, cerului, pădurii.  
A lumii-ntr-egi mai drăgălașă fată.  
Ea asculta pe-al primăverii oaspăt  
În dimineața ce-i zâmbește proaspăt.

Împrăștiată fulgerează roua  
În viorii, strălucitoare boabe,  
Târâna-nvie-n primăvara nouă,  
Răcoare-i vântul ca miros de ape;  
Părea c-ar fi plouat, deși nu plouă  
Decât lumină, ce nu mai încapе.  
Cu gura, fața, ochii ei, ea râde  
Privind în soare, îi clipea, i-nchide.

În dimineața clară ca oglinda  
La porți s-arată tânărul Florin,  
În jur de ziduri calul și-l colindă,  
Își simte inima înflată-n sân;  
Dar poarta-nchisă brațu-i să-l tot prindă.  
Ea nu se mișcă-n negrele-i țâțâni;  
Cî el fereasta cum văzu crăpată,  
Aruncă-n ea cu floarea fermecată.

Pe-atunci copila împletea cunună  
Din flori de aur și de diamante;  
Din cărți o soață-a ei îi sta să-i spună  
C-al ei noroc purtat-u-i de un fante.  
Când floarea-i căzu-n poală ~ ea nebună  
O sărută, zvrărlind pe celelalte.  
Și-o mirosi cu gur-abia deschisă,  
Și ochii ei pluteau în mii de vise.

Ea alergă cu grabă la fereastă,  
Să vadă dacă vântul nu-i aduce  
Și alte flori, așa frumoase c-asta.  
Dar de-ngâimare ochiul ei străluce  
Și surâzând ea rumenește, castă.  
Când vede-un tânăr lângă poarta-n cruce,  
Și el o vede și cu mândru glas-u-i  
El îi vorbe, oprindu-și calu-n pasu-i:

~ Ah! te-am văzut, mi te-am văzut în fine,  
Copil cu ochi de-albastră-ntunecime,  
Cu-a tale gene de-aur dulci și fine.  
Cu-al tău surâs de gingașă cruzime.  
Ah, aș muri de-atât noroc și bine.  
Căci te-am văzut cum nu te-a văzut nime.  
Nu știi ce-am suferit pîn-a te-ajunge.  
Copil frumos ca luna nopții lunge.

Ah, vin cu mine, vin-în a mea țară,  
Casteluri am, grădini adânc-frumoase,  
Sub pasul tău coroana-mi seculară  
Mi-o pun ~ mă plec, sunt sclavul tău, frumoasă.  
Am pietre scumpe în a mea comoară,  
Mai multe decît tatu-ți are aur,

Ș-au mai mult de cum argint el are,  
Ș-a tale-s toate, scumpă, mândră floare!

Ea îl privea cu ochiul plin de milă. →  
I-ar fi sorbit cuvântul de pe gură,  
În fața lui ea nu-și mai face silă,  
Un lășin parcă inima i-o fură →  
Și trist privește tânăra copilă  
Cumplitii muri și porți... Din ochin-i cură  
Un fir senin de lacrimi; ea își strânge  
Cu-a ei mânuțe inima și plânge.

El, cum o vede astfel în fereastră,  
Ș-aruncă ochin-adânc și nobil-mare  
Și drum el dă la pasărea măiastră →  
Aripile-și întinde, vrând să zboare,  
Din ce în ce ș-întinde-aripa-albastră,  
Din ce în ce se face tot mai mare,  
Încât doar din mărimea unei vrăbii  
Ea semăna acum unei corăbii.

→ Copila mea, îi zise, nu te teme,  
Pe mulți am dus cu inimi doritoare,  
Ca vântu-n fugă cu bătrâna vreme  
Prin țări o mie peste sfânta mare →  
Nu vezi, Florin nici ști cum să te cheme,  
Atât de mult iubirea lui îl doare,  
De-aceea zvârle-n laturi ac și caer  
Și să te-ncrezi corăbiei de aer.

Ea se sui pe-ari-pă, ntinzând mâna,  
Ca și când ar fi vrut ca să se ție,  
Și-ncet coboară pasărea străină  
Pe-a lui Florin amabilă soție;  
Pe cal ridică sarcina lui lină,  
La pieptul lui ar vrea în veci s-o ție,

Se uită-n ochi-i, dând la calu-i pinten,  
Ș-acesta vântului s-așterne sprinten.

În vremea asta zmeul se suise  
La cer, cu aripile lungi întinse,  
Culege-n cale-i blândețe surăse  
A mii de stele, ce zburau ca ninse;  
La tronul cel etern pe scări deschise  
Stau mândre genii cu lumină-ncinse;  
L-a Lui picioare în genunchi s-așterne  
Și-ndreaptă ruga-i milei cei eterne.

→ O, Adonai! al cărui gând e lumea  
Și pentru care toate sunt de față,  
Ascultă-mi ruga, șterge al meu nume  
Din a veciei carte mult măreață;  
Deși te-adoră stele, mări în spume,  
Un univers cu vocea îndrăzneată,  
Toate ce-au fost, ce sunt, ce-ți nasc în cale  
N-ajung nici umbra măreției tale.

Ce-ți pasă ție dac-a fi cu unul  
În lume mai puțin spre lauda ta.  
Ascultă-mi ruga, tu, Eternul, Bunul,  
Și sfarmă-n aschii veșnicia mea!  
Pe-o muritoare eu iubesc, nebunul,  
Și muritor voiesc a fi ca ea.  
Ș-atâta dor, durere simt în mine,  
Încât nu pot s-o port și mor mai bine.

→ Tu-i pizmuiești... și pizmuiești aceea  
Ce ei în lume numesc fericire.  
Au nu ți-i milă când privești scântecul  
Cum că la soare e a ei pornire?  
Astfel și ei își aruncar-ideea,  
Dorința, păsul în nemărginire.  
Dar cum scântei se sting, în drum, spre soare,  
Astfel și omu-aspiră, dară moare.

Ca ei să fi? Să vezi că sub blesteme  
De ură e-nfierat umanul nume,  
Să ai de semenul tău a te teme,  
Să fi ca spuma, fuga unei spume,  
Sărmane inimi închegate-n vreme.  
Sărmane patimi aruncate-n lume  
Și să mă blestemi, să mă-ntrebi: ce drept  
Avui să-ți pun o inimă în piept?

Pe-o clipă-n mijlocul eternității  
Să deschizi ochii tăi măreți și clari,  
Să măsoari toate visele vieții,  
Simțind încet cum iurăși redispări.  
Să pari un fir de colb în raza vieții,  
Și în părerea-i pe-un moment să pari,  
Să fi ca și când n-ai fi... între ieri  
Și mâni, o clipă... Oare știi ce-mi ceri?

Ce-i omul de a căruia iubire  
Atârnă lumina vieții tale-eterne?  
O undă e, având a undei fire,  
Și în nimicuri zilele-și dișterne.  
Pământul dă tărie nălucirii,  
Și umbra-i drumul gâlei ce s-așterne  
Sub pasul lui... Căci lutul în el crește,  
Lutul îl naște, lutul îl primește.

Și acest drum al pulberii, pieirei.  
Ce ea pe-un plan l-am zugrăvit cu mâna,  
Nimic fiind, l-am închinat muririi →  
În van s-acopără oprind ruina,  
Nimic etern în tremurul selipirei;  
În van adun și-și grămădesc lumina  
În cărți și scrisuri, și în van ș-acață  
De vis etern sârmana lor viață...

Și tu ca ei voiești a fi, demone,  
Tu, care nici nu ești a mea făptură;  
Tu, ce sfințești a cerului colone

Cu glasul mândru de eternă goră...  
Cuvânt curat ce-ai existat. Eone.  
Când Universul era ceață sură...?  
Să-ți numeri anii după mersul lunii  
Pentru-o femeie? Vezi iubirea unei:

Între-adevăr, n-adânce depărtare  
Văzu călări pe față cu Florin.  
Odată-n evii ochiul lui cel mare,  
Și sfânt, ș-adânc de lacrimi este plin.  
Ce cad tăind nemărginirea-n mare.  
Mărgăritari frumoși și mari devin.  
Încet bătând din aripi, maiestos,  
Geniul mândru se pomește-n jos.

Cu fața tristă le privi în urmă  
Și-ninde mâna ca după-orce-i dus.  
În fundul lunei, unde apa scurmă  
Al mării sân ~ acolo-o ar fi dus  
Dacă-l iubea... Acuma plânsu-și curmă:  
„Pți fericiți ~ cu glasu-i stins a spus ~  
Atât de fericiți cât viața toată  
Un chin s-aveți: de-a nu muri deodată.

...

The girl in the golden garden

Once upon a time, he was an emperor  
In golden weather, what can't I get back.  
When in forests, in lakes, wool, meadow,  
You were talking to the gods, calling from the horn.  
He had a sweet, proud, baby girl.  
With fairy tales that I adorn,  
When she passes, beautiful flowers go away  
Easy steps in the valley of a birch tree.

I ask her in vain. The old man is thinking,  
Too beautiful, too much of the world  
I wonder how the sky does not fall  
To write her sweet names in the stars;  
It's bad for the poet who doesn't name her,  
Barbarous the country where she is famous  
He has not yet arrived, and he has been kidnapped  
It's not the look of the mortals.

In the steep valley, where you guard rocks  
They surrounded great depths,  
Palace building of luminous stones,  
Golden Gardens, flowers of darkness;  
And the path of the valley full of smells  
Outside of him, no one knows him in the world  
That's where the beautiful girl closed,  
That no ray of the world should strike it.

Its dressed in the atlas, like snow.  
Sewing in sheets and roses of the cherry,  
The floor shone in the mosaics,



From high walls they looked at living icons;  
The window is blind, though the curtain sits,  
That's why lights burn in it, you fire,  
And the air, penetrated by large mirrors,  
It's cool and smells like snow.

An eternal night turned into a day,  
Golden garden, precious stone flowers,  
Zefir passed like a living breath,  
In his path, he creates heavy raptures,  
Azure wings, late at night,  
Beautiful children of the white summer are laying on  
Flower buds, when the water is smooth  
Fly glittering butterflies, like flowers of air.

Therewith several wives,  
Like her children and play spouses,  
In her wild world, she is pampered,  
In the glitter of her life, she dresses,  
Her looks are young and hoarse,  
The warm smile on his lip is his biting,  
And in this heaven, in this gentle world  
Of gratitude, he felt ill.

But to her beauty without resemblance  
He heard the emperor, Florin,  
His luck with her seems like a twin,  
Since then fire has consumed it in itself.  
"In vain I sit in place, I am begging  
With my work, with longing, with my grief. "  
Passed by the longing for the unknown road,  
They went to ask for advice on Holy Wednesday.

~ Alai, convoy, said the saint then,  
Backward send, take nothing,  
And the lone one goes for your target,  
Because the road is narrow and the path is heavy.  
Take my white horse: he advances,  
As the thought flies in the world without fear,  
But if you want to find out, keep in mind:  
Don't stand in the valley of remembrance.

Start in the world, alone, in all of them.  
He is carried by the wind with his brother  
The hair was golden and it was beautiful to him,  
Son dear, as the earth did not see,  
He seems to be born in his family and in his variety  
Well go to me and keep him holy.  
A proud and beautiful valley reached her  
It seemed to be their home garden.

And under a lime, he is on the horse,  
He lay lazy down on the soft grass  
From the linden flowers shake in his payments  
And it comes to him not to get up.  
And she gave him flowers, carrying her back  
His presumption and the saddle with rifles,

In the valley of smell, full of rivers,  
In the sweet shade, it is well worth the wait.

He remembered his old man,  
How he left it and how it started in the world,  
Wishing with such a hot love:  
A shadow, a sound, a nothing, a name,  
I miss him a country and a parent,  
All he wanted was then to say,  
And when he feels his horse again,  
Backward takes over narrow roads.

But soon enough, he missed her  
Again, ~ worry, deep love ~  
He threw himself on the horse, following the love  
What of his unwavering soul rocks him,  
The king, the people, stop him in vain.  
It is carried by a star that still burns in his mind,  
Wanted by the radius of two young eyes ~  
He went to ask for advice on Saint Friday.

~ My darling said the saint,  
Why did you stay in the valley of memory?  
For anyone who is beautiful, gentle,  
It looks like a yard. The groves  
From that valley your heart is troubled,  
Don't sit in it. Of love,  
She goes to you in a row and in her window,  
You see it open, it blows this flower.

But don't stay in the valley of despair,  
In your own way, you will pass it for sure,  
He started again in the world of chance,  
Sick of love and of cold love,  
He waved at the twilight of the night,  
Through the black branches, shadows are configured,  
Darken them, as only the blind feel,  
And the crows flutter through the cold air.

He is on the horse, in the forest  
Whisper the leaf, branches stand for advice  
And sleep does not want to steal it,  
Because wet is his bed of leaves,  
His ears are awake from our nose  
You hear them whispering from thousands of sides,  
And crows are crunching and flying  
In the clear air like ink stains.

Then fear pierces his heart,  
The horse is put and run from the valley,  
And instead, follow the path to where  
He wanted to go, he got out of the way,  
He arrives again in the country, entering him  
Again a longing, a bitterness, a sorrow,  
Then again he took the sleeves  
Ask for advice now for Holy Sunday.

You stayed in the valley of despair again,  
Said her holy, but start again!  
I'm giving you a bird with you flying  
With your horse, where your luck grows,  
When you see your beautiful virgin  
That she cries, - then she lets the bird out.  
You long for it, even though you are muttering.  
She is everything to you, you have suffered nothing.

Passing through the valley of despair, it stumbles  
Of his ears, let him not hear it in a whisper;  
In vain the way is tried to interrupt it  
Whispering, murmuring, I can't stop it.  
A shadow flies until you see it  
As far as he goes he hears the bell ringing;  
Then he saw the palace in his yard  
In which the king's daughter is locked.

In the steel walls, his castle gleamed  
With golden eaves and high towers  
And he wrote on the walls, in wonderful ways,  
Heavy workmanship of the chisels masters.  
In large gardens, he was shown  
The living spring, which falls, wanting to jump.  
He wondered how all-so-being can be:  
Gardens, fences, lakes, walls, shingle.

But a dragon slammed into the gate  
Sister lazy his painted skin.  
Half-blinds, he wears  
The player's eyes swallow it.  
And Florin - his heart is dead -  
When he sees the scales, the teeth of the squaw,  
Jumping to him he threw his sword  
And from the ground, you aimed him at the tail.

Then from the mountain ponds, he overturns.  
He piles them crudely over the dragon;  
He struggles again, he returns  
And in pain, he dies like a bull,  
But he was always on the rocks  
That centaur burst into tears.  
Two short spears went ahead  
Until he started the bright yard.

A year since the baby had passed  
Hissing at her thinking and dreaming of the bear,  
A whole year was too happy,  
But after a year, it was bad for me.  
He remembered his life  
And over his chest, he bends his neck,  
And sadly he was staring at a target with his eyes,  
And it dries like a plant in the shade.

- I die from not seeing the clear sky, the sky,  
Don't look at the vast boundlessness,  
The coldness of the shadow pierced me

And I can't take this life anymore,  
Ah! How happy I would be to see the ether  
And to see the world, the forests in the window,  
And of you, with life, I can breathe.  
Open doors, windows, breathe.

Thus an unpardonable estate  
Longing for life and longing for the sun ~  
Although the king had commanded them  
Not that somehow they can hide  
To open the doors, the palace ~  
But yet, when she saw that she was dying,  
I don't know what they will do, they can, ~  
If he were to follow, he would find her dead.

Seeing with his eyes, he loses his feet  
From day to day ~ then they opened  
You look tall and, in the proud sun,  
From the deep-seated, the girl lived  
And it became even more charming.  
As you do not even go through your dream ~  
It rumbled in front of her like the apple,  
It has rejuvenated the air and the sky.

A kite sees it when it starts to sting  
She has no window in the dusk:  
Flying into the sky, a spark from his eyes  
She embraced her pride, her charmings;  
And the young woman passing by  
The child of the holy sea falls in love  
Born of the sun, of the widow, of the mist,  
Her affection turned into a star.

She fell from the sky into her great tent.  
He turned into a bright young man,  
And his body under the crumpled coat  
He looks tall, slim, tall.  
Black hair in long vines raises the face.  
And dark-blue-eyes, dark,  
And his face is white, weak, smiling  
He looked like a demon wandering from the sun.

~ Ah! I love you, he said, child.  
At your voice, I feel my soul hurt.  
From the born star, I leave my humble forehead.  
With my eyes, I catch your glorious face.  
Can't you see how I tremble with love? have mercy!  
In my immortality, I would have loved ~  
I would love to wear you: a flower  
In sweet gardens, near the sun.

You wouldn't see winter, no autumn, no summer,  
Eternal spring, eternal love ...  
If I were to close your clear area  
With my kiss, oh, my sweet smell.  
Until you can comfort my bitter heart  
I would lay my head on your leg

And I would look at you forever as a star  
Shy baby, with shoulders of the snow.

→ Oh, proud genius, you are not me,  
Your eyes miss my eyes,  
My blood would be squeezed right out of here,  
Because it would dry me terrible love you!  
My life would soon be extinguished, o, stranger,  
When you take me to heaven near the sun,  
You are beautiful, but your immortality  
The transient being is ruined.

He looked at her then with his eyes targeted:  
For your painful smile my eyes hurt;  
It becomes a star and again it advances  
In the high heaven, in the luminous brook,  
There all night he sits awake,  
And through the window, he looked sweetly,  
With a sweet, sad-clear light,  
To see the shadow is white and light.

The next day it rained,  
In cadence fall, smoothly flavored,  
And from the windows, the curtains surround them,  
Drizzling through the linen clothes,  
Enter her room again,  
In the preface young divine soul:  
He sits beautifully under the windows of the window,  
Carrying his reed crown in his hair.

Blond is today with his soft golden hair  
Shoulders fall bent, loosened;  
Like his pale wax ... his lip with grief  
He had a sad, unsettling smile.  
He looks at her ... his soul gathers,  
In his blue eye, gentle and matte ...  
And as to how the angel from the skies stays mute  
He looked beautiful dead with his eyes alive.

→ Oh, come with me, honey, deep down,  
And in splendid crystal palaces,  
When the wind blew across the water of the country  
You hear his song on the wave;  
And worship your dream life,  
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...  
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,  
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

→ Oh, come with me, honey, deep down,  
And in splendid crystal palaces,  
When the wind blew across the water of the country  
You hear his song on the wave;  
And worship your dream life,  
You will be the pale monarch of the ocean ...  
Give them palaces of bean and golden cloth,  
With vaults worked only in gold of d-Ofir.

→ To make my love unworthy  
You have left the heavenly tent,  
But it's not your face over the wire  
At the bottom of my soul I wear it.  
Oh, my genius, I'm looking at you cold,  
I feel like you're dead.  
With your immortality, you do not teach me.  
Now you burn me, now you freeze me.

No ... man to be, a transient man like me.  
With the weakness of our soul,  
Let me understand your whole soul within you  
And your arm, from being sheltered,  
To know that he is weak, the love that supports him,  
To man, there is merit, which to gods was not.  
If you love me, be my sweetheart.  
Give me your wedding gift of immortality.

Dark and hopeless,  
To her, he looks genius in the numb  
He feels his heart tied in chains,  
In the chain of the world those with a thousand languages.  
→ Even my immortality, even abundance,  
My powers are you those in return.  
Well, yes! I cried to heaven,  
That from the Lord my death I ask.

Yes, death! For a moment of love  
My eternity to deceive me,  
Let me see my years in ruin.  
To have a cold death in my heart,  
To be like the sparkling seafoam.  
Let's see how the weather goes by, which passes ...  
O, much cherished, too much, → and yet to you  
I worship you with splendor, power, old age.

He ascends to heaven on the high vault,  
With long wings cleaning the clear  
Look down at the castle in splendor,  
The longing of the heart, the sigh, came to him.  
→ Ah! what did you ask for, transient woman,  
Dear woman, to comfort my grief!  
Above the world scattered in whispers  
He climbed a rainbow at night.

Like a flower, it would come out of the buds  
And the dead mountains, from their dry stone.  
Thus the child revives the walls,  
While in the glass vault it shows  
Child of water, sky, forests,  
The whole world's prettier girl.  
She was listening to the spring guest  
In the morning he smiles freshly,

Spreading lightning dew  
In the violins, shining grains,  
Peasant-snow in the new spring,

Cool the wind as the smell of waters;  
It seemed like it was raining, though it wasn't raining  
But light, what does not fit.  
With her mouth, her face, her eyes, she laughs  
Looking at the sun, he blinked at them, closing them.

In the clear morning like the mirror  
At the gates is the young Florin,  
Around the walls, the horse carves and caresses it,  
He feels his heart swell in his breast;  
But the gate closed his arm to catch him.  
She does not move in her black tits;  
But he saw the window as it cracked,  
Throw it in with the enchanted flower.

At that time the child wove a wreath  
Made of gold and diamond flowers;  
From the books, a wife of hers could tell  
Her luck was worn by a slit.  
When the flower fell on her lap she was crazy  
He kissed her, whipping the others.  
You smelled it with your mouth scarcely open.  
And her eyes were floating in thousands of dreams.

She hurried to the window,  
Let's see if the wind doesn't bring them  
And other flowers, so beautiful this one.  
But her eyes glint with excitement  
And smiling, she blushes, caste,  
When he sees a young man near the gate on the cross.  
And he sees it and proudly calls it  
He spoke to her, stopping her step-by-step:

~ Ah! I saw you, I saw you fine,  
Baby with blue-dark eyes,  
With your sweet and fine golden eyelashes,  
With your smile of gentle cruelty.  
Ah, I'd die of both luck and well,  
Because I saw you as nobody saw you.  
You don't know what I suffered until it happened to you,  
Baby as beautiful as the moon of the long night.

Ah, come with me, come to my country.  
Castles I have, deep-beautiful gardens,  
Under your step my secular crown  
I'm going to leave, I'm your slave, beautiful.  
I have precious stones in my treasure,  
More than your dad has gold,  
And gold more than the silver he has,  
It's all yours, dear, proud flower!

She looked at him with a pitying eye, ~  
It would have sipped the word out of his mouth,  
In front of her, she does not strain anymore.  
A faint feels like his heart steals  
And sad for the young child  
Dead walls and gates ... He heals his eye

A clear thread of tears; she squeezes  
Her hands to her heart and cries.

He, as he sees it in the window,  
He casts a deep, noble eye  
And he gives way to the master bird  
The wings stretch out, wanting to fly.  
Increasingly, the blue-wing spreads,  
As it gets bigger and bigger,  
Only just the size of a sparrow  
It now resembled a ship.

→ My child, he told her, don't be afraid.  
I have led many with longing hearts,  
Like hunting in the old weather  
Through countries one thousand over the great sea  
You don't see, Florin doesn't even know how to call you,  
His love hurts him so much.  
That is why the needle and beat are fluttering on the sides  
And trust the airship.

She climbed on the wing, extending her hand,  
As if he wanted to meet you,  
Slowly the foreign bird descends  
Florin's kind wife;  
The horse lifts his load smoothly.  
He would like to have you on his chest forever,  
He looked into his eyes, giving his horse a spur,  
As this to the wind is sprinting.

By this time the kite had climbed  
In the sky, with long wings spread.  
Gather her gentle smiles on the way  
Thousands of stars flying like snow;  
To the eternal throne on open stairs  
I stand proud light-geniuses;  
His feet on his knees sneeze  
Pray for the eternal mercy.

Oh, Adonai! whose thought is the world  
And for which all are present,  
Listen to my prayer, delete my name  
From the old great book;  
Although you love stars, you grow into foam,  
A universe with a bold voice,  
All that was, what is, what is born in your path  
There is no shadow of your greatness.

What do you care about if you have one  
In the world less to your praise,  
Listen to my prayer, you, the Eternal, the Good,  
And break my eternity into chips!  
I love a mortal, a madman, crazy man,  
And mortal I want to be like her,  
I miss so much, the pain I feel in me,  
So I can't wear it and I die better.



You are ponding them off and ponding him off  
What they call happiness in the world.  
They have no mercy when you look at the spark  
How the sun's starting?  
So they also threw away their idea.  
Desire, the endless bird.  
But as the spark goes off, on the road, toward the sun,  
Thus, the aspiring man, however, dies.

To be them? See that under curses  
The human name is hated with hatred,  
To have your neighbor fear you,  
To be like foam, to run away from the foam,  
Poor hearts end in time,  
Poor passions are thrown into the world  
And curse me, ask me: what right  
Will you have a heart in your chest?

For a moment in the midst of eternity  
Open your eyes wide and clear,  
To measure all the dreams of life,  
Feeling slow as you rediscover,  
To look like a dove in the radius of life,  
And in his opinion for a moment, you seem  
To be as if you were not ... between yesterday  
And hands, for a moment ... Do you know what you're asking me?

What is the man whose love  
Hang the light of your eternal life?  
A wave is, having the wave,  
And in nothingness, his days are disastrous.  
The earth gives strength to the glitter,  
And shadow the path of the glorious path  
Under his step ... Because the clay in it grows,  
The clay is born, the clay receives it.

And this road of powder, destruction,  
What as a plan I painted with his hand,  
Being nothing, I worshiped him to death  
In vain they cover the ruin by stopping,  
Nothing eternal in the trembling of light,  
In the van, they gather and pile their light  
In books and writings, and in the van he hides  
Everlasting dream of their poor life ...

And you, like them, want to be, demons,  
You, who are not even my own creature;  
You, holy of heaven, colonists  
With the proud voice of eternal mouth ...  
Clean word what have you been, Eone,  
When was the universe foggy ...?  
Count your years after the moon has gone  
For a woman? See the love of a woman;

Indeed, do not dig deep  
He saw Florin riding the girl.  
Once you wipe his big eye,

And holy, the depth of tears is full,  
What fall by cutting the boundary into the great.  
Beautiful and large pearls become.  
Slowly flapping wings, majestic,  
The proud genius starts down.

Looking sadly behind them  
He reaches for his hand as he takes it.  
At the bonom of the world, where the water flows  
She would have taken her breast there  
If she loved him ... Now she cried:  
"Be happy ~ with his voice out he said ~  
As happy as life is  
You have a torment: unless you die at once.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung Correction:Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș  
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor,Mu sweet puppies and chickens Victor. Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan  
Te dorește și Te iubesc, Geniul meu scump și Dulce, Eminul meu iubit.

*Te iubesc, dragostea mea.Victor, puiul meu soful meu iubit, te dorește și te iubesc.  
Ave Maria!...*



*Ave Maria, Saint Virgin*

*To you we come to worship  
With forehead in the ground  
For the first time.*

*Above our bitter sorrows  
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion*

*O, come from the night of my thoughts  
You, dressed up in light.*

....

*Ave Maria, Saint Virgin  
To you we come to worship  
With forehead in the ground  
For the first time.*

...

*Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc. Victor, dragostea mea.  
Nirvana*



*Sadness over the world and orange break of dawn  
I seek the shell wherein the thrilled sea  
was coming back to me  
with her agonizing, extended  
waves*

....  
*I am cruelly hit by the fate  
On the desert land there is nobody who is calling me  
A sweet and tender farewell.  
Among my sorrowful poems fallen in the the sweet suffering  
I remain..*

....  
*Satin sheets  
Are trembling hanging by the sky  
floating lightly  
in veils of translucent air*

..  
*It is just everlasting, immaterial nature where in  
I wander,  
Likewise at the starting of the world  
And my bee eyes were sipping from the endless  
of the sea  
of light.*

....  
*A solely subject  
And full of objects, nostalgic, warm,  
discrete  
Wherein happily and melancholically  
I dress up myself..*

...  
*I am Adam!  
But without Eve  
I am without eve and without age  
And pass away silently under the arch of leaves which kiss me  
with green lips  
Of my plant heart medicine...*

...  
*O, I came back in the breast of immortality  
and of the everlasting, endless life  
To unquestionable happiness sweetly  
doomed.  
Te iubesc. Puia! meu, Dragostea mea.*

*Soful meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc. Victor dragostea mea.  
From the cucumbers clear waters flow*



te inbesc.

*From the cucumbers clear waters flow  
and roar give them in their way  
From the bruise, black twilight are flowing stars abisale  
He again, watching from nowhere  
he falls in love by her.*

*On the moving, trembling paths black ships there is carrying  
the light which extinguish itself  
the light which glitters far away...  
Towards you the frozen breathe of the heavy death is falling  
he again watching from nowhere  
falls in love by her..*

*from the ray of the eternal yesterday there is living today  
which dies  
There has passed a day, there have passed  
three days*

*on the trembling, moving paths black ships it's carrying  
the light which extinguishes itself  
the light which glitters far away....*

....

*O, mother, my sweet mother  
from the fog of time, with your warm and gentle voice  
to you you are calling me out..  
And waters will chant in eternity, will sleep  
I will for ever sleep.*

...

*Towards the window I lead my step, there where in a corner  
the Morning Star is waiting for me:  
"I didn't know, sweet woman, how dead I am  
you have left like a shadow, like a goddess  
on the Sky, on the Earth  
you have shaken like a leaf carried out by wind.*

...

*If you were gone with Alad  
with another, I still think that my dead eyes I can  
still appeal to you*

....

*But you have gone... my sweet wonder  
Blue flower, blue flower, yet it's still sadness in world.  
I have passed through spaces  
and I drank you away where you couldn't  
possibly think.*

*I wonder why in the deep whirlpool  
of the death which is sipping me, in flames I'm burning out  
and in the bitter stone I fall down?..."*

....

*"I asked for a release, but still ...  
I could not  
from me you turn your face down  
immortal and cold."*

.....

**Te iubesc, Dragostea mea**

*Dulcevelele meu soț, Te iubesc nespas de mult.  
Puiul meu, Soțul meu, Fiul meu Dulce și Iubit, Te doresc, Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.*





*te iubesc, Victor.*

*An endless man*

*Suddenly you discover  
That you are not interested of anything  
Nor of the career  
Nor of love  
Nor of friends*

...

*You remain lonely on a desert island.*

....

*Suddenly you ascertain  
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs  
Are more full of Anima  
Than the people  
And you are starting to understand Buddha.*

....

*Suddenly you ascertain  
That the solely full of sense is the life  
and death  
and between them it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown  
so pure, so beautiful  
the creation*

....

*That everything that it counts is what you are living now  
this instant  
suspended in time  
lived intensely, in a perpetual present  
stretched in all your fundamental  
gestures  
in birth, wedding, death  
love*

.....

*All that I have learned  
I've learned from my Moromets  
and from the Comăneşti orchards*

*from my father, from my mother  
from my brother  
from my dearest beloved*

*Lying on the porch of the house  
Ordered gently  
As in some sessile coffins*

*I tell you  
The only moment is now  
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins*

*The only moment is now*

*Animuzul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu drag.*



*SoliloCVII*

*The world, the time is going for me backwards  
As forwards  
The Time, The World, The Existence  
Still has miracles to offer me in the past, to unravel the unknowing  
In the time drained backwards*

...

*It is a time of remembrance and of the interpretation  
eternal alive and actual  
Woven on a single evendimensional  
canvas*

...

*That what makes the time elapsed so beautiful  
Is its privacy  
The fact that it cannot be corrected factually  
Anymore*

....

*But interpretatively  
Just now unfolds itself its generative power  
It is a time of an unique beauty and safety  
The elapsed time  
Offers security  
There is a hermeneutics of the past language  
and of the past action*

.....

*There is a metaphysics of remembrance and of  
endowing with sense.*

...

*The future time  
Is uncertain factually  
In it are prolonged all the probable existences  
and it remains the possibility of option  
always opened.*

*It is a responsible time.  
A time where in the being will continue to exist  
And to make  
A time opened factually, evenimensionally  
but still not ready interpretatively.*

...

*On the axis past-future  
I move myself in an infinite parable of the existence  
Where in the present time was sometime the future time  
And it will be sometime the past time.*

.....

*I can only speak about the past with certainty  
Dressing its action in the dress  
of the metaphor  
Always alive of the consciousness and of language.*

.....

*Victor, dragul meu... te doresc și te iubesc, puțul meu dulce.  
Your eyes...*

*te iubesc, pãrul meu dăde,*



*Likewise two blue stars that are glittering  
and fills down the darkness with their*

*warmy flame*

*Your eyes are often speaking to myself,  
And your hairs which is reflecting  
its dark blonde light..*

.....

*Like two red precious stones  
that fills the air of their summery warmth  
Your sweet lips are stealing me,  
the shy light of my eyes..*

.....

*Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground  
As in winter the white flakes  
of snow and pure light*

*I kiss their grave, sweet darkness  
which in the white night of the spring  
sits down...*

*dragostea mea iubită și dorită, te iubesc.  
Your eyes...  
te iubesc, Victor, priul meu.*

**THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST (US1988)**

**WILLEM DAFOE**

Picture from The Ronald Grant Archive



*Your neck  
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery  
It pours out the sweet nightfall  
on the ground  
Covering the earth with warmy darkness  
Of the night and of the burning stars  
Glittering smoldered...*

*So blue are your eyes  
Likewise two darkened stars, full of night...  
Of thunderstorm streak...*

*And though... The sweet twilight  
warm sweet odoured of the springtime  
brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...  
full of mystery of moonways passing through the arch of leaves  
a sweet warm unknown eyelight...*

*Paiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespas, Animatul meu și Achetipul meu,doritul meu soț.  
Love story*







*te iubesc,  
I kiss your arms, your shoulders  
I am falling down into the snowing of your body  
As into an emerald sea  
With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion*

*With the smile of everlasting  
Remembrance  
Te iubesc, Dragostea mea. Dulceata mea.*

*Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, priul meu.  
Buddhist meditation  
(Buddhist Thai Monks Chanting Healing Mantra)*



*In the lemon-coloured saree  
Maitreyi seemed unutterably beautiful to me,  
at the wrists of her delicate hands  
brass bracelets were jingling*

*her arms  
like two blossomed stalks of lotus  
were throwing up their orange, lucent light  
over the objects from the bedroom.*

*.....  
bracelets were serping at her thin ankle*

*and her carmine lips  
were smiling mysteriously  
like a calling never fulfilled*

*....*

*her breasts, likewise two water lilies buds  
were squeezing the thin cloth  
and over all things the twirl of my tired eyes  
fell down  
eyes which have seen the light.*

*.....*

*an old lamp, with Hindi motives  
was lying on the nightstand of the colour of mahogany  
a candlestick was throwing its rosy light  
to the corners of the room.*

*.....*

*Maitreyi, it's really you?..  
I whispered confused.  
Yes, I am myself, Allan. don't be frightened  
Let no one hear us  
and she let the burden of her heavy body  
on my arm.*

*Victor. Puiul meu, Te iubesc , dulcele meu pișor, dragostea mea, puiul meu, te doresc.  
dragul meu iubit pișor,  
îți închin eu dragoste aceste cântări.  
soful meu iubit și drag,  
dragostea mea, puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor..*



*Virgin Mary.  
Chant 1*

*Sadness, reveries  
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book  
It's simply in another way.*

*....  
It's more different the smile, the abyss  
The death, the destiny  
The word, the covenant  
The silence, the speaking.*

*.....  
Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky  
Enchanting, charming  
An ivory end  
And the other gray.*

*....  
Speaking, silence, murmur  
Laying bricks and immortality  
The sea and the chanting  
The moon, the sun and the Earth -  
Geea.*

*....  
I'm blinking hit by the high  
And then I throw up myself in a spring  
Dense on the lips  
Smiling, transcribed  
On long parchments into abyss.*

*.....  
Murmurs  
Voices  
Stones  
Rocks  
Transgressing the high  
Were hurting my eyesight*

*With the chanting, blinding, Geea  
Of the star named Earth*

*Sparkling their adornments  
In front of me there were passing the slaves  
of The One Too Tall  
Undulating the spokes  
And throwing up the seeds  
Of the giant wheat.*

*....  
Chant two*

*The maize is golden dream of the giant sun  
with its fretting yellow silk, which is glittering  
on the bitter stones  
in top of the mountains, splitting valleys  
of ore*

*which goldens round corn cuilean  
and mirrors it in sea turquoise sea lights...*

.....

*Dark, the wave is throwing itself to the shore,  
carrying wings of shells and algae  
carring in large of seas masts  
with kingfishers drying themselves in the wind.*

....

*Twirl circles it has made itself, where from are springing  
like into a swirl  
till vanishes in white heads everything  
and handsome Morning Star has made  
itself.*

...

*With hair of sun and lights  
with gentle, warm, serene blue eyes  
It's stepping on the waters in the sea, the young prince  
with shapes of Sun.*

.....

*In large coverings mast beside mast  
and the sea in long, and the sea in large  
armies are pouncing on the waters, on the clean, mat  
mirrors, to search the brave hero Adonir.*

....

*Serene, dark of blue and black  
on a sky wherein the zenith is fixing itself  
slowly*

*I was looking in October nights  
of ebony  
the one who the Wiseman told me it will be  
my soul mate.*

*in the clear garden of the sky where in the hours  
were scurvyng of sorrow  
and rising the fine sands in circles  
through the corn culzeans and the ears of wheat  
I was passing slowly through the riprap  
of a river.*

....

*Way of thousands of miles I passed into a minute  
Till there where, in its celestial little waves  
the white, pearly moon with its celestial rays  
could be seen and admired.*

....

*I have heard like in a dream, of the distant sea  
master and Lord  
that he isn't a simple mortal  
but he is on sky the Sun himself.*

....

*The wind was shaking its wings  
bringing in the forests the news, and trembling the armies  
were surrounding the Lord:*

....

*- O, Adonir*

*A head has stepped forward  
The eldest one after the vestment and the face  
We conquered all the Earth  
for you*

*For you are our king  
and on the sea we crown you as admiral.  
Lord on the black, bruise wave  
Where on you hardly step, just touching it.*

...

*O, tell us your legend, my Lord, how you were born  
from the white foam  
from what deep of billows you have come  
and what do you bring with yourself  
in the world,*

...

*O, worthy Kebîr, for it's you  
Do not stay to listen my sad stories...  
For I'm not a king over the world  
more than that I cannot say it...*

...

*I am the Lord, Almighty Lord  
I am over the sad people a God  
I am the Sun on sky, from upside - but I don't set down  
when He sets down.*

...

*Old like the weather over the ages  
I carry my sad everlasting hours  
because I am alone from an eternity, old like the Time  
will be.*

...

*I was born now from the waters  
In the world of common mortals  
and this is the second chant, where on the wind  
is whispering sad.*

*Because I was born to die, and I will die  
to born again -  
do not try these laws to understand  
It is full the Earth of emperors and kings...*

*but I am just your Savior Myself  
Jesus Christ is my name -  
for the rebellious crowds I'm Adonîr, arriving with  
of springtime warm zephyr.*

...

*Since when I was waiting on the sky it has passed  
an eternity  
And never to my eyes it was given to see  
of the night white and warm naiad, which lits up in the sky  
through the stars white torch.*

...

*I hear that she is a daughter of an emperor*

*Who carries on her shoulders her young years on a tall  
mountain, with herds of deers*

*Through the bours scurrying in the bitter stones  
and that she is very, very beautiful...*

...

*just her knows my destiny on Earth  
O, Kebir, forget about your firelock  
and of the whirlpool full of arrows  
You, all of you, Kebir, to come with me  
do you dare?...*

....

*- Oh, Lord, Master on Earth, I believe  
without disgust Your word  
But I have to see if my army will let the large and rich seas  
and will follow you in the desert maybe  
But I have to come to me first.*

....

*I see that you are Sun on Earth  
and I believe that You will die to born again  
Bu I am sad, dear emperor , that we, poor mortals  
are going to die.*

....

*Show us the way, be the exhortation  
of these bewildered and accursed armies  
to leave the torment of the seas  
and to follow you by land?...*

....

*- We come!... it was like a thunder of armies the voice  
of the armies gathered together  
Where in the glance of the brave Sun is scolding  
We come, we come, o, Adonir!...*

....

*And whilst sweetly it was falling the night  
and in the eyes of hero it's mirroring the sea  
They have started all like one to sail towards the shore  
carried by a n unique and deep urge.*

....

*The feet of Adonir were stepping on the sea  
and in the top of the mountains through the bitter stones  
a daughter of an emperor named Magdalen  
At the time of mysterious hour of night  
was waiting...*

...

*Chant three*

*Whilst the Moon over the forests smoothly was watching  
from the shadow of the mysterious arches  
of leaves of oak and amethyst, of alabaster and agate  
It started the Virgin Mary to hunt.*

....

*A sky of stars was underneath -*



*Above her a sky of glittering stars  
She seemed an uninterrupted lightning wandering  
through them...*

*When springing from Chaos they surround her  
And limit her like waved waves of pure lights  
She seemed a thought carried by longing, till everything  
vanishes away...*

*She was seeing likewise in the first day  
How there were springing lights  
And through of the stars groves, at the end of waters  
mermaids...*

*silently the smooth passage passes  
over the springs of garnet, over the hardwood of agate  
and stars in her hair she has collected,*

*...  
in her hands the stick of silver, beautiful thus  
that I cannot conceive her  
with my human brain, with diaphanous veils  
in sweet endearment...*

*She resembled, it was just her..  
The silvery and tender Moon, of fir-trees forests  
beautiful princess  
more proud than any star on sky...*

*...  
- Mary... The tender wind has whispered...  
now, when the arch of oaks is open, like in an old citadel  
a stone niche  
step in the beautiful dream...*

*Through the forests of stars that are glittering, more proud  
than any deity  
Step in the golden round circle  
which is spinning from the depths.*

*...  
He has left on his way... The sad Mary  
with her eyes blue like the dream of a poet, started to walk  
on green branches slowly  
to the golden citadel which is open.*

*On her way she collected a ring  
with stone of bright topaz, which was glittering pale  
at her feet  
and where on it was written the word Adonir.*

*...  
- o. Adonir?.. She has whispered dreamy  
of you in my gentle sleep I have heard, then when  
with the Wiseman I have spoken  
and He told me that you are the proud Sun  
Himself...*



....

*near the golden citadel it was lying, into the middle  
of silver forest  
A circle of gold.... she has stepped  
and suddenly she saw herself, spinning  
faster and faster...*

*On the White semicircle of the Moon she was sitting.  
From the depth of the Galaxy  
from the middle of the Milky Way  
A warm, calm voice she has heard.*

*- O, Mary, of the land gentle empress  
Lady over the galaxy  
into my golden garden I brought you, to be a bride  
To the upside Sun  
to the brave, gentle Adonir, on his gentle name  
Jesus*

....

*Eternal bride you are to him, and he is your groom  
over the human destinies  
He will bring right salvation.*

*His cruel and bloody destiny over this land  
will fulfill  
for He my word has listened to  
and knows He is My Son,*

*Then... in the year 7000, the Sky will be torn in flames  
and in the fire blaze and flare  
for it will come His term to accomplish,*

*over the entire world to reign.  
here, the Golden Citadel, it will be His kingdom  
and you will be to him eternal bride.*

*by Himself even long ago elected  
and the World of death won't hear anymore.*

....

*Torn back now to your palace, but don't forget  
about your ring  
Jesus also has one of the same, where on it stays  
written your name... Mary,*

.....

*from the shadow of the proud arches of leaves, she leads  
her step next to the window,  
where in the corner  
The Morning Star is waiting for her.*

..

*The Sun with his beautiful face  
Has thrown Himself in the sky, and then Mary has known  
that it was him, that it won't pass long  
and she will meet him.*

....  
the golden circle has spinned itself...  
slowly and slowly  
and the voice over the golden forests smoothly  
has vanished away...

....  
*Chant four*

*In the majestic rise of the day  
when the flowers of bitterness were falling smoothly, floating  
downstairs  
The old black ships of wood  
Were coming slowly near to the shore.*

*Adonir, in front of them, walking on waters the young God  
had the blond and fanned forehead  
likewise a lion roaring in the  
desert.*

*He was stepping on waters and the place where  
they have been touched,  
they were spinning around  
and then in white veils, they were breaking apart  
were vanishing away.*

*Kebir, brave soldier in armor of warp  
was watching smoothly how the waters were avoiding  
silently  
and kingfishers spinning in the shy  
then, in smooth falling  
they were touching the water, then they were flying  
again to the sky.*

*They were approaching the shore. The cruel armies  
of young sailors  
were looking with love at their head  
at Adonir, the beautiful Sun.*

*They were approaching the shore, from the large  
of the oceans, from the salted,  
diaphanous seas  
from the coral reefs and from the curly isles  
likewise some oases of greenery  
and of beauty*

*They were leading now to the shore.  
They were watching restless the land profiling in sight  
the isles of Greece, of the beautiful Greece  
From the Aegian Sea*

*Where from they were glimpsing  
Santorini, Rhodos, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,  
Naxos, Icaria*

*Leninos, Karpathos, Patmos,  
Milos, Paros, Syros  
and many others of the same...*

*....  
The strong army has arrived soon at the shore,  
The old ships have thrown their anchors  
to the land  
and some brave sailors in the boats sailing  
have thrown the nets to catch  
the fish.*

*....  
Jesus put the step on the shore, then he told them gently:  
Sons of divine chant  
of water and of land  
From now on I am for you Jesus, the Savior  
who is sent from above,*

*Only the ones who believe in Me follow me,  
I wanted to save you from death, and from your wandering destiny.  
But we will arrive soon in Jerusalem  
the Saint Citadel.*

*On to Mary we will take from here  
and now we will start again our way  
but let's get some rest now.*

*....  
Three days the armies have been rested,  
They put on guard skillful sailors, near the ships  
anchored next to the shore,  
then they started their way.*

*....  
- Jesus, we are hungry..  
The most tried brave soldier Kebir said  
in the seventh day of walking.  
We are five hundred of fellows.  
How will you be able to astonish our hungry  
o, our Lord whos is sent from above?...*

*....  
They had stopped in a little valley with no fruits  
with the dry land and without water.  
we have more only twenty fish in our trip  
vases,*

*and just fifty wafers. And the water is running out..  
- Andrew, this is your name from now on  
Do not be concerned, I tell you  
but I want to know that your entire life will change  
for yourself.*

*Jesus has risen up  
Walked through the crowd  
Youngmen, older people in long shirts of cotton  
all the ground.*

*Demoralized, hungry and thirsty  
they were waiting,...*

*....*

*Jesus has made a sign. The sign of Cros, a prayer  
then He blessed the water, the wafers and the  
remained fish.  
when , miracle!...  
the fish catch to increase their number in the vases  
and to wrinkle*

*The water was flowing in clay amphoras, sweet and good  
and the wafers has multiplied  
saeing with eyes  
up to three thousand,*

*....*

*The people have eaten till they saturated,  
Then they have remained only about two hundred people.  
the others have left  
for it has shown up that Hellas is rich and fertile  
country.*

*.....*

*Tired, they were falling asleep everybody  
on tents  
The light of stars, trembling, has caught  
the brave wolves of the sea  
on the tents.*

*....*

*Jesus has fallen asleep soon  
and in his dream it was done that he was meeting Mary  
Magdalena  
The one of destiny intended to him.*

*.....*

*Chant five*

*The Sun-God has started his way  
at the Rise of the dawn  
He was walking fast as the thought, as the light  
when it bursts over the world of torches.*

*- In Chaos My Lord I have returned  
And I would return in Chaos  
I am thirsty, My Lord, of the stars pure lights  
of the eternal repose.*

*In the place where He has melted himself  
from diaphanous veils, and in the circle of spinning lights  
a proud young man is rising up.  
with his dark blue eyes, and hair of silky gold  
which falls in waves over His chest, over the naked  
shoulders.*

*- O, Adonir, Jesus of Mine  
a voice in thunder is increasing*

*You are just the Sun from above, who glitters  
on the white ridges.*

*I miss, o, My Son, of the serene nights, whilst  
we were talking about the Earth  
and of the blue, smooth waters  
when this shoulder granting you were supporting  
by Yourself.*

*It was an uninterrupted longing  
Which was leading you in Life  
in the world of common mortals.... and you were asking  
from Me advice.*

*It was an interrupting longing  
that was keeping Myself of You  
but I was knowing, without my will, that Your way  
is in the humanity. That here You will find the destiny  
that the stars didn't intend to You.  
that for Her you will give your life  
as gift.*

...  
*O, the work of my hands, statues of clay  
with warm breathing of life  
to whom I gave the Eden, gave birth to the Sons  
that they had been covered the Earth,  
likewise the leaves and grass.*

*O, Jesus, be their Savior  
for their sins had arrived to the Sky itself.  
They are sad, bitter and grieved  
for they don't have Eternal Life anymore  
for the Death comes and freezes them, with its  
cold, sharp breath.*

.....  
*- O, God, you are My Lord  
In the Book of Making you put everything and You  
have spoken through ancient prophets.  
It has arrived now the time that Messiah to show  
Himself in the world, to clean the world of sins  
with Death over Death stepping by.*

*O, Lord, I don't want to know that Hour  
When breathing of life  
will fly away from my body  
and I will get down three days in the world  
of the Etenal Shadows.*

*But make it Your will  
My celestial and my beloved Father, be like the cup  
prepared of death and pain  
to drink as it is Your will.*

...

- Jesus, don't be afraid  
it was likewise a thunder the voice, which has become  
then a whisper in relief  
The third day from the dead  
You will rise up again!..

...  
It has vanished Jesus from the Sky  
from the place of Evening Star  
and in the golden, magical circle, near the lighted Citadel  
slowly his shape caught to form  
sweet wonder.

....  
Chant six

In this time Mary Magdalene was sitting in the golden  
garden and deeply she was thinking,  
passing by the trees with  
heavy fruits

surrounded by her young wheelbarrows  
gentle, mild, thoughtful, Mary to Jesus was dreaming.  
All the soil of the forest was covered by warm  
precious stones  
whereon, like in a dream, with the long lap  
of her white dress

fretting lightly, she was stepping them.  
Her curly hair in wavy veils, has framed her face  
of Virgin Mary  
and her blue eyes seemed two little  
Morning Stars  
which were throwing glittering lights.

Likewise in a dream  
she surrounded the Golden Citadel and went  
to the magical circle.  
She has laid over a fallen tree trunk  
and was looking dreamy  
at the golden circle.

When, suddenly, she stepped just in its middle,  
Immediately she has seen herself  
risen in the space, through the stars  
in an enchanting decoration.

From a star two glittering eyes were holding her  
with their glance, with love and longing.  
- O, probably this is Adonir...  
how the Wiseman has whispered to me sometime  
that I will see him...

....  
Adonir has lightened in his arms his beautiful Mary  
and in her eyes with love

*he was looking.*

*- So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree  
flower, and like an angel from the people  
in the way of my life you go out...*

...

*Chant seven*



..

*Tibetan monks  
Were guarding the gates of the monastery  
At the entry and at the exit.*

*Arranged wisely  
Four  
At the four opposite entries.*

...

*I was floating through the black space*

*Full of brightful dots  
The Sun  
The Moon  
Are foreseen through white pieces of fire.*

*I was a star  
With dense breathing  
Scattering itself in thousand of opac particles.  
My soul was speaking to me  
From the deep  
And was whispering about the earth.*

*.....  
From the waters was embodying Arjuna  
With his skin  
White as the silver.*

*..  
Floating majestically on the waters  
In hands with the copper horn  
In his arms  
Painfully  
Full of tenderness  
He is calling me.*

*...  
Earth. Endless surfaces of water  
Fish banks  
Swimming sublimely  
In the pure water of aquamarine  
...*





*Riding a white horse at the break of the silvery dawn  
It has shown up Arjuna..*

*He was having a silvery armour glittering  
and the smile as the Moon.*

...

*Empress, sweet princess of the blossomed lands  
Of the ripe wheatfields,  
With heavy, burdened spices...  
Was wanting to take Arjuna as his bride.*

.....

*Rising up from the waters  
With his black locks and the skin as the silver  
He seems a sweet apparition  
Whereon it is shown to the girl  
by the gentle wind.*

....

*Whilst The Sun and The Moon  
Embraced are staying over the waters  
Herds of mild deers  
At the edge of waters  
Come to quench their thirst..*

...

*A kiss, only a kiss*

*Has wanted to steal from her the handsome handy  
From the beautiful girl  
from the forest  
With sweet dreamings flowing on her face.*

.....

*But the thunder of the sea rages  
And splits out the Sky itself  
And snatches the charming Moon from under  
of the Sun soft wing.*

---

*Arjuna has gone into the world as a wanderer  
With his dream of Adonis...  
He was hoping to catch them the white foam of the sea  
In his arms his beloved  
Tenderly and safely*

*Whilst the evening is coming down over the waters  
and slowly is swinging the reed  
And the pale moon among the clouds  
Slowly carries out his Spirit.*

....

*- So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree  
flower, and like an angel from the people  
in the way of my life you go out...*

.....

*te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puia! mea drag.*



*Solilocvii*

*The world, the time is going for me backwards  
As forwards  
The Time. The World, The Existence  
Still has miracles to offer me in the past, to unravel the unknowing  
In the time drained backwards*

---

*It is a time of remembrance and of the interpretation  
eternal alive and actual  
Woven on a single evendimensional  
canvas*

...

*That what makes the time elapsed so beautiful  
Is its unicity  
The fact that it cannot be corrected factually  
Anymore*

....

*But interpretatively  
Just now unfolds itself its generative power  
It is a time of an unique beauty and safety  
The elapsed time  
Offers security  
There is a hermeneutics of the past language  
and of the past action*

.....

*There is a metaphysics of remembrance and of  
endeavouring with sense.*

...

*The future time  
Is uncertain factually  
In it are prolonged all the probable existences  
and it remains the possibility of option  
always opened.*

*It is a responsible time.  
A time where in the being will continue to exist  
And to make  
A time opened factually, evenimensionally  
but still not ready interpretatively.*

...

*On the axis past-future  
I move myself in an infinite parable of the existence  
Where in the present time was sometime the future time  
And it will be sometime the past time.*

.....

*I can only speak about the past with certainty  
Dressing its action in the dress  
of the metaphor  
Always alive of the consciousness and of language.*

.....



*Chant eight*  
*The psychiatry section*

*Darkened worlds drifting away*  
*In the blue night where from they came out*  
*I listen to my heart sweet superstition*  
*Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.*

...

*Shadows had been draining*  
*On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses*  
*Shadows left from the dead world*  
*On the path of living ones*  
*Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset*  
*Have touched his cheek in silent kiss,*

...

*Hideous black shadows  
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face  
Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path  
And a streamer of indelible pains  
Were finding their spring on its crowned forehead.*

*Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday  
Where in the death was digging immortal  
black grave.*

.....

*Caught between today and yesterday, now and then  
Between there and here  
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around  
To his body of bones and pots*

*Freeing him from the sad carapace  
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here  
Where in his soul has found a path  
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp*

....

*Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened  
To the atrocious world from the deep  
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving  
slowly around*

...

*With his eyes large opened over the sunrise  
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips  
He left the body to the world of now  
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives*

*And his soul has flown away towards the imaginary worlds  
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn  
le inbesc, païd men drag.*

.....

*Chant nine*





le 12

*inbese, Victor, puidal men.  
Yoga in Upanishad*

*Without you  
I would have carried with me untold  
The myth of my own life  
My life would have been an eternal cocoon in the crystal  
With the wings stuck up.*

*...  
The development of the personality  
has made itself in silence, before reading the book.*

*...  
Otherwise  
I was having the sensation a while ago  
Overrun by the lightful and darkened figures*

*of the deep  
That I have already read books  
certain books*

*that I haven't read...*

*.....  
so, of instance, it has happened to me  
with the Psychiatric power  
and though, how grateful I was in the end  
That I have read it!...*

*.....  
The most of all it has impressed me there  
The figure of mirror,*

*...  
I have always recognized myself  
In the mirrors offered by the others...  
and by myself  
Through reflection*

*In the deep psychosis where in I had entered  
I was groping like a drowned man  
after the light.*

*.....  
It's so strange, dear reader, from all the photos  
I have made at the hospital  
At the Emergency Hospital from Petrozani  
only in one I appear with my face being hit  
of a merciless psychosis*

*in my hermaphrodite body, where in the adrenaline  
was carried by the fat.*

*...  
I was with Gabriel  
the one with the horse in the gallop  
With the ship with the stretched sails and with a dancing  
woman.  
He alone didn't believe me.*

*...  
I would have always been a cocoon in crystal  
A man carrying with himself the myth of his own life, untold,  
nor to himself  
A butterfly with the stuck wings.*

*I wouldn't have known why the skylines are so red  
What makes the grass thread  
so transparent  
And the leaves to tremble at the frontiere between reality  
and dream, likewise an infinity of eyes  
touching the air*

*and from the bodies of the trees thrown to the sky  
stylized, endless columns*

*.....*

*I wouldn't have known  
But I still have known deeply, undergroundly  
I would have walked happily without knowing why  
On the streets of childhood.*

*....  
My happiness and my unhappiness simultaneously  
have erupted suddenly  
From the Self became a huge cavern.*

*and then I had to discover the myth of  
my own life*  
.....

*The myth of my own life was coming towards me  
from the archetypal figures of the deep  
and I would like to tell you, my reader, that then I have known  
the ecstasy.*

*...  
I don't know too well if then, when I have lived it  
or then when I have written about it  
living it again.*

*....  
The Art is a sharing with the others of your madness, ecstasy  
an your inner happiness.*

*.....  
But in the same time the road where in your Self  
Steps right in front of you  
and you can comprise it, to embrace it with your  
glance.*

*.....  
Dragostea mea, te iubesc și te doresc, Victor. Mântuitorul sufletului meu.  
Savior of my soul, my beloved husband, I want and love you, Victor, my sweet sweetheart, sweet and beloved  
chick.  
Huge cages*





*From unbridled, unrelenting revelations is composed  
The deepest world  
Many umbrellas in the populations and nations  
He's getting upset in his chest, what's too small ...*

*And the army of ardent and tender deaths is over  
On shoulder with a flower, and in the eye  
With another flower  
In the hand with what each has*

*Hardly the source of their life they have suffered, some  
with what they have  
Betrayed, others with what they loved  
Some with long stairs to the sky  
Others with fingers scattered in frost ...*

*In the frost of their own lives, I rather wine, which  
Slowly, it gathers in long rows  
And to your soul, they come to give  
Heavy bruises.*

.....

*The seed of Abraham, and those who wrote the Bible of Varlaam  
gather together  
white bones disappeared  
Prolong, beat on the wide steppe  
And the man who precedes him comes on Friday*

*Wearing sheep's penit on his shoulder, I got up  
Then down, slowly, slowly  
And I straightened. I was the blue Eve  
The young goddess fallen into sin.*

*For my eyes have gone so far in the future  
For I see my bones of white dust  
Full, ancestor of all mankind  
With a strong jaw and my teeth*

*All 32 ... which I would now have.  
if I did not get six  
it's the memory of it, and it does not lie  
and over the past three to four years*

*and the last one appeared to me, and I wear engraved in the tooth,  
centuries and millennia  
and millions of years passed  
since me with my stature hurts*

*in the arm with you I passed  
and in the grinding of aggressive herds, an old, smoky icon  
on the old wall I made myself.*

*Te iubesc nespun, Putul meu Dulce, Victor, Dragul meu.*

*Book of Anime 8*

*First painting*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, Viictor, Dragostea mea.*

*Putul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc nespun, Animacul meu și Achetipul meu,doritul meu soț.*

*Love story*



*te iubesc.*  
*I kiss your arms, your shoulders*  
*I am falling down into the snowing of your body*  
*As into an emerald sea*  
*With the smile of oblivion on my face, of the total oblivion*

*With the smile of everlasting*  
*Remembrance*

*Te doresc și Te doresc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu, Anionusul meu, Arhetipul meu, Dragul meu, Dulceața mea, Iubirea mea, Dragostea mea. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.*  
*Your smile....*



*te iubesc, puiul meu drag.*

*Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind*  
*likewise some sea snakes*  
*bearing the black of the earth*  
*to the sky...*

*....*  
*your smile*  
*carried on coloured waters of air*  
*winds in the rib of matter*  
*likewise an omica carried in the living viscera*  
*of the earth*  
*by an indescribable wind*

*on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music*  
*of the stars*  
*united in this beginning of the year*  
*in the stars' glittering*

cornfield.

*Te iubesc, Victor. Puigorul meu Dulce.  
Te iubesc Mihai. Dragul meu.*

*So tender ...  
Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower desires  
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...  
Contained with the ornate eyes  
Let me embrace a holy Lady*

*...  
The misteries that I have met since then  
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves  
In their light which descends gravely  
I let myself comprised of the charming servant,  
In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest  
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight  
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way  
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.  
Tucked in us a flight to the secret-flight  
the passing of the soul, love  
and exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet  
over your body tender, sweet  
The words are few and cannot comprise  
What has been since then, what is before  
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown  
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability,*

*...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...*

*...  
... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns  
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine  
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest  
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.*

*...  
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us  
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness  
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-  
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust*

*...  
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself  
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter  
Through a dark labyrinth of fields  
Until I touch with the lips the Earth  
Which I stumbled upon  
In the search for tears, what flies flutter  
To me the lobster on my chest  
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.  
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.*



*I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest*

*I miss meeting you, waiting for you  
Translation: Carl Gustav Jung*

*Correction: Natalia Gălățan  
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, puinut meu, dulcele meu.  
te iubesc, Victor, dragul meu soțior.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puinut meu, Dragosteiu mea, Dulceata mea.  
Te doresc, Puinut meu. Te iubesc.  
Te iubesc, Puinut meu Mihai. Te doresc, Puinut mea.*

*Beautiful lily of the line*

*- "Blanca, find out that from the cradle  
The Lord is your bride,  
For you are born, child,  
Out of unworthy love.*

*Hands in the sketch to the holy Ana  
You'll find the one in the stars  
The comfort of your life,  
The salvation of my face. "*

*- "I will not, father, dry up  
My young, cheerful soul;  
I love game, game;  
Living the world of others leaves him.*

*I will not cut my hair,  
What happens to my heels,  
To blindly blind myself to the book  
In incense-smoked smoke. "*

*- "I know better what you do,  
Give the world my thought,  
Hands at dawn we will leave  
Towards the old and holy shrine. "*

*She hears - she cries. - It's like  
He was about to leave the world,  
Deserted thoughts  
And a kiss without a name.*

*And crying the horse,  
Her white horse like snow,  
It cleanses his proud mane  
And crying puts the saddle on her.*

*He steps on it and leaves  
Hair in the wind, head to chest,*

*Don't look at them,  
He doesn't look far.*

*On lost paths in the valley  
It goes on endlessly,  
When the greenhouse red rays  
Dusk from the skies escape.*

*Shade the codri here and there  
Flashes of light ...  
She passed through the leaf in a hurry  
And through the murmur of bees;*

*In the middle of the ridge  
Near the tall and old lime tree,  
Where's the spell?  
It sounds sweet to the ears.*

*Of murmuring delightful waters  
She woke up then.  
See a young man, what's next  
A black horse is riding.*

*With big eyes she looks at her,  
Full of dreams, floating sweet,  
Lime blossoms in black hair  
And on the hip a silver horn.*

*I'm slowly starting to ring,  
Charming and painful -  
His heart was growing longing  
Of the beautiful stranger.*

*His hair touches his hair  
And then the red cheek  
She bends long eyelashes  
Over your eyes.*

*And a smile passes her lips  
Drowned, charming,  
Which guru just opens it,  
The dry one of love.*

*When completely kidnapped  
He leaned toward him from the saddle.  
He stopped singing  
And make them with jelly beans.*

*It includes riding -  
She defends herself with one hand.  
But he still leaves,  
He feels his heart full.*

*And he falls on his shoulder  
Her head upside down;  
As the horses graze beside them.  
She was looking at him with a shower.*

*Only the sweet murmur  
From the enchanted spring  
It melts melancholy  
Their soul intoxicated.*

*From then on, the codri leaves,  
The whole night stands to be seen,  
He paints black shadows  
On a snow-white field.*

*And she always lengthens them,  
And as they ascend to heaven they move them.  
But they pass, they get lost in the codri  
With their lives lost.*

*At the castle in the gate the horse  
He stays in the foam the next day,  
But his beautiful master  
She was lost in the world.*

*The story of the cod*

*I love you, Victor, my sweet baby,*

*The dense forest, the sprinkling, the toys  
The leaves come down dancing  
I sat on the green muscle and listened  
the blue rain pouring*

...

*Quake of the earthquake fir wearing white dress  
Of the gentle Shower  
In the snowy sky, what is crying  
I become nostalgic  
the eyes...*

...

*The luminous living nature of the gentle sky  
empress  
Humus slip through your fingers  
Hands, I expect descent*

*At night, dry hands  
Quake of the earthquake fir wearing white dress*



*Of the gentle Shower  
In the snowy sky, what is crying  
I became nostalgic  
the eyes...*

...

*I love you my love.  
The story I would tell her*

*I love you, Victor, my sweet baby.*

*Whispering gentle springs, the sad flow of Time  
Blue flowers tremble wet  
In the silver voodoo*

...

*I turn my eyes sweet, this moment  
Big  
The droplets sit on the vetina  
Path*

...

*The soft golden blond hair reaches you  
To the ground  
Gently the springs sigh  
a carol, a pale song*

...

*you sit in my lap like tears in heaven  
empty  
you want to listen to my story  
The cool just gives me  
of vest*

*that it closes at night with a trembling seal  
during the day...  
the pale moon unfolding with her mirror  
trembling water ...*

*like a reaper, he casts himself into the darkness and sips  
to you in your arms baby  
I tend my arm blind  
they include you ...*

*in the starry stream for a moment  
drop them beating on the citizen  
path*

*of their wide wings ...*

*....*

*And we will fall asleep near the holy Tea  
She brushes her leaves  
Trembling to  
earth.*

*We'll fall asleep next to the lake that shakes a boat  
Comforted by the pale radius of the moon  
And by the wind beat, we will dream  
a White Arc*

*You and me embrace the world  
Fast waves, pilgrims  
frightened*

*.....*

*Moonset ... dead leaves of autumn  
Dear beloved, traveling  
through genoa  
What a bookmark over your eyes  
Dear! ....*

*I love you and I love you, Victor, my dear baby,  
Clear water flows from the forests*

*From the clear water the streams flow and roar  
give way  
Abyssal stars flow from the black hark  
He looks from nowhere  
His dear girl falls ...*

*On the moving paths the black ship leads  
Light that dampens, light  
what a glow  
The freezing breath of heavy death falls to you  
He looks nowhere else ...*

*His dear girl falls ...  
From the ray of the eternal yesterday lives today who dies  
One day passed, three passed.  
On the moving paths the black ship leads  
....*

*Light that dampens, light  
What a glow ....*

*....*

*Oh, mother, sweet mother  
Out of the dark weather, with your sweet voice  
You call me ...  
And the waters will hurt you, sleep you  
I will always sleep*

*Towards the window I go to the corner  
The cobbler is waiting for:  
I didn't even know how sweet a woman I am  
Deadly*

*You went away like a shadow, like a god  
On heaven, on earth  
You shivered like a leaf blown by the wind,*

*...  
If you had gone with Alta  
By another I think my eyes are dead  
I can still direct you to me  
Gita*

*my dear and beloved baby, Victor, my love  
my beloved and dear husband, I wish you and I love you, my sweet baby.*

### *Song I*

*Story, fairy tale and truth.*

*sadness, reveries  
the world is no longer beautiful after you've written a book  
it's just different.*

*The smile, the abyss is different  
Death, death  
The word, the covenant  
Silence, saying.*

*.....*

*fantastic arabesques unfold from the leaden sky  
whisper, only  
an ivory end  
and the other gray.*

*The saying was silent speaking  
Building and immortality  
Sea and melope  
Moon, sister and Earth -  
Gen.*

.....

*blink high  
and then you jumped on me  
on the lips  
smile, transcribed  
n-long parchments in the abyss.*

....

*voices  
voices  
Stones  
rocks  
They were transgressing the high  
and they hurt my sight*

*with melopeea, geoa blindness  
of the star called earth  
wrapped in the wind*

*shining her ornaments  
before me my maids passed  
too high  
waving their spikes, they threw the seeds  
giant wheat.*

.....

*The second song*

*Pigeon dreamed of gold in the giant sun  
with his sharp silk, which glitters over  
bitter stones  
in the mountain top, small valleys splitting  
what does corn corn crave  
round*

*and it mirrors it in high light.*

...

*black thalassas flew to shore, carrying wings  
of shells and algae  
carrying offshore masts  
with seagulls swarming in the wind.*

....

*bulb circles were made, from which springs  
the note  
until it falls in the white beads everything  
and the proud young sun rose.*

...

*with sun hair and lights  
with soft, warm and clear eyes  
the young prince with a face walks over the sea*

*of Sun,*

*....*

*wide mast near the mast  
and the long sea and the wide sea  
armies flutter on the water, on the clean, matte mirrors  
to look for the brave Adonir.*

*.....*

*clear blue-black  
and dark  
on a sky where it is fixed  
slow zenith*

*we were looking for nights in october  
of fairs  
the one the Wise man told me would be  
the weird,*

*- in the garden of the sky clean in wild boar  
drained the grief  
and rooting in the sandflies  
among corn chips and wheat ears  
we were passing through the ponds  
to a river.*

*thousands of miles passed in a blink of an eye  
up to where, in her heavenly ways  
where  
the white moon, with its celestial rays  
trembling on the windows  
it could be watched.*

*...*

*I heard it in my sleep, from the distant sea  
master and sir  
that he is not a mere mortal  
but the proud sister is in heaven.*

*....*

*he fluttered his wings  
bringing in news, and shaking the news  
they surrounded the gentleman;*

*.....*

*- Oh, Adonir  
stepped forward  
the oldest by port and chip  
we conquered the whole earth  
for you*

*for you are our king  
and at sea we crown you as an admiral.  
master over the black log,  
swell wave  
that you barely kick - touching.*

*.....*

*Oh, tell us your legend Master, how you were born*

*from white foam  
from deep within you came  
and what you bring with you into the world.*

....

*- Oh, Vrednice Kebir, that you are  
do not sit listening to sad stories ....  
for I am not king over the world  
more than that I can't say ...*

...

*I am the Lord your God,  
I am a sad god over the people  
There is the sun in the sky from above - but I do not see  
his sunset.*

...

*as old as the ages  
I'm taking my sad watches  
for I am of an eternity, old as the time  
what will it be.*

....

*I was born now from the waters  
in the world of ordinary mortals  
and this is the second song he murmurs  
whispering sad wind*

*for I was born to die, and I shall die  
to give birth to me  
do not seek these laws to understand them  
the land of emperors is full  
and kings ...*

*but I am your Savior  
Jesus Christ is my name  
for the rebellious crowds Adonir, arriving with him  
spring  
hot zefir.*

....

*Ever since I waited in heaven, it passed  
an eternity  
and my eyes were never given to me to see the white night  
hot naiad, which lights up in the sky,  
- between the stars star.*

....

*I hear she is a royal girl  
what brings his age to a high mountain  
with the herds of deer and deer  
among wild boars lurking in bitter stones  
and that she's proud, loud ...*

*only she knows me,  
O Kebir, forget about Flint  
and the one with the arrows full of arrows  
you all, you come with me  
are you comfortable?*

.....

- Master, Lord on earth, I believe  
without tagging it  
Your word

but I have to see my host  
of will leave the seas wide and rich and will follow you  
wilderness can  
but I have to come to terms ...

...

I see that You are the Sun on earth  
and I think you will die to be born  
but sad they are dear emperors, that we, poor people,  
we will die,

...

show us the Way, be the exhortation, to these hosts  
giddy  
and urgent  
to leave the seas terrible  
and follow you on the ground?

....

- Come on! ... it was like a thundering voice  
the hostels gathered together  
in which the sight of the braver is heated  
We come, we come, or Adonir!

.....

And while sweet it is the insertion  
and in the eyes of the brave man the sea is mirrored  
they all set off as one to the shore  
handle a unique and profound urge.

...

Adonir's footsteps trod the sea  
and at the peak of the mountain among  
bitter stones  
an empress girl named Magdalena  
at the secret time of the night  
wait...

.....

*The third song*

When the moon over Codri kept quiet  
in the shadow of the secret vaults  
oak and amethyst leaves, alabaster and agate,  
Virgo started to hunt.

....

a sky of stars below  
above them I ask for stars  
it seemed like a constant lightning wandering through them.

when sprouting a surrounding  
and I border it on the note  
it seemed like a thought of longing, to ruin everything.

*All ..*

*see that on the first day  
how the light came out  
and among the dark stars at the edge  
of waste water ...*

*she silently stepped softly  
over garnet springs, over agate hardwoods  
and the stars in her hair she picked up ...*

*....  
in his hands the silver cane, so beautiful  
how can I not  
with the human mind it was counted  
with transparent veils  
in alint ...*

*she looked like she was ...  
The silver and sweet moon of the fir tree  
empress  
more proud than any star ...*

*....  
- Marie ... whisper the gentle wind ...  
now when the oak vault is open  
as in an old niche fortress  
step into the beautiful dream ...*

*among the forests of sparkling stars, more proud  
than any god  
step into the round golden circle  
what rotates through the hole ....*

*....  
he went on his way ... Mary sad  
with blue eyes like the poet's dream, they started on the branches  
slowly green  
not the golden city that opened it.*

*on the way she picked up a ring  
with shiny topaz stone, which shone off  
at the feet  
And on which the word Adonir was written,*

*- Oh, Adonir? ... she whispered dreamily  
of you in my sleep I gently heard when  
I spoke with the Wise  
and he told me that you are really the proud Sun ...*

*....  
near the golden fortress was in the middle of the forest  
silver  
a golden circle ... she stepped  
and suddenly he saw himself turning*



*louder and louder...  
on the top of the Moon she was sitting, from the depths of the galaxy  
from the middle of the Milky Way*

*a warm, calm voice, you hear.  
- Oh, Marie, of the gentle, earthy earth  
lord over the galaxy*

*- I brought you to my golden garden, to be his bride  
To the sun from above  
of the genile Adonir  
on his gentle name Jesus.*

*.....*

*the eternal bride you are and he is your bride  
over human destinies  
He will bring righteous salvation*

*Destroy them bloody and bloody on this earth  
it will be fulfilled  
for he heard me  
and he knows that He is My Son.*

*then .... in the year 7000, the sky will break in the mud  
and fire pits  
for his luck will come*

*all over the world  
to reign.  
here, the Golden Fortress, will be his kingdom  
and you will be his eternal bride*

*by Himself long chosen  
and the world of death  
he won't hear.*

*.....*

*Now go back to your palace, but don't forget  
of your ring  
And Jesus has one just as it is written  
your name ... Maria.*

*...*

*out of the shadow of the vaulted vaults, she steps in step  
near the window, where in the corner  
The daylight is waiting for her.*

*.....*

*The sun in his face is beautiful  
fluttering in the sky  
and then Mary know that he is, that it won't be long  
and he will meet you.*

*....*

*the golden circle rotates ...  
more and more slowly  
and the voice over the moss smoothly perish ....*

*The fourth song*

*In the majestic sunrise  
when the flowers of bitterness flowed smoothly, floating,  
on foot  
The black, wooden ships  
they were slowly approaching the shore.*

*Adonir, leading the young god on the water  
his forehead was muddy and foamy  
like a lion*

*step on the waters and the place where the foamy where  
they were touching, they were rotating  
and then slowly in white veils  
on the sides they were detached,  
perished.*

*Kebir vajnic warrior in chain armor  
he looked at the waters as if they were safe  
gentle  
and seagulls rotating in the sky  
then down the line  
they would touch the water with the pleat, and then they would fly again  
to heaven,*

*They were approaching the shore. The cruel hostages  
young sailors were watching with love on their own  
ruler  
Adonir, the beautiful sister.*

*They were approaching the shore  
from the wide oceans, over the salty seas  
diaphanous  
between coral reefs and beyond  
islands grow  
like oases of greenery,  
beauty*

*They were now heading for the shore.  
They watched the restless squirming in the sky  
the islands of Greece, the wonderful one  
From the Aegean*

*from which they were watching  
Santorini, Rhodes, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,  
Naxos, Icaria  
Timber, Karpathos, Patmos,  
Milos, Paros, Syros  
and many more like this ...*

.....

*The mighty army arrived on shore soon,  
the ships threw their anchors  
and a few worthy soldiers in rowing boats  
they threw the nets to catch  
over.*

.....

*Jesus set foot on the shore,  
then he said softly: - Singing children  
of water and earth  
from now on I am Jesus, the Savior  
what he sent  
from above*

*Only those who believe in Me follow Me,  
I wanted to save you from your death  
wandering destiny.  
But we will soon arrive in Jerusalem  
Holy fortress.*

*Only Mary will we get from here  
and then we'll start again  
but let's rest now.*

...

*Three days the hostages rested.  
guarded sailors near the ships  
anchored near the shore  
then they started on the road.*

.....

*- Jesus, we are hungry ...  
said the most courageous Kebir  
on the seventh day,  
We are 500 ourselves.  
How can you starve our hunger  
O, our Lord sent from above? ...*

.....

*they had stopped in a small, fruitless stream  
with dry land and without water.  
we only have 20 fish in our vessels  
travel.*

*and only 50 glues, and the water is over ...  
- Andrei - this is your name right now  
don't be worried I tell you  
but I want you to know that your whole life  
you will change.*

*Jesus stood up  
He walked through the crowd  
Young, older in long jersey shirts  
down to the ground.  
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty,  
they were waiting ...*

.....

*He made a sign to Jesus,  
A prayer  
And then he blesses the water, the sticks and the remaining fish.  
When, wonder!  
The fish were trapped in the vessels  
and flutter*

*the water flowed into clay amphoras, sweet and good  
and the glues softened upon seeing  
with eyes, at three thousand.*

....

*Eat the crowd until they are full.  
then only about 200 were left,  
the others left  
for Elada was shown to be a rich and glorious country.*

.....

*They were tired, they all fell asleep at the tents.  
The light of the trembling stars, caught them  
on the worthy wolves  
on tents.*

....

*Jesus fell asleep immediately  
and in his dream he was meeting Mary  
Magdalena  
than of his fate.*

.....

*The fifth song*

*The Sun-God started on the road with no one  
at dawn  
It was swift as thought  
like light  
when it bursts over the fairy worlds.*

*- In Chaos Lord I returned  
and I would go back to Chaos  
I'm thirsty Lord, of the star lights  
by the resting neighbor.*

*in the place where it melted  
from translucent blacks, and in the circle of lights turned  
a proud young man grows up.  
with blue-dark eyes  
and soft golden hair  
what's on her chest  
on bare shoulders.*

*- O, Adonir, to My Jesus  
a voice in thunder increases  
You are the Sun above, which sparks white  
increase.*

*I miss you, my Son, on the sleepless nights, when  
we were talking about the Earth  
and about soft water  
when this shoulder stiffened  
you were supporting him.*

*It was a constant longing  
what takes you in life  
in the world of ordinary mortals ... and you asked for my  
advice.*

*It was a constant longing  
what kept me from you  
but I knew, without wishing, that Thy way is in  
Humanity,  
here you will find Ursula  
what the stars did not keep you*

*and that you will give it to her  
Your life as a gift.*

.....  
*A work of my hands, breathtaking clay statues  
warm life  
to whom I gave Eden  
he born Cover the whole earth like a leaf  
and like grass.*

*O Jesus, be their Savior  
for their sins had reached to heaven,  
They are sad, bitter and obese*

*that they no longer have Eternal Life  
that Death comes and freezes them, with her cold breath  
and sharp.*

.....  
*- Lord, You are my God  
In the Book of Acts you put them all and spoke through  
old prophets.  
Now is the time for the Messiah to appear in the world  
to wash the world of sin  
with Death pre Death dying.*

*O Lord, I will not know that hour  
When breathing life  
it will fly out of my body  
and I will descend three days into the world of Eternal Shadows.*

*But let Your will be done,  
my heavenly and beloved Father, be it the prepared glass  
of death and pain  
to drink it as you wish.*

....

- Jesus, don't be afraid  
it was like a thundering voice, which then became a whisper  
relief  
Third day of the dead  
You will rise!

.....

You lose Jesus from heaven  
instead of the evening Luceafăr  
and in the golden magic circle, near the illuminated fortress  
Slowly his face began to close  
sweet wonder.

.....

### *The sixth song*

At that time Maria was sitting in the golden garden  
and she deepened her thought,  
passing beside trees with heavy fruits  
surrounded by her young maids

gentle, gentle, thoughtful, Mary at Jesus dream.  
The whole forest floor was covered  
of unmatched heat

of flowers and leaves of precious stones  
which I slow down, like in a dream, with the long skirt of the white dress  
gently snapping, she stepped on them,

Her wavy hair in curly veils, framed her face  
by virgin Marie  
and her blue eyes looked like two small lights  
what the lights were throwing  
sparkling.

Like in a dream  
she bypassed the Golden Fortress and went to the magic circle,  
Golden.  
He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree  
and he was dreaming  
the golden circle.

When he suddenly stepped right in the middle of it,  
Once upon a time he was seen rising in space,  
among the stars  
in a fairy tale setting.

From a star two shining eyes aimed her  
with love and longing.

- Oh, this is Adonir,  
as the wise man once whispered to me  
I'll see him.

.....

*Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria  
and in his eyes he lovingly  
concerned.*

*- So fragrant, you look like the white flower  
of cherry  
And like an angel among people  
in the way of my life go out ...*

*I love you, my dear baby  
Fine.*

*Tibetan monks guard the gates of the monastery  
At the entrance and at the exit,  
Order well, four each  
At the four entrances  
Opposite.*

*.....  
I was floating through the black space, full of sparkling dots  
Sord. Lama  
They can be seen among the white pieces  
By jeratic.*

*.....  
I was a star.  
With dense breath, scattering in thousands of particles  
Opaque.  
My soul was speaking from deep  
and whisper to me from the ground.*

*...*

*...  
Out of the waters was Arjuna, whose skin was white  
Like silver.  
majestic floating on the water,  
in the hands with the horn  
brass*

*self in arms, with pain, full of gentleness  
he calls me.*

*..... ..*

*earth. Endless stretch of water, Fish benches  
Noting sublime  
In pure aquamarine water.*

*.....*

*Riding on a white horse in the dawn of silver  
If you happen to be Arjuna...*

*He wore silver armor, sparkling  
and the smile like the Moon.*

*... ..*

*empress, sweet little lady, of the flowering earth  
of the broken chains*

*with loads, heavy spices ...  
he wanted to take Arjuna as his bride.*

*.....  
rising from the waters  
with black braids and skin like silver  
he looks like a sweet look  
which she shows to the girl  
the wind.*

*.....  
while the Sister and Moon embrace they stand on the water  
soft deer cherries  
at the water's edge they come to adjust.*

*.....  
one mouth, one, only one  
he wanted to steal her handsome, brave girl  
from the woods  
with sweet dreams running down his cheek.*

*.....  
But the thunder of the sea is the sky itself  
it splits him  
and snatch the enchanted Moon  
below the Sun wing.*

*.....  
Priveag started in Arjuna in the world with his dreams  
by Luciferi  
he hoped the foam would catch him white,  
in his arms  
fur and tufts*

*as the evening descends over the waters, they slowly crumble  
reed  
and the pale Moon among us  
slowly the Spirit carries them.*

*.....  
Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria  
and in his eyes he lovingly  
concerned.*

*- So fragrant, you look like the white cherry blossom  
And like an angel among people  
in the way of my life go out ...*

*The seventh song*

*The world, time goes for me back  
Like before*

*Time, world, existence  
He still has to offer me miracles  
In the past  
Let me unravel the unknown  
During the backward lapse*



*It's a time of remembrance  
and of eternal live and current interpretation  
woven on a single canvas  
event-*

*which makes time lapse so beautiful  
it's his uniqueness*

*the fact that it can no longer be corrected  
factual*

.....

*but interpretive  
only now does it reveal its germination force*

.....

*It's a time of beauty and unique security.*

*Past tense  
Provides safety*

*It is a hermeneutic of the past language  
and past action.*

.....

*It is a metaphysics of remembrance  
and meaningful endowment.*

.....

*future tense  
it is uncertain fact.*

*It extends all probable existence*

*and the option remains  
always open.*

*It's a responsible time,  
A time when the being will continue to be  
and do.*

*A factual open time  
Occurrence  
and still unprepared for interpretation.*

.....

*On the past-future axis  
I am moving*

*In an infinite parable of existence,*

*In which present time  
Once upon a time  
and it will be once  
future tense.*

.....  
*I can only speak of the past with certainty  
Dressing her up  
In the coat of metaphor  
Always alive of consciousness and language.*

*The eighth song  
Dark drifting worlds  
On the blue night from which they were pursuing  
Listen to the heart you are  
Hidden deep in the chest of the nose.*

..  
*shadows had flared  
on the ragged face of spasms and diseases  
shadows left by the dead  
on the path of the living  
like large, questioning wings of seagulls at dusk  
They had touched his cheek in silent kisses.*

.....  
*hideous black shadow  
they flowed on his pale, livid face  
in which death digs its way obsessively  
and a flame of unspeakable pain  
the fountain was on his forehead  
vaulted*

*caught between his shadows today and yesterday*

*in which death digs her immortal  
crypt.*

.....  
*caught between today and yesterday, between then and now  
between there and there  
a metaphysical thought was slowly giving way to his body  
from bones and pots  
releasing him from the sad shell*

*and his head seemed open  
the world from here*

*in which the soul found a way  
to fly beyond ruthless  
stone and chain armor*

.....

*leaving the chest cavern open  
the atrocious world from the deep  
in which in a funereal flock thoughts  
from beyond  
they were slowly wandering.*

.....

*with his eyes wide open  
with foam hanging from his bruised lip  
left the body of the world now  
lying in the graveyard of bodies and lives*

*and the soul flies to imaginary worlds  
under the selenium radius of eternity  
mornings.*

*The ninth song*

*Without you  
I would have carried with me openly  
The myth of one's life*

*My life would have been  
An eternal cocoon in the chrysalis  
With wings flush.*

*Development of personality  
he was silent  
Before reading the book.*

...

*by the way  
I had the feeling before  
co-opted by the bright and dark figures  
of the deep  
that I have already read books  
some books*

*which I had not read.*

...

*so it happened to me*

*with Psychiatric Power,*

*and yet how grateful I was  
the end  
that I read it!*

.....

*most impressed me there  
figure of the mirror.*

.....

*I always recognized myself  
in the mirrors offered by others  
and myself  
by reflection*

*into the deep psychosis I was entering  
I was blinding like a drowning  
after the light.*

.....

*how strange, reader  
from all the pictures I took  
at the hospital  
at the emergency hospital in Petrosani  
only in one they appear with the lit face  
of a ruthless psychosis  
in my hermaphrodite body  
in which the adrenaline pump fat.*

.....

*I was with Gabi  
The one with the galloping horse  
With the ship with the carvus outstretched  
and with a woman dancing.*

*He did not believe me alone.*

.....

*I would have been an eternal cocoon in the chrysalis  
A man carrying himself  
The myth of his own life, not even himself  
A butterfly with glued wings.*

*I would not have known  
why the horizons are so red  
what the grass does  
so transparent*

*and the leaves to tremble at the border  
between reality and dream  
like an infinity of eyes  
gasping for air*

*and from the bodies of the trees flung toward the sky  
column stylings  
endless.*

...

*I would not have known  
but I would have known anyway  
deep, underground  
I would have walked happily without knowing why  
on the streets of childhood.*

.....

*happiness  
and my unhappiness at the same time  
they broke off abruptly  
from itself became a huge cave*

*and then  
I had to discover my myth  
own life.*

.....

*the myth of my own life came to me  
from the archetypal figures of the deep  
and I would like to tell you the reader  
that at that time I knew the ecstasy.*

...

*I do not know very well  
if when I lived it  
or when I wrote about it  
reliving it.*

.....

*art is a sharing with others  
of madness, of ecstasy  
pain  
and your inner happiness.*

.....

*But at the same time the way in which your Self*

*Step right in front  
and you can understand it  
to embrace him with his eyes.*

*The tenth song*

*I smile  
as after an interesting family business.*

*I sent my volume  
weighing three kilograms and 5 grams  
205 grams more  
than I had when I was born,*

*How much concentration  
and how much metaphor  
in this head is empty  
brain-free*

*an everlasting scarecrow  
in search of the lost realms  
of childhood.*

.....

*I love you, my sweet baby,  
My dear Victor, I love you very much,*

*I love you,  
...*

*But you went ... sweet wonder  
Flower-blue, flower-blue  
It's still sad in the world ...*

....

*I went through spaces  
And I drank you where you couldn't even  
Think,*

*Why don't I take a deep breath  
Of the death that I suck in my underwear I burn  
And does the bitter star fall ...?*

....

*I asked for a release, but still ...  
I could not  
from me you turn your face dry  
immortal and cold.*

....

*I love you, my sweet baby,  
In memory of my mother, Elena-Mărioara  
I love you, my sweet baby, Tudor, my sweet baby, Victor,  
Bhagavad-Gita*

*my dear and beloved baby, Victor, my love  
my beloved and dear husband, I wish you and I love you, my sweet baby.*

### *Song 1*

*Story, fairy tale and truth,*

*sadness, reveries  
the world is no longer beautiful after you've written a book  
it's just different.*

*The smile, the abyss is different  
Death, death  
The word, the covenant  
Silence, saying.*

.....

*fantastic arabesques unfold from the leaden sky  
whisper, only  
an ivory end  
and the other gray.*

*The saying was silent speaking  
Building and immortality  
Sea and melope  
Moon, sister and Earth -  
Geo.*

.....

*blink high  
and then you jumped on me  
on the lips  
smile, transcribed  
a-long parchments in the abyss.*

....

*voices  
voices  
Stones  
rocks  
They were transgressing the high  
and they hurt my sight*

*with melopcea, geoa blindness  
of the star called earth  
wrapped in the wind*

*shining her ornaments  
before me my maids passed  
too high  
waving their spikes, they threw the seeds  
giant wheat.*

.....

#### *The second song*

*Pigeon dreamed of gold in the giant sun  
with his sharp silk, which glitters over  
bitter stones  
in the mountain top, small valleys splitting  
what does corn corn crave  
round*

*and it mirrors it in high light.*

...

*black thalassas flew to shore, carrying wings  
of shells and algae  
carrying offshore masts  
with seagulls swarming in the wind.*

....

*bulb circles were made, from which springs  
the note  
until it falls in the white heads everything  
and the proud young sun rose.*

...

*with sun hair and lights  
with soft, warm and clear eyes  
the young prince with a face walks over the sea  
of Sun.*

....

*wide must near the mast  
and the long sea and the wide sea  
armies flutter on the water, on the clean, matte mirrors  
to look for the brave Adonir.*

....

*clear blue-black  
and dark  
on a sky where it is fixed  
slow zenith*

*we were looking for nights in october  
of fans  
the one the Wise man told me would be  
the weird.*



*- in the garden of the sky clean in wild boar  
drained the grief  
and rooting in the sandflies  
among corn chips and wheat ears  
we were passing through the ponds  
to a river.*

*thousands of miles passed in a blink of an eye  
up to where, in her heavenly ways  
where  
the white moon, with its celestial rays  
trembling on the windows  
it could be watched.*

*...  
I heard it in my sleep, from the distant sea  
master and sir  
that he is not a mere mortal  
but the proud sister is in heaven.*

*....  
he fluttered his wings  
bringing in news, and shaking the news  
they surrounded the gentleman:*

*.....  
- Oh, Adonir  
stepped forward  
the oldest by port and chip  
we conquered the whole earth  
for you*

*for you are our king  
and at sea we crown you as an admiral.  
master over the black log,  
swell wave  
that you barely kick - touching.*

*.....  
Oh, tell us your legend Master, how you were born  
from white foam  
from deep within you came  
and what you bring with you into the world.*

*....  
- Oh, Vrednice Kebir, that you are  
do not sit listening to sad stories ....  
for I am not king over the world  
more than that I can't say ...*

*...  
I am the Lord your God,  
I am a sad god over the people  
There is the sun in the sky from above - but I do not set  
his sunset.*

*...  
as old as the ages  
I'm taking my sad watches*

*for I am of an eternity, old as the time  
what will it be.*

....

*I was born now from the waters  
in the world of ordinary mortals  
and this is the second song he murmurs  
whispering sad wind*

*for I was born to die, and I shall die  
to give birth to me  
do not seek these laws to understand them  
the land of emperors is full  
and kings ...*

*but I am your Savior  
Jesus Christ is my name  
for the rebellious crowds Adonir, arriving with him  
spring  
hot zefir.*

....

*Ever since I waited in heaven, it passed  
an eternity  
and my eyes were never given to me to see the white night  
hot maiad, which lights up in the sky,  
- between the stars star.*

....

*I hear she is a royal girl  
what brings his age to a high mountain  
with the herds of deer and deer  
among wild boars lurking in bitter stones  
and that she's proud, loud ...*

*only she knows me,  
O Kebir, forget about Flint  
and the one with the arrows full of arrows  
you all, you come with me  
are you comfortable?*

.....

*- Master, Lord on earth, I believe  
without tagging it  
Your word*

*but I have to see my host  
of will leave the seas wide and rich and will follow you  
wilderness can  
but I have to come to terms ...*

...

*I see that You are the Sun on earth  
and I think you will die to be born  
but sad they are dear emperors, that we, poor people,  
we will die.*

....

*show us the Way, be the exhortation, to these hosts*

*giddy  
and urgent  
to leave the seas terrible  
and follow you on the ground?*

*....  
- Come on! ... it was like a thundering voice  
the hostels gathered together  
in which the sight of the braver is heated  
We come, we come, or Adonir!*

*.....  
And while sweet it is the insertion  
and in the eyes of the brave man the sea is mirrored  
they all set off as one to the shore  
handle a unique and profound urge.*

*....  
Adonir's footsteps trod the sea  
and at the peak of the mountain among  
bitter stones  
an empress girl named Magdalena  
at the secret time of the night  
wait...*

*.....*

### *The third song*

*When the moon over Codri kept quiet  
in the shadow of the secret vaults  
oak and amethyst leaves, alabaster and agate,  
Virgo started to hum,*

*....  
a sky of stars below  
above them I ask for stars  
it seemed like a constant lightning wandering through them.*

*when sprouting a surrounding  
and I border it on the note  
it seemed like a thought of longing, to ruin everything.  
All ..*

*see that on the first day  
how the light came out  
and among the dark stars at the edge  
of waste water ...*

*she silently stepped softly  
over garnet springs, over agate hardwoods  
and the stars in her hair she picked up ...*

*.....*

*in his hands the silver cane, so beautiful  
how can I not  
with the human mind it was counted  
with transparent veils  
in alint ...*

*she looked like she was ...  
The silver and sweet moon of the fir tree  
empress  
more proud than any star ...*

*....*

*- Marie ... whisper the gentle wind ...  
now when the oak vault is open  
as in an old niche fortress  
step into the beautiful dream ...*

*among the forests of sparkling stars, more proud  
than any god  
step into the round golden circle  
what rotates through the hole ....*

*....*

*he went on his way ... Mary sad  
with blue eyes like the poet's dream, they started on the branches  
slowly green  
not the golden city that opened it.*

*on the way she picked up a ring  
with shiny topaz stone, which shone off  
at the feet  
And on which the word Adonir was written.*

*- Oh, Adonir? ... she whispered dreamily  
of you in my sleep I gently heard when  
I spoke with the Wise  
and he told me that you are really the proud Sun ...*

*....*

*near the golden fortress was in the middle of the forest  
silver  
a golden circle ... she stepped  
and suddenly he saw himself turning*

*louder and louder ...  
on the top of the Moon she was sitting, from the depths of the galaxy  
from the middle of the Milky Way*

*a warm, calm voice, you hear,  
- Oh, Marie, of the gentle, earthy earth  
lord over the galaxy*

*- I brought you to my golden garden, to be his bride  
To the sun from above  
of the gentle Adonir  
on his gentle name Jesus.*

*.....*

*the eternal bride you are and he is your bride  
over human destinies*

*He will bring righteous salvation.*

*Destroy them bloody and bloody on this earth  
it will be fulfilled  
for he heard me  
and he knows that He is My Son.*

*then .... in the year 7000, the sky will break in the mud  
and fire pits  
for his luck will come*

*all over the world  
to reign.  
here, the Golden Fortress, will be his kingdom  
and you will be his eternal bride*

*by Himself long chosen  
and the world of death  
he won't hear.*

*.....  
Now go back to your palace, but don't forget  
of your ring  
And Jesus has one just as it is written  
your name ... Maria.*

*...  
out of the shadow of the vaulted vaults, she steps in step  
near the window, where in the corner  
The daylight is waiting for her.*

*.....  
The sun in his face is beautiful  
fluttering in the sky  
and then Mary know that he is, that it won't be long  
and he will meet you.*

*....  
the golden circle rotates ...  
more and more slowly  
and the voice over the moss smoothly perish ....*

*The fourth song*

*In the majestic sunrise  
when the flowers of bitterness flowed smoothly, floating,  
on foot  
The black, wooden ships  
they were slowly approaching the shore.*

*Adonir, leading the young god on the water  
his forehead was muddy and foamy  
like a lion*

*step on the waters and the place where the foamy where  
they were touching, they were rotating  
and then slowly in white veils*

*on the sides they were detached,  
perished.*

*Kebir vajnic warrior in chain armor  
he looked at the waters as if they were safe  
gentle  
and seagulls rotating in the sky  
then down the line  
they would touch the water with the pleat, and then they would fly again  
to heaven.*

*They were approaching the shore. The cruel hostages  
young sailors were watching with love on their own  
ruler  
Adonir, the beautiful sister.*

*They were approaching the shore  
from the wide oceans, over the salty seas  
diaphanous  
between coral reefs and beyond  
islands grow  
like oases of greenery,  
beauty*

*They were now heading for the shore.  
They watched the restless squirming in the sky  
the islands of Greece, the wonderful one  
From the Aegean*

*from which they were watching  
Santorini, Rhodes, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,  
Naxos, Icaria  
Timber, Karpathos, Pannos,  
Milos, Paros, Syros  
and many more like this ...*

*.....  
The mighty army arrived on shore soon,  
the ships threw their anchors  
and a few worthy soldiers in rowing boats  
they threw the nets to catch  
over,*

*.....  
Jesus set foot on the shore,  
then he said softly: - Singing children  
of water and earth  
from now on I am Jesus, the Savior  
what he sent  
from above*

*Only those who believe in Me follow Me,  
I wanted to save you from your death  
wandering destiny.  
But we will soon arrive in Jerusalem*

*Holy fortress.*

*Only Mary will we get from here  
and then we'll start again  
but let's rest now.*

...

*Three days the hostages rested.  
guarded sailors near the ships  
anchored near the shore  
then they started on the road.*

.....

*- Jesus, we are hungry ...  
said the most courageous Kibir  
on the seventh day.  
We are 500 ourselves.  
How can you starve our hunger  
O, our Lord sent from above? ...*

.....

*they had stopped in a small, fruitless stream  
with dry land and without water.  
we only have 20 fish in our vessels  
travel.*

*and only 50 glues. and the water is over ...  
- Andrei - this is your name right now  
don't be worried I tell you  
but I want you to know that your whole life  
you will change.*

*Jesus stood up  
He walked through the crowd  
Young, older in long jersey shirts  
down to the ground.  
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty,  
they were waiting ...*

.....

*He made a sign to Jesus.  
A prayer  
And then he blesses the water, the sticks and the remaining fish.  
When, wonder!  
The fish were trapped in the vessels  
and flutter*

*the water flowed into clay amphoras, sweet and good  
and the glues softened upon seeing  
with eyes, at three thousand.*

....

*Eat the crowd until they are full.  
then only about 200 were left.  
the others left  
for Elada was shown to be a rich and glorious country.*

.....

*They were tired, they all fell asleep at the tents.*

*The light of the trembling stars, caught them  
on the worthy wolves  
on tents.*

....

*Jesus fell asleep immediately  
and in his dream he was meeting Mary  
Magdalena  
that of his fate.*

.....

*The fifth song*

*The Sun-God started on the road with no one  
at dawn*

*It was swift as thought  
like light  
when it bursts over the fairy worlds.*

*- In Chaos Lord I returned  
and I would go back to Chaos  
I'm thirsty Lord, of the star lights  
by the resting neighbor.*

*in the place where it melted  
from translucent blacks, and in the circle of lights turned  
a proud young man grows up.  
with blue-dark eyes  
and soft golden hair  
what's on her chest  
on bare shoulders.*

*- O, Adonir, to My Jesus  
a voice in thunder increases  
You are the Sun above, which sparks white  
increase.*

*I miss you, my Son, on the sleepless nights, when  
we were talking about the Earth  
and about soft water  
when this shoulder stiffened  
you were supporting him.*

*It was a constant longing  
what takes you in life  
in the world of ordinary mortals ... and you asked for me  
advice.*

*It was a constant longing  
what kept me from you  
but I knew, without wishing, that Thy way is in  
Humanity.  
here you will find Ursula  
what the stars did not keep you*



*and that you will give it to her  
Your life as a gift.*

.....  
*A work of my hands, breathtaking clay statues  
warm life  
to whom I gave Eden  
be born Cover the whole earth like a leaf  
and like grass.*

*O Jesus, be their Savior  
for their sins had reached to heaven.  
They are sad, bitter and obese*

*that they no longer have Eternal Life  
that Death comes and freezes them, with her cold breath  
and sharp.*

.....  
*- Lord, You are my God  
In the Book of Acts you put them all and spoke through  
old prophets.  
Now is the time for the Messiah to appear in the world  
to wash the world of sin  
with Death pre Death dying.*

*O Lord, I will not know that hour  
When breathing life  
it will fly out of my body  
and I will descend three days into the world of Eternal Shadows.*

*But let Your will be done,  
my heavenly and beloved Father, be it the prepared glass  
of death and pain  
to drink it as you wish.*

....  
*- Jesus, don't be afraid  
it was like a thundering voice, which then became a whisper  
relief  
Third day of the dead  
You will rise!*

.....  
*You lose Jesus from heaven  
instead of the evening Luceafăr  
and in the golden magic circle, near the illuminated fortress  
Slowly his face began to close  
sweet wonder.*

.....

*The sixth song*

*At that time Maria was sitting in the golden garden  
and she deepened her thought,  
passing beside trees with heavy fruits*

*surrounded by her young maids*

*gentle, gentle, thoughtful, Mary at Jesus dream,  
The whole forest floor was covered  
of unmatched warmth*

*of flowers and leaves of precious stones  
which I slow down, like in a dream, with the long skirt of the white dress  
gently snapping, she stepped on them.*

*Her wavy hair in curly veils, framed her face  
by virgin Marie  
and her blue eyes looked like two small lights  
what the lights were throwing  
sparkling.*

*Like in a dream  
she bypassed the Golden Fortress and went to the magic circle,  
Golden.  
He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree  
and he was dreaming  
the golden circle.*

*When he suddenly stepped right in the middle of it.  
Once upon a time he was seen rising in space,  
among the stars  
in a fairy tale setting.*

*From a star two shining eyes aimed her  
with love and longing.  
- Oh, this is Adonir,  
as the wise man once whispered to me  
I'll see him.*

*.....  
Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria  
and in his eyes he lovingly  
concerned.*

*- So fragrant, you look like the white flower  
of cherry  
And like an angel among people  
in the way of my life go out ...*

*I love you, my dear baby  
Fine.*

*Tibetan monks guard the gates of the monastery  
At the entrance and at the exit.  
Order well, four each  
At the four entrances  
Opposite.*

*.....  
I was floating through the black space, full of sparkling dots*

*Sorul, Luna*  
*They can be seen among the white pieces*  
*By jeratic.*

....  
*I was a star,*  
*With dense breath, scattering in thousands of particles*  
*Opaque.*  
*My soul was speaking from deep*  
*and whisper to me from the ground.*

...  
*Out of the waters was Arjuna, whose skin was white*  
*Like silver,*  
*majestic floating on the water,*  
*in the hands with the horn*  
*brass*

*self in arms, with pain, full of gentleness*  
*he calls me.*

.....  
*earth. Endless stretch of water. Fish benches*  
*Noting sublime*  
*In pure aquamarine water.*

.....  
*Riding on a white horse in the dawn of silver*  
*If you happen to be Arjuna...*

*He wore silver armor, sparkling*  
*and the smile like the Moon,*

... ..  
*empress, sweet little lady, of the flowering earth*  
*of the broken chains*  
*with loads, heavy spices ...*  
*he wanted to take Arjuna as his bride.*

.....  
*rising from the waters*  
*with black braids and skin like silver*  
*he looks like a sweet look*  
*which she shows to the girl*  
*the wind,*

... ..  
*while the Sister and Moon embrace they stand on the water*  
*soft deer cherries*  
*at the water's edge they come to adjust.*

.....  
*one month, one, only one*  
*he wanted to steal her handsome, brave girl*  
*from the woods*  
*with sweet dreams running down his cheek.*

.....  
*But the thunder of the sea is the sky itself*  
*it splits him*

*and snatch the enchanted Moon  
below the Sun wing.*

.....

*Priveeng started in Arjuna in the world with his dreams  
by Luciferi  
he hoped the foam would catch him white,  
in his arms  
fur and tufts*

*as the evening descends over the waters, they slowly crumble  
reed  
and the pale Moon among us  
slowly the Spirit carries them.*

.....

*Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria  
and in his eyes he lovingly  
concerned.*

*- So fragrant, you look like the white cherry blossom  
And like an angel among people  
in the way of my life go out ...*

*The seventh song*

*The world, time goes for me back  
Like before*

*Time, world, existence  
He still has to offer me miracles  
In the past  
Let me unravel the unknown  
During the backward lapse*

*It's a time of remembrance  
and of eternal live and current interpretation  
woven on a single canvas  
event-*

*which makes time lapse so beautiful  
it's his uniqueness*

*the fact that it can no longer be corrected  
factual*

.....

*but interpretive  
only now does it reveal its germination force*

.....

*It's a time of beauty and unique security.*

*Past tense  
Provides safety*

*It is a hermeneutic of the past language  
and past action.*

.....

*It is a metaphysics of remembrance  
and meaningful endowment.*

.....

*future tense  
it is uncertain fact.*

*It extends all probable existence  
and the option remains  
always open.*

*It's a responsible time.  
A time when the being will continue to be  
and do.*

*A factual open time  
Occurrence  
and still unprepared for interpretation.*

.....

*On the past-future axis  
I am moving  
In an infinite parable of existence.*

*In which present time  
Once upon a time  
and it will be once  
future tense.*

.....

*I can only speak of the past with certainty  
Dressing her up  
In the coat of metaphor  
Always alive of consciousness and language.*

*The eighth song  
Dark drifting worlds  
On the blue night from which they were pursuing  
Listen to the heart you are  
Hidden deep in the chest of the nose.*

..

*shadows had flared  
on the ragged face of spasms and diseases  
shadows left by the dead  
on the path of the living  
like large, questioning wings of seagulls at dusk  
They had touched his cheek in silent kiss.*

.....

*hideous black shadow  
they flowed on his pale, livid face  
in which death digs its way obsessively  
and a flame of unspeakable pain  
the fountain was on his forehead  
vaulted*

*caught between his shadows today and yesterday*

*in which death digs her immortal  
crypt.*

.....

*caught between today and yesterday, between then and now  
between there and there  
a metaphysical thought was slowly giving way to his body  
from bones and pots  
releasing him from the sad shell*

*and his head seemed open  
the world from here*

*in which the soul found a way  
to fly beyond ruthless  
stone and chain armor*

.....

*leaving the chest cavern open  
the atrocious world from the deep  
in which in a funeral flock thoughts  
from beyond  
they were slowly wandering.*

.....

*with his eyes wide open  
with foam hanging from his bruised lip  
left the body of the world now  
lying in the graveyard of bodies and lives*

*and the soul flies to imaginary worlds  
under the selenium radius of eternity  
mornings.*

*The ninth song*

*Without you  
I would have carried with me openly  
The myth of one's life*

*My life would have been  
An eternal cocoon in the chrysalis  
With wings flush.*

*Development of personality  
he was silent  
Before reading the book.*

...

*by the way  
I had the feeling before  
co-opted by the bright and dark figures  
of the deep  
that I have already read books  
some books*

*which I had not read.*

...

*so it happened to me  
with Psychiatric Power.*

*and yet how grateful I was  
the end  
that I read it!*

.....

*most impressed me there  
figure of the mirror.*

.....

*I always recognized myself  
in the mirrors offered by others  
and myself  
by reflection*

*into the deep psychosis I was entering  
I was blinding like a drowning*

*after the light.*

.....

*how strange, reader  
from all the pictures I took  
at the hospital  
at the emergency hospital in Petrozani  
only in one they appear with the hit face  
of a ruthless psychosis  
in my hermaphrodite body  
in which the adrenaline pump fat.*

.....

*I was with Gabi  
The one with the galloping horse  
With the ship with the canvas outstretched  
and with a woman dancing.*

*He did not believe me alone.*

.....

*I would have been an eternal cocoon in the chrysalis  
A man carrying himself  
The myth of his own life, not even himself  
A butterfly with glued wings,*

*I would not have known  
why the horizons are so red  
what the grass does  
so transparent  
and the leaves to tremble at the border  
between reality and dream  
like an infinity of eyes  
gasping for air*

*and from the bodies of the trees flung toward the sky  
column stylings  
endless.*

...

*I would not have known  
but I would have known anyway  
deep, underground  
I would have walked happily without knowing why*

*on the streets of childhood.*

..... ..



*happiness  
and my unhappiness at the same time  
they broke off abruptly  
from itself became a huge cave*

*and then  
I had to discover my myth  
own life.*

.....

*the myth of my own life came to me  
from the archetypal figures of the deep  
and I would like to tell you the reader  
that at that time I knew the ecstasy.*

...

*I do not know very well  
if when I lived it  
or when I wrote about it  
reliving it.*

.....

*art is a sharing with others  
of madness, of ecstasy  
pain  
and your inner happiness.*

.....

*But at the same time the way in which your Self  
Step right in front  
and you can understand it  
to embrace him with his eyes.*

*The tenth song*

*I smile  
as after an interesting family business.*

*I sent my volume  
weighing three kilograms and 5 grams  
205 grams more  
than I had when I was born.*

*How much concentration  
and how much metaphor  
in this head is empty*

*brain-free*

*an everlasting scarecrow  
in search of the lost realms  
of childhood.*

.....

*Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.  
Te iubesc, Duce meu Victor, Păiul meu.  
Love story*

*With pigeons in the hospital  
it was a beautiful story of love. This was one  
of the main reasons  
why I didn't want to leave salon no. 14.*

*The window on the opposite side of the entrance  
overlooks the roof of the building.  
the cover of the hospital covered  
with a kind of pitch.*

*There, on the mornings, and at noon,  
the pigeons came in search of food.  
From salon no. 15 they were given food at the beginning,  
over the roof,  
then the doves gathered to me,  
in front, and on the window sill.*

*It was beautiful to see them,  
to touch them if they let me, to talk to them.  
I encouraged and loved her very much.  
There were also two or three blue ones,  
with the feather of the dual harps,  
in two colors: they were exceedingly beautiful.*

*Most of them they were blue.  
There was one hit in the head, at back, dark-blue,  
black, every time I whispered a lot:  
Mother's baby, what do you care for,  
what can mother do for you,  
what happened to my darling, his mother's love?*

*Then I would talk to each one separately.*

*A few days later, two white pigeons appeared,  
one completely white  
and one white painted red, rusty.  
I told everyone: make slices at home, chickens of mother,  
dears of mother, look for me at home! ...*

*The pigeons were too adventurous on the squash  
and didn't seem too hungry ...  
so I gave them food to the peacock,  
on the roof, under their nose.  
In general, ugly, black crows did not venture too close.*

*The pigeons swarmed and fluttered away  
like rain showers,  
They would put their beaks between window  
and sill, to pick up the fallen bread  
or even enter the inner window, to eat the fallen bread.*

*I ate two pieces of bread from them in the room.  
All the bread, a lot, which was overflowing,  
I gave to them.  
In one of the last ones one spontaneously  
dropped me a breakdown, a beautiful, small, almost black feather, on the interior window,  
until I spoke to you.*

*There was also a beautiful love story.  
I loved them  
and I love them very much...  
te iubesc, Victor, doritul și dulcele meu puișor, dragostea mea.  
Barbarian Jebir  
After an old poetry*

*Only an island from the ground came out of the sea  
What surrounded her with her big shoes  
Her spine smelled like sah  
Praised at the fame of barbarians*

*From stars and wind, from the sea and sing  
Only she, my lover, was earth.*

...

*Celebrate them dearly ...  
The wind is flowing from full poles  
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths  
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...*

....

*It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...  
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...  
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table  
The food is mixed with the wine  
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...*

*...  
Celebrate them dearly ...  
The wind is flowing from full poles  
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths  
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...*

*Only an island from the ground came out of the sea  
What surrounded her with the big tassels  
Her spine smelled like salt  
Praised at the fame of barbarians*

*From stars and wind, from the sea and sing  
Only she, my lover, was earth.*

*Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu. Te doresc.  
Omyl meu Dulce, Victor, Te iubesc neapus.  
Dulcele meu Tudor, Puiul eu, Te iubesc și Te doresc neapus.*

*Which of the aces*

*Dark evening with scalding scurs  
Flashing lights flash on the hills around  
With the sound of pure metals  
The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.*

*I paused quietly in the light  
from a low lamp to a table in strips  
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly  
keep me on my knees.*

*...  
My mesh stockings  
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks  
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand  
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out*

*Let me give my company ladies a mesh.*

*...  
I go out, happy, I shake my head  
and a hand goes to my mouth  
ruby liqueur ...  
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection  
The pale of the night night innocent lady*

...

*She looks at me with big eyes  
Then he smiles as if guilty  
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker  
In his books he accidentally bent me ....*

...

*We raise, it's a big stake.  
abbey  
The sad lady went to pray  
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin  
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes  
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table,*

...

*With jeans on the table stretch  
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine  
The madness that makes me slow my eye  
Blinking like a dream ...  
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table  
..*

*It then rolls and hisses  
and taking the coins pile  
Which he also laid on his feet  
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly  
Passing by me pulls me a twig.*

...

*I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts  
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders  
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing  
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...*

...

*Come back  
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple  
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...  
It crumbles, then snores again ...*

*The other counts their holes in the net.*

....

*Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.  
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line  
Just grinning at a thought I just knew*

*Passing a bat over his ass  
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...*

*..  
Dark evening with scalding scars  
Flashing lights flash on the hills around  
With the sound of pure rejuvenation  
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...*

*I felt silent in the light of goodbye  
from a low lamp to a table in strips  
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly  
keep me on my knees.  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself*

*My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my sweetness*

*Leg you ...  
Blowing your paw ...  
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain  
Of pleasure, smoke and honey  
An indescribable fall ...  
Kissing your arm  
I'm listening to the call from me  
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy  
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ...*

*...  
Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
I drive away around me all the evils  
... and in general everything blasphemous  
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...*

*..  
Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
I give a new definition to the miss  
and the sense of Amor ...*

...

*Kissing your violin  
Which the stars have set  
I note the existence of creation  
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace  
What's happening to your sweet son  
Easy, easy, easy ...  
... I love you sweet Victor*

*I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented  
My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars te iubesc. te doresc...  
Te doresc și te iubesc, puîl meu.*

*Te iubesc, Dragostea vieții mele, Puîl meu.  
Te Doresc, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc și Te iubesc Tudor, Mihai, Puîl meu.*

*Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...*

*The birds chirp ... a divine song ...  
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple  
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated  
in millions of sperm ...*

....

*We were traveling through the virgin forests  
At high heights from the ground  
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem  
The one I write in my sleep*

*My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars*

....

*I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented*

*I love you, my sweet Victor*

*Te doresc și Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.*

Book of Anime 9Te iubesc. Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.  
First painting

Iubitul meu. te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes...

An endless man  
Suddenly you discover  
That you are not interested in anything  
Nor of the career  
Nor of love  
Nor of friends

...  
You remain lonely on a desert island.

...  
Suddenly you ascertain  
That the animals, the living creatures, the small bugs  
Are more full of Anima  
Than the people  
And you are starting to understand Buddha.

...  
Suddenly you ascertain  
That the solely full of sense is the life  
and death  
and between them. it is stretching like a bridge to the unknown  
so pure, so beautiful  
the creation

...  
That everything that it counts is what you are living now  
this instant  
suspended in time  
lived intensely, in a perpetual present  
stretched in all your fundamental  
gestures  
in birth, wedding, death  
love

.....  
All that I have learned  
I've learned from my Moromets



and from the Comăneșteni orchards  
from my father, from my mother  
from my brother  
from my dearest beloved  
Lying on the porch of the house  
Ordered gently  
As in some sessile coffins  
I tell you  
The only moment is now  
In the branch which is falling down on hazelnut coffins  
The only moment is now  
Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea, te iubesc, puilul meu drag,

The book of Anime 9  
Second painting

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are fitting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered  
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day  
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow  
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams,

--  
Many drips fall into the strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In wet rain, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
Wet od desire, of promise, of the covenant.

--  
She bent warm passion fishes it  
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses  
Like a red-marbled zephyr  
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

--  
and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm comprised his head from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

---

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair,  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...  
Dorian, my love... I love you. I desire you my chicken...  
My soul whispered to him  
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate  
Like a strawberry cream  
Like a wild raspberry, two berries  
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...  
Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck  
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In a shower, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...  
Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow  
like a pot under the presses,

...  
and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm covered him from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...  
Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair,  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...  
Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
T iubesc, Dragul meu Pușor, Victor.

Victor, puilul meu drag, te iubesc.  
Te doreș, Puilmeu. Te doreșc.

Te iubesc. Poaiul emu.  
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri  
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri  
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi  
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –  
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –  
Împrăstiate peste piept  
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu  
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu  
Afrăa stele-albastre, stele albe  
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era o simfonie de culori...  
Cerul albastru se ascunsese printre albiți nori  
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfîrșit  
Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrău.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –  
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –  
Împrăstiate peste piept  
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri  
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri  
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi  
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin  
He seemed to be dead alive

It had blue stars, white stars  
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

--

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...  
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds  
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it  
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

--

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor. Tudor. Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.  
Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea Dulce a Sufletului meu, Iubirea mea.

Întreaga Carte a Animei este dedicată Puiului meu Dulce, Victor.  
The book of Anime X  
Painting one

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu. Drgostea mea, Puiul meu Victor.  
P drumuri tăcute...

Pe drumuri tăcute îmi urmăresc pașii tăcuți  
Te-aștept la-aceleași răscruci  
La ora când umbrele nopții  
Ca niște inimi fragile se cuprind în ultim vals  
De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

--

Buzle mele îți cuprind bucele în calda sărutare –  
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare  
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cuprinzi  
Fulgi de gheață cad încet pe-ai laului  
Oglinzi...

--

--

P drumuri tăcute îmi urmăresc ppașii tăcuți  
Te-aștept la-aceleași răscruci  
La ora când luminărilor nopții  
Aca niște stele de granit se-aprind  
De ce nu-mi vii, de ce nu-mi vii?...

--

Buzle mele îți cuprind buzele în caldă sărutare –  
Păream de apele-nviforate-o mare  
Dulce tu tandru umerii-mi cuprinzi  
Mănunchiuri de trîoi și boz îmi spânzurp de grinzi  
Dece nu-nvii, de ce nu-nvoiii?...

...

Silent roads ...  
On silent roads, I follow my silent steps  
I expect the same crossroads  
At the hour when the shadows of the night  
Like fragile hearts they are contained in the last waltz  
Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

--

My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -  
It seemed to be the great waters  
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me  
Ice flakes fall slowly on the lava  
Mirrors ...

--

--

On silent roads follow my silent steps  
I expect you at the same crossroads  
At the time of night illumination  
Here some granite stars light up  
Why don't you come to me, why don't you come to me?

--

My lips cover your buses in the warm kiss -  
It seemed to be the great waters  
Sweet you gentle shoulders cover me  
Bunch of threesomic and boz hang me from the beams  
Ten you don't live, why don't you send?

...

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu.

*The Book of Anime XI*  
*Painting one*

*Soful meu iubit, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Pădă meu.*  
*Te iubesc și Te doresc, dragostea mea.*  
*Dulcele meu, te doresc.*  
*Pașin a tristețe, pașin a amor...*

*Privindu-ți chipul –  
Subțire, osos, prelung, cu ochii albaștri  
Pe care-i citești blâni  
Puțin triști, puțin depresivi, plecați*

*Cu buze roșii, pline  
Decupate dintr-o pictură impresionistă  
Cu uneri de armăsar costeliv –  
Decupați pe cerul oliv...*

*Cu uneri drepti, puțin povârliti, puțin largi  
De bărbat într-o perpetuă  
Glorioasă tinerețe  
Adăși puțin a tristețe, puțin a amor...*

*Prin mînte în trece ca un flush  
Cuvîntul dor...*

....

*Pieptul arcuit înainte, în cămașă  
De-un albastru pal  
Lasă să se vadă gâtul, prelung, ca de lebădă  
Cu mînd delicat al lui Adam*

*și mai jos, înecînd pe piept  
între o dezordine erotică  
lînșisorul pe care ți l-am trimis undeva, cîndva...  
cu crucea lui Crist,*

...

*Întreg chipul tău aș vrea să-l iubesc, să-l rănesc...  
Întreg trupul tău  
Aș vrea să-l ciocnesc de al meu  
În ciocniri plastice, elastice*

*În descărcări magnetice și electrice  
În ploai eterice și-n fulgere colosale, năucitoare  
În care bărbăția-ți joacă  
În ploai rodnice, peste florile ude  
din grădină...*

....

*Dar, straniu. Ceva mă oprește...  
Ochii tăi plecați  
În care se citește o tristețe dincolo de fire  
și care cerșesc cuvîntul iubire....*

*.....te iubesc, puțul meu.*

*dîndu-te, dărîndu-te întreg, nu-mi rămîne*

*decât să mă întreb  
din ce ploi albastre întoarse în zenit  
s-a alcătuit*

*surâsul tău fraged, de fecioară neprihănită  
și buzele ce le-a mișcat  
...ce dulce, necunoscut ursită?...*

*buze nu caprinse de-al corupției mușcat  
ei de visu-ți, dulce, de poet  
un poet al existenței, al zborului  
dar mai ales al gândului, al dorului.*

*Privindu-ți chipul –  
Subțire, osos, prelung, cu ochii albaştri  
Pe care-i citești blânzi  
Puțin trști, puțin depresivi, plecați*

*Cu buze roșii, pline  
Decupate dintr-o pictură impresionistă  
Cu umeri de armăsar costeliv –  
Decupați pe cerul oliv...  
Te doresc, dragostea mea.*

*Cu umeri drepti, puțin povârniți, puțin largi  
De bărbat într-o perpetuă  
Glorioasă tinerețe  
Aduși puțin a tristețe, puțin a amor...*

*Prin minte în trece ca un flash  
Cuvântul dor...*

*Te iubesc și te doresc nespus. Victor, priul meu,  
dulcele meu.*

*Te iubesc, dulceața mea, priul meu. Victor, Priul meu dulce, dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc.  
Animes*



*Doi ochi albaștri o priveau pînă și dintr-un  
Nor de foc  
Cu-acea privire plină de un elan tăcut,  
Introvertit a tinereții*

*Întregul lui chip transmitea un limbaj non-verbal  
Fără cuvinte, dar cu atât mai pregnant...  
Deși erau și câteva cuvinte  
Scrise pe-un plic, în spate*

*Inițiativă, sugativă, curaj, sevrăj...  
și-o sticlă mică de apă minerală borsec pe masă  
din care se vedea doar sec  
și din care deduceai că tînărului personaj*

*îi place vinul sec.  
Haîna de costum în cloș, oprindu-se puțin mai jos pe piept...  
și-un surâs, abia schițat, cu buze pline,  
un surâs senin și neforțat*

*lăsînd să se vadă splendoarea buzelor, arătîrea lor tragică  
într-o dăruire totală, covârșitoare  
precum privirea... puțin cruciș  
gata să-și ia zborul, undeva deasupra capului tău*



*un efect coriolis straniu, al privirii deviate puțin la dreapta –  
de razele solare  
de n-ar fi cea mai îndrăzneță, mai groa și mai illogică concluzie...  
corelându-se cu munitozitatea imaginii*

*făcută să stoarcă fărâme de sublin  
din fiecare amănunt...*

...

*Izbîndu-te cercurile albastre  
Pe-un caiet alăturat, precum cele din proiectele de lecții  
Haina îmbrăcăasă plin, dar lăsînd spații în mînele  
De brațe primăvăratice*

*și neformate  
picioarele ascunse sub masă  
precum tot ce-ar însemna în mod fizic bărbăție  
dar chipul vorbind de la sine*

*pentru această bărbăție  
care n-are nevoie de amănunte fizice  
ci de imponderabile suflatești, și de trăsuri ale feței  
blînde, netezi, drepte, adînci*

*precum bridele în carnea obrazului fraged.  
O, Adonis!...  
m-am îndrăgostit fulgerător  
de moarte la Veneția*

*ignorînd tinerețea trușasă, orgolioasă a acestui youngman  
sau poate tocmai de aceea...*

*cămașă deschisă la gât  
păr castaniu cu șuvițe blonde căzându-i de o parte și de altă a feței  
un gât imberb  
un surâs bărbătesc și deplin*

*o caracterizare făcută prin bufășire, expresiv, gestică  
limbaj non-verbal  
o potență ținută în zbor, ca o imagine dinamică  
surprinsă static*

....

*Valuri regresive de memorie, trăgându-se în inconștientul colectiv  
și cam în tot ce am scris  
și am citit  
o amintire de teneliile ființei*

*și de forța surprinzătoare a Animusului  
care te privea zîmbind  
cu ochii într-o dimensiune ideală  
de mire încins cu brîul dragostei*

*Într-o dăruire totală și covârșitoare,*



*Victor, dulceața mea, sufletul meu. Anima și Animusul meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu pușor.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puilul meu.*

*Zori de zi*

*Dimineți târziu...*

*Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...*

*Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi  
și în păr*

*cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...*

*...*

*ți-am căutat în trup*

*misterul cu un necunoscut inocent duh*

*ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur*

*pe buze moi ca dulce fagur*

*...*

*Sofie mamă iubită o străină  
Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină...*

*E amorală-mi existența  
Din care eu extrag esența.*

.....  
*Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți  
Albi, dulci senini  
Ai stînsei dîimneți*

*Înclin capul puternic în al meu vis  
Căutând în sine-mi tablicu-ți surâs.*

...  
*Tristețe?... nebulă?... un strop de apatie?...  
Nu e nimic apatic și trist  
În al tău surâs*

*Din care cant visul meu ucis  
În alte kali-înga ce-au fost  
și-au să mai fie..*

...  
*Un dor de moarte mă cuprinsese  
De un lăceafăr ce sub frunte  
Prezintă universul în degetul lui mic*

*Doar o părere e acum, un vis zadarnic  
și amar  
iubit deopotrivă cu unic.*

.....  
*fi-am cântat în trap  
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh  
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur  
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur*

*te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puilul meu.  
Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puilul meu.*

*Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, dragostea mea.  
Încercarea cirezilor agreste*

*O viață atât de mizeră  
Înălțându-se pe meterezele lui "a fi"...  
ne-am trezit cu sentimentul că nu mai am  
nimic să comunic  
decît stări mentale  
decelarea conștiinței în mersul ei intermitent*

*printre lucruri,*

...

*și ce e poezia?... altceva decât o stare mentală?  
Mai mult chiar decât o stare de spirit?...  
Stări exaltate, maniacale*

*În care pătrundeau până la mine mirosul de metal  
și de crini  
efluviu de parfion cu o sursă necunoscută  
neidentificabilă altunde decât în  
propria mea mină.*

...

*În alte condiții m-aș fi speriat.  
Dar știam că sunt o consecință  
A unei decompensări psihice grave  
Halucinațiile olfactive.*

..

*Mama intrase pe la mine  
i-am spus că simt miros de metal - și-apoi de crini  
dar ea a schimbat vorba...*

*sperând mereu că mă fac bine  
întru din ce în ce mai adânc în falia  
inconștientului  
care se amestecă într-atâta cu propria mea  
viață, în stare de veghe  
încât nu le mai deosebesc...*

.....

*O stare halucinatorie lucidă  
Precum cele pe care le am de câțiva ani  
Cu ape ordonate, colorate  
Pe care le port în fața ochilor mei  
Dintr-o cameră în alta*

*Văzându-le pretutindeni îmi îndrept privirea  
Ca o întipărire colorată a apelor  
monitorului  
Tâind din înecarea cirezilor agreste  
Un joc secund mai pur...*

.....

*În fața provocărilor neiertătoare ale vieții  
Nu-ți rămâne decât  
Să înăbuși pornirile groaznice*

*Ce n-ana cale de rezolvare –  
Tâind pe încercu cirezilor agreste  
Un joc secund mai pur.*

...

*Convertind pe Eros în Thanatos  
și întâmplarea anecdotică  
cum ar spune Eugen Simion  
în devoțiune, în Bhakti Yoga  
care în cazul meu*

*a funcționat întotdeauna fără greș.*

*Dulceata mea, Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu,*

*Pădure de spirite*

*Sufleind ei pluti tremurător, speriat peste livada de pruni  
Din grădina lui Dumitra  
Subțiri și contorționați, cu coaja scorașită  
Din mica livada aflată în vale, într-un loc doarnic  
Călcăt de fiare, de urși și lupi  
În care ajunseser din știu cum, ea și Băjar*

*Probabil în cânture de prune...*

...

*Erau prune brumăriți, mari și gustoase, dulci...*

...

*Apoi se ridică peste ei, peste o pădure de mesteceni, subțiri  
Albi, dreptși, ce câtau spe cer  
În lumina slabă a înserării  
Ca le lumina trunchiurile  
și sfășiau negurile din lăuntrul lor*

*era o pădure de dalburi, de spirite...  
ei trecuse dincolo, în moarte  
și zbura lin peste ei  
acolo unde se sfârșeau pădurile și începeau zorii  
poate o nouă viață, sau numai intensități  
în singurătate  
până ce avea să întâlnească sufleul tău  
și împreună vor sfășia gurile de lumină  
ale dumnezeirii.*

*Dulcișor Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc, puișor dulce.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu Animus. Te doresc, dulcișorul meu drag. Dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu, te  
iubesc nespus.*

*Dragostea vieții mele, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, priul meu, Victor, dragul meu,  
Înflăcărat Arjuna (part two)*

*M-am rostogolit încet într-un trecut abstract  
Într-un anotimp închis într-o carte...  
Din care la un capăt deslușii întrezării  
Cum se-îveyte la un fir de vers  
cavântul moarte*

*surâd, cu ochi mari de frică și de bucurie  
prin minte se perindă sărutări  
o mie  
și ispăiri de înec  
de care ochiul e sec.*

...

*Ascultam aceleași muzici ale sferelor...  
Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura  
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic  
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie  
și ardea cu o prea roșă, fierbinte  
vălvătaie...*

...

*A simți monstruos – și a gândi pantagruelic –  
ca din oceane simțirile îmi izvorăsc  
ca din neant, din vid aripi îmi cresc  
și mintea poroi să se-ndrepte pe căi ale morții –  
corp de lumini angelic.*

....

*Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura  
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic  
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie  
și ardea cu o prea roșă, nebuinească  
vălvătaie...*

*Timpul se mică, se mări  
și în vârtejul-i unic mă cuprinsese  
aș fi vrut să strig, dar nu puteam  
prin somn visai că am murit... lumina lunonării încet  
malcom se stinse...*

...

*Moartea în orbita-i flamă roș  
Venea să-mi ceară sufletul în vamă  
Prin noaptea minții beată azii  
Din noaptea adâncă ei cum mă recheamă...*

*Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura  
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic  
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie  
și ardea cu o preu roșă, extatic  
vălvătaie...*

...

*Beatitudine?... vis?... orbițe?...  
Viața mi-e decât un vis pe care îl visăm în moarte fiind...  
și mă predai-n nianul de senzații  
ce mă inunda, aproape ca și când...*

*sufletul meu prea mic ca al unui papagal  
va zbura în oceanul verde de ninsoare  
și avântându-se zăpăc, bătând cu scara-n cal  
se va-afunda în capătul de zare...*

*ce mă va acoperi, blând  
c-zuu zâmbet sfânt  
eu m-am lăsat să mă transform în vânt...  
o mână de pământ.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, priul meu.  
Nexus*

*Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind  
We have forgotten about giving, about donating  
We aren't moved by anything  
In our poor life of larvae*

*The sense and the eschatology of living  
Is refused to us*

*Carrying our poor life of larvae  
We don't know about anything, we don't want  
To know  
Anything in addition to our common thoughts  
So predictable*

*Anything in addition to our acts  
So mediocre*

...

*We have forgotten about giving, about donating  
About dying for love*

*About dying for an ideal, for the supreme  
Burning*

*In the incandescent flames of of our lives  
We take every day all from  
The beginning  
Caught in the spider web of the convenience  
And of the routine*

.....

*Grotesque and powerless witnesses  
In the great process which is life  
Not having ever the possibility to decide  
About our destinies*

*Not having the liberty, the free will  
From which is born the beauty and desperation  
The ineffable mistery of being alive  
The pure enigma and the wonder*

*To love until the exhaustion  
Until we meet the other one at the other end  
Of our aims, of our souls  
Of our bodies.*

...

*Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind  
We have forgotten about giving, about donating  
We aren't moved by anything  
In our poor life of larvae*

*The sense and the eschatology of living  
Is refused to us*

*Carrying our poor life of larvae  
We don't know about anything, we don't want  
To know  
Anything in addition to our common thoughts  
So predictable*

*Anything in addition to our acts  
So mediocre*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc nespūs, nespūs, Păiul meu. Tedoresc, Dulceața mea.*

*Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
Fantasmă*



*În acea seară am avut un reve-eveille cu tine, puîl meu  
Foarte pregnant și puternic  
Decupat dintr-o dată din oceanul de impresii  
și sentimente care este lumea  
întipărită pe scoarța tu cerebrală...*

*te-am imaginat lăsându-te în brațele mele  
fără putere  
speriat și neajutorat  
sărutându-ne într-un potop de sărutări*

*simplu-ți trupul, vulnerabil, lipsit de forță și voință  
în îmbrățișarea mea.*

...

*Vezi, dragul meu, feminitatea din tine a ieșit la iveală  
Într-un reve-eveille foarte intens  
Pe când maculinitatea din mine  
Modela trupul tău ca o bucată de lut*

....

*Sărutările ne uneau în miezul nostru cel mai profund  
Profund feminin...*

*și atunci am știut, puîl meu  
că te iubesc pentru vecie,  
Te iubesc pentru eternitate, Puîl meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea,*

*Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea,  
Fantasmă*

*În acea seară am avut un reve-eveille cu tine, puîl meu  
Foarte pregnant și puternic  
Decupat dintr-o dată din oceanul de impresii  
și sentimente care este lumea  
întipărită pe scoarța ta cerebrală...*

*te-am imaginat lăsându-te în brațele mele  
fără putere  
speriat și neajutorat  
sărutându-ne într-un potop de sărutări*

*simplu-ți trupul, vulnerabil, lipsit de forță și voință  
în îmbrățișarea mea.*

---

*Vezi, dragul meu, feminitatea din tine a ieșit la iveală  
Într-un reve-eveille foarte intens  
Pe când maculinitatea din mine  
Modela trupul tău ca o bucată de lut*

....

*Sărutările ne uneau în miezul nostru cel mai profund  
Profundul feminin...*

*și atunci am știut, piul meu  
că te iubesc pentru vecie.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus. Piul meu.*

*Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu drag, Piul meu.  
Te iubesc, Tudor, Animalul meu dulce.  
Buze roșii*

*Tăcute, cadențate, monotone  
Orele se lasă  
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit  
Înainte vreme*

*Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire  
A iernii albă amăgire...*

---

*În brațe te cuprind când vine ora de culcare  
și ne șoptim –  
o nebunie  
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie*

*și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare  
cu ardore...*

.....

*Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea  
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare  
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare  
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, iubitul-mi dulce*

*Sărut buze amare  
Buze dulci buze amare*

*și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare  
cu ardore...*

.....

*În brațe mă cuprinzi când vine ora de culcare  
și ne șoptim –  
o nebunie  
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie*

*și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare*

*cu ardore...*

....

*Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea  
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare  
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare  
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, înbit-am dulce*

*Sărut buze amare  
Buze dulci buze amare*

*și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare  
cu ardore...*

....

*Tăcute, cadențate, monotone  
Orele se lasă  
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit  
Înainte vreme*

*Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire  
A iernii albă amăgire...*

*Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.  
Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Dragostea mea.*

*Victor, puilul meu, dulcele meu, te iubesc și te doresc nespus. Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu drag,  
Autoportret în stare de veghe*

*În camera goală  
O femeie ca la vreo 46 de ani  
Râde de una singură în hohote.  
Toamăi ce-a scris un comentariu literar, plin de greșeli te iubesc, dulcele meu drag, puilul meu,  
de ortografie  
Pe care l-a dat publicării.*

....

*În cameră e o mizerie sordidă.  
Farfuriile goale și cu mâncare zac una peste alta  
Într-un colț al mesei  
Alături de florile vestejite, în staniol  
Primite de 1 și 8 Martie.*

....

*Căni goale, de cafea  
Căni murdare, pur și simplu căni murdare  
Cutii de țigări Tub Elegant, lângă monitor, alături  
De punga de tutun, pe jumătate uscat*

*O scrumieră pătrată de sticlă  
În care scrumul de țigări  
A făcut o pojghiță groasă*

*Cu trei chigetoace înăuntru,  
Masa spălăiă de mântuială, cu urme de tutun vărsat  
și de scrum de țigări  
un pix  
un pieptene  
o candelă în formă de biserică cu rozetă.*

.....

*Camera Sambo e foarte primitoare  
Pe vremuri i-a aparținut fratelui ei Bujer,  
Parchetul, stricat, umflat, uscat  
E ros acolo unde ea trage fotoliul primitiv, lângă masă  
Pentru a putea scrie,*

.....

*O dezordine primitoare,  
Camera e verde.  
Cășurile ei, în partea superioară,  
sunt maronii, cu de igrășie  
Din cauza fumului de țigară.*

*Pe peretele din spate, icoane,  
O mică icoană cu Maica cu pruncul, cumpărată de curând  
În care Maica, cu coroană pe cap  
E mângăiată pe obraz  
De Fiul ei prea sfânt,*

*O desuetudine și-un umor ascuns  
Zace în toate aceste lucruri împrăștiate  
Claie peste grămadă, spălate, pe un fotoliu  
lângă fereastră.*

.....

*Cea mai plină de umor e Ea  
O femeie între două vârste  
Îngrășată artificial pe zpații mici  
Cu formele între voluptate și revărsare  
bahică, pantagruelică*

*Cu părul strâns într-o coadă, la spate  
și cu ochii în două cercuri cafenii, de fumător  
înveterat.*

....

*Fără îndoială că ceea ce scrie e interesant.*

*Dar ea cu ființă umană  
E o combinație între ridicol, derizoriu  
și sublim.*

*Oțtează, după ce a răs din toată inima  
Încercându-se într-o țușe tabacică.*

*Încă se mai simte vinovată  
Când râde, când zâmbeste  
Când se scutură de răs într-o pornire ironică  
Față de ceea ce scrie și față de ea însăși.*

---

*Cuvintele cu dublu înțeles  
Împletirea ingenioasă de sensuri  
Posibilă prin greșelile de ortografie  
Îi aduc un zâmbet străluminat pe chip  
Convertit în hohote uriașe de răs.*

..

*E urâtă.  
Știe că e urâtă.  
Tot ce i-a rămas e acrisul  
Din care răzbată din adâncuri  
O funță misterioasă, pură  
O funță inteligentă și cu sex-appeal.*

..

*Erotismul poeziilor ei e covârșitor,  
Ființa din adâncuri e foarte erotică  
și enigmatică  
are tot ceea ce ei îi lipsește.*

---

*Chipul ei impenetrabil  
Lipsit de erozie  
Nu lasă să se vadă  
Tot clocotul de gândiri și pasiuni  
Al unei ființe reale  
Alcățite din carne și oase, din adânc.*

---

*Cu timpul prăpastia ce s-a săpat între cele două  
a devenit covârșitoare.  
Tanti roz  
Imaginează fantastic, hmi în derivă  
Construiește și dăruiește  
e-un zâmbet*

*universuri interioare nefârșite.*

...

*Trăirea concomitentă  
Spălată de convulsii și de maladii  
N-a devenit încă posibilă.*

*Tanti roz e un priuț Macențiu al bolii  
și-al visărilor profunde.*

*Înregistrându-și cu maximă voluptate  
Fazele bolii, nuanțele ei  
Ca un bolnav incurabil de alcoolism  
Se lasă să alunece, deplin sănătoasă, normală  
În câte-o poezie.*

.....

*Mintea ei e o grilă de înțelesuri paradigmatică  
Un ogor arat ordonat.*

*Ca o piramidă suprapusă de înțelesuri și de sensuri.  
Simțirea îi joacă feste țușă  
și-o înalță pe-o falie a durerii  
din care au devenit posibile  
toate lumile imaginare cu inteligență  
dar pline de o simțire primitivă  
și de-o senzație infantilă.*

....

*Gândire intuitivă  
Simțire senzație  
Sau senzație simțire, gândire intuitivă?...*

.....

*Preocuparea de tipuri patologice  
A ajuns la paroxismi în ultima lună.  
Peste tot vede monai lipare, prototipuri și arhetipuri.*

.....

*Lăsându-se să alunece  
Pe cte-o melodie halucinantă, budistă  
În misterele ființei ei  
A cunoscut agonia și sublimul.*

....

*Ajungând să nu mai vadă tipuri  
Ci persoane*

*Ființe individuale unice,*

...

*Căci ce altceva e arta  
Dacă nu un tipar  
și o ieșire concomitentă din tipar?...*

*vânat și vânător  
încingător și învins  
totuși nu decât o centrare infinită  
pe centrul de greutate al propriei persoane.*

....

*Din care, în ultima vreme  
s-a trezit cu dureri imense de gât  
din cauza înțepenirii imobile în fotoliu  
urmând fuga intermitentă a gândurilor  
sublimul, abjecția și demonia lor  
monologul polifonic.*

.....

*Pendulând între înălțimi ametoitoare, nămănoase  
și sări de vid interior  
din care numai somnul furat într-o dimineață  
preț de două cenuri  
a mai salvat-o din predarea totală, absolută și covârșitoare  
stărilor ei sufletești paroxistice.*

*Ca o maree veneau și-i spălau sufletul,  
Ca o baie de foc  
Din care a ieșit la sfârșit  
c-un gust de cenușă  
și cu cenușa ei împrăștiată celor patru vânturi.*

....

*Demonstrând sublimul  
Nu rămâi cu nimic  
Decât c-un Graul jalnic  
În care înseși forțele lumii, demontate până la derizoriu  
Se fac purtătoare unei lumi desacralizate  
Din care sensul a fugit  
Prin lipsa exercitării actului hermeneutic  
Singurul care înzestrează viața cu sens.*

*Te iubesc, păiuș meu drag.*

*Te iubesc, Animusul meu iubit, Arhetipul meu, Păiuș și Păiușorul meu, Fiul meu, Dulcele și Iubitul meu.*

*Victor, dulceața mea, te iubesc.  
Te doresc și Te iubesc. Tudor, priul meu.  
Natură imaterială*

*Noian de neguri ce mă înconjoară  
Emoții stinse în cuvinte...  
Privesc în urmă, înainte  
și viitorul ca un vitraliu verde, plin de mozaic*

*e stins n-fantasme albe  
ce flutură în șaluri roz, platină, prinse  
de cerul jos, verde și mic.*

....

*Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială  
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce  
Unică vioră  
Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi  
Bicisnic și năuc.*

...

*Din adâncuri fetele, fetele și florile  
Caută bionic zălăle  
Ploaia să le ude  
Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude*

*gvoaie pline de orgasm  
în care și-au necat tăcututul lor marasm.*

...

*De-a fi să mor, nu am un alt dor  
Decât să murim  
Îmbrățișați  
De patina dorinței în partaj.*

.....

*Tăcete, ivori, orele mate ale dimineții zboară  
Portate pe strune albe de vioră  
pe care juca stăpânul ca un șap înjunghiat  
... domnița saferă*

*În cartea mea.*

..

*Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială  
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce  
Unică vioră*



*Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi  
Bicisnic și năuc.*

...

*Din adâncuri fetele, fetele și florile  
Caută bicisnic zălude  
Ploaia să le ude  
Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude*

*șuvoaie pline de orgasmi  
în care și-au necut tăcutul lor maram.*

*Te iubesc, Dulce Puigor, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, Puilul meu.*

*Te iubesc.  
Solilocvii (2)*

*Te doresc, puilul meu dulce, nespui.  
Din amărăciunea constatării  
Că sunt singură pe lume  
Se naște o durere surdă, vecină cu nebulia, apatia și moartea.*

*Nu înțeleg oamenii...  
Mobilizările acțiunilor lor îmi sunt străine  
Nu mă cunosc decât pe mine  
Cu adevărat*

*De la o zdreanță până la altă zdreanță  
Până la tiv  
Până la os.*

...

*Vocea de dincolo  
Îmi pare o amăgire amară  
Amăgirea supremă a propriei mele vieți.*

*O amăgire care durează de treisprezece ani  
Cătorde  
Care mi-a ros sufletul de pe oase  
Până când n-a rămas decât o ciozvârtă de carne  
Un os gol, arătat vidului.*

...

*Sunt un om distrus cătorde  
Un om distrus de dialoguri imaginare  
Cu un om  
Pe care nu l-am văzut niciodată.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc nespui, Puigor Dulce.Dragostea mea, nespuiă din suflet.*

*Te doresc nespus și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Autoportret în stare de veghe (2)*

*Mă adun cu greu te iubesc dulcele meu.  
Din noianul de emoții și sentimente ce m-au copleșit  
De vreo lună și ceva încoace.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulceața mea, Animusul meu dulce.  
Totul în exterior  
E așa lipsit de sens...  
Sper ca numai eu să gădesc sensul  
Printre-un efort continuu, hermeneutic  
În interiorul meu.*

*E foarte greu  
Când știi că la un capăt te poate aștepta moartea  
Buddha sau Iisus...  
Ca realități metafizice ale sufletului tău  
Ce va cunoaște poate pentru a doua oară  
În viața sa Iluminarea.*

....

*Zâmbesc cu amărăciune. – O viață atât de scurtă de om  
Pentru trăiri atât de intense!...  
Mă întreb cu ce-am greșit și unde am greșit  
Altundeva decât în faptul că m-am născut  
Cu o frunte bombată de poet.*

...

*Lumea te îngrădește într-un colț  
și te forțează să devii ceea ce întotdeauna ai vrut să fii...  
o virgulă târzie într-un op de poezie...*

..

*Dragi cititori  
Mintea mea e atât de bolnavă  
Ca un burete spongios  
Ros și umflat, plin de crăpături  
Încât nu mi-a rămas decât ca, într-un colț al creierului*

*Să creez, să recreez lumea fantastică  
a realității  
O realitate care a eliminat barbarismul existenței  
Lipsa enluă de sens  
și de sincronicitate.*

....

*E trist cât nu înțeleg nimic...*

*Din ochiurile tricotaajului ai scăpa slingher  
și ambli, fricos, temător și neajutorat  
printre rânduri  
destrămându-te până la totala epuizare  
până la totala epuizare a ciorapului.*

..

*Cu timpul această beatitudine a devenit o corvoadă.  
O corvoadă pe care o îndeplinești  
Pentru blunele societăți  
Pentru a-i asigura bunul ei mereu înaltate.*

*Spitalele de alienați sunt mai goale  
Oamenii incomozi mai puțini  
Se înmulțesc opurile de poezie,*

..

*mi-e dor de Natură  
pe care n-o mai văd decât dinăuntru  
din camera mea Sambo și din întunecimea  
propriei minți.*

...

*știi, cuvintele au un dublu sens,  
Spre deosebire de Eminescu  
Care folosea un lexic de origine savantă  
De proveniență latină  
Eu folosesc multe cuvinte din vocabularul fundamental,  
Cuvinte neoșe românești  
Cuvinte dacice.*

...

*Era un joc sau o glumă în copilărie  
Cu daci și romani  
Eu, familia, prietenii mei din copilărie  
Eram toți daci...*

...

*Câteodată mi-e dor de Simona, aș vrea s-o îmbrățișez  
S-o întreb pe unde-a mai fost  
Ce-a mai făcut  
Ce-i mai fac copii.*

*În genere e singura prietenă la care mă mai gândesc... uneori...*

....

*Viața e scurtă*

*Respirația e zăierătoare  
La un capăt te așteaptă Buddha sau Iisus  
La un alt capăt moartea  
La alt capăt greu de văzut  
Din cauza meandrelor  
Un destin normal, de om sănătos...*

*La care e foarte greu să ajungi  
Pentru că pare să ocolească  
Prin celealte drumuri...*

*Ai vrea să opaci acel drum  
Dar acum ești urâtă  
Suferi de discopatie lombară și de spondiloză  
cervicală  
Capul ți s-a aplecat în față, ca la vultur...*

..

*și cam acestea ar fi de adăgat  
la autoportret în stare de veghe  
și mai multe iubesc, puțin men.te nu.  
Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.*

*Te iubesc și Te doresc, puiul meu drag, iubirea mea.  
Stății comice  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.*

*Mă aflam în salonul dreptunghiular  
În care fusese înbrăcată  
În cămașă de forță  
Într-o încordare dureroasă, extatică*

*Dar totuși atât de realistă  
Călătorde.*

---

*Nu distingeam decât faptul că simțeam o nevoie  
Chinuătoare să fiu  
și nu-mi puteam mișca brațele, picioarele  
nu puteam face nici o mișcare.*

*Eram slăbită.  
Asistenta venise și-mi dădea boabe de stugure  
Să mănânc  
Dintr-un ciorchine alb  
Struguri pe care-i adusese mama.*

---

*Mama stătea pe un pat lângă patul meu  
și convorbea, din când în când*

cu femeile din salon  
mai ales cu cea pe patul căreia se așezase.  
Nu știu decât că o invidiam

Străznic, fără cuvinte  
Pentru faptul că era liberă  
și-și putea mișca brațele și picioarele  
putea veni când dorea

putea pleca când dorea...  
putea chiar să vorbească lăbărit, cald, pe un ton jos  
despre mine  
și mama povestea despre mine...

Își lăuda fiica...

...

Afară era o ploaie apocaliptică, colosală  
Tuna și fulgera  
Apa curgea ca imense zăvoaie  
din cerul negru  
se azea băștând în peretele spitalului

lovindu-se de cercevelele de fier  
inundând totul în jur.

...

Eu eram Iisus Hristos.  
Ploaia mântuitoare era trimisă de Dumnezeu însuși  
La ceasul supremei încetări din viață  
A Fiului său  
La ora agoniei sale supreme.

Așteptam doar să mor.  
Ploaia mă mângâia pe suflet  
știam că întreaga natură mă deplânge  
luna, universul, cerul  
stăruile cosmice.

....

Întepenisem suferind  
În patul de care eram legată  
Uitând de mama, de boala, de infirmiere  
Atentă până la paroxism  
La realitatea mea interioară.

...

Deodată veni infirmiera cu-o figură aprinsă  
Pe care mi-o băgă în gură

*Dându-mi să trag câteva fumuri.*

*Eram recunoscătoare.*

*După două zile și-o noapte – mai mult decât îndurase Mântuitorul însuși  
Eram dezlegată...*

...

*Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Pușor Dulce.*

*Te doresc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.  
Ovalul lunii...*

*Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii  
Îmi cauți în sân –  
O nebunie  
Sărutări o mie*

....

*Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...*

...

*Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți  
Păr în ochi  
Rece, stropi...*

....

*Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii  
Îmi cauți în sân –  
O nebunie  
Sărutări o mie*

....

*Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...*

...

*Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți  
Păr în ochi  
Rece, stropi...*

....

*Te iubesc, Victor, puțul meu.*

*Te iubesc, Pușor mic și Dorit.  
Sinele sub formă de pătrat și cerc.*

*Zăpezi imaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă  
Albe, e-un ațâ pușos, gri, precum moleculele de aer  
La casa din via, cu ferestre mici*

*Îmbucate în canate  
Oare cine bate?...*

*È duhul meu zburător  
Pierdut prin livezile copilăriei  
La poarta acestei case din vis  
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare  
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri lene  
S-a oprit  
Și-oprivesc visător...*

...

*Un puternic sentiment de deja-vu  
De parcă aș fi locuit aici într-o altă viață  
La casa înecată în zăpadă  
Cu geamuri mici, în pătrate  
Ocupând toată fațada din față  
Un sentiment puternic, de parcă-aș fi murit aici  
Sau s-a pyrecut ceva înfricoșător –  
E numai casa albă, singură, pierdută în decor...*

...

*Zăpezi immaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă  
La casa din vis, cu ferestre mici  
Îmbucate în canate  
Oare cine bate?...*

*È duhul meu zburător  
Pierdut prin livezile copilăriei  
La poarta acestei case din vis  
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare  
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri lene  
Ca arhetipul tău, iubit drag  
În mine.  
Te iubesc neapăs, Victor, Dulcele meu, Emînul meu iubit, Geniul meu.*

*Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc neapăs, paîul meu drag.  
Roadele dulci ale gândirii*

*Te iubesc, Paîul meu. Te doresc, dragostea mea.  
Încet lucrurile s-au așezat în matca lor  
Firească.  
Ființele, oamenii..  
Fără tine în mine, iubitul meu dulce  
Acest lucru n-ar fi fost  
Posibil.*

*Șigur, posibilitatea și necesitatea discriminării rămâne.  
Să faci acele lucruri  
Pe care nu le-ai făcut în trecut*

*Să acorzi gândirii credință ei firesc.*

....

*În toată boala și nebunia noastră  
În tot noianul de senzații și sentimente care  
Ne împresoară  
Rămâne posibilitatea opțiunii.*

*Ceea ce înseamnă  
Să nu faci, să nu gândești răd pe care l-au făcut  
Alții  
Să nu-l rasezi.*

*Să dezamorsezi situațiile explozive  
Să dai posibilitatea Timpului să lucreze  
În tine și în alții.*

..

*Sigur, situațiile limită spun ceva despre noi însine.  
A atinge în mod delicat cu gândul  
și nu a distruge ireversibil cu fapta  
asta e ceea ce ne învață viața, istoria noastră  
personală  
și universală.*

...

*Cu siguranță am învățat ceva de la Kant:  
Să privesc cerul înstelat  
De deasupra mea, și să ascult  
Legea morală din mine.*

....

*Poate de aici îmi provine enigmicitatea  
Cititorule  
Din faptul că ating delicat, ușor cu gândul  
și nu neid cu mînea  
cu fapta*

*ceea ce nasc gândurile noastre  
pe unele momente.*

...

*Cu timpul  
m-am îndrăgostit de mine însămi  
de acea făptură  
pe care mi-o întoarce reverberat  
la modul absolut  
oglinzile întoarse ale sinei.*



*Te iubesc, Păisor Dulce, drag, Iubit și Dorit. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.*

*De e pe lume sens...*

*Încet se luminează de ți...  
Soarele pătrunde în cameră cu lumina-i tremurătoare  
Corpusculi galbeni de lumină  
și-mi luminează sufletul trist  
Împovărat de tristeți, singurătăți trecute  
și viitoare.*

.....

*De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l  
De e pe lume înțeles  
Altfel decât un uriaș eres  
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...*

...

*Tainicul înțeles al inimii voi descifrați-l  
De e pe lume înțeles  
Altfel decât un imens eres  
Senzul iubirii arătați-l...*

*Din hieroglife și scrieri păgâne  
Cercați cu să creați valul cu spume  
Voi desenați-mi inima  
Când soarele apune peste cer*

*De e pe lume înțeles  
Altfel decât un imens eres  
Senzul iubirii arătați-l...*

*Strângeți în pumn inima mea  
Ce-i altceva decât o albastră stea  
E ea și poate nu e ea...  
Ce-i pasă codrului de-o rămurea*

*E ea... și poate nu e ea,  
O muzică, o sferă grea  
Sau o albastră peruzea  
Un pui de codru, mic, fricos  
Un pas ce e pictat pe jos  
De gânduri și de spaime ros*

*Ce-i altceva decât o-albastră stea  
Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...  
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân  
Pe aripe de diafan cuvânt  
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân*

*Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...*

...

*De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l  
De e pe lume înțeles  
Altfel decât un uriaș eres  
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...  
Te iubesc, Pădurea dulce, Dragostea mea....*

*Dulcele meu, te doresc, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, neapus, neapus...  
Your arms...*

*Chipul tău, puțin îngenuu, puțin nevinovat  
Vag ironic, dar totuși  
Atât de benign*

*mi-a atras atenția.  
Cu torsul puțin aplecat spre față  
Cântând parcă ceva în mulțime  
...o concentrare în fapt  
Puțin glumeață, de nu s-ar fi citit  
În ea sentimente mai adânci*

*Abil mascate.  
Dar totuși accesibile prin interpretare...*

..

*Buzele tale pe care le-aș fi sărutat de o mie de ori  
Așa cum se văd, din profil...  
Nasul, puțin acvilin, ochii, părul  
Coama mătăsoasă și blondă de tânăr într-o  
Adolescență perpetuă...*

*Dar mai ales brațele  
Suflecate până la cot, lăsând să se vadă  
Un fragment din corpul atât de dorit  
Albe, fragede, masculine și feminine în același timp...  
Precum întregul tău chip...*

...

*Pe care le-aș fi sărutat, dulce și pasionat  
Ca un îndrăgostit  
Subit...*

....

*O dimeniune curată, plină, benignă a realității  
Pe care mi-o ofești brațele tale  
Cucerite în zbor  
De șoptele cuvântului "Amor"*

....

*Dragul meu, lași o bucată dezvelită din tine*

*Ca Eros să nu se convertească în Thanatos  
și cirezile agreste  
să nu nască un joc secund mai pur*

*ci să rămână cirezii agreste...  
Bhakti-yoga nu mi-a folosit la nimic, privind-ți brațele  
Pe care conștient le-ai dezvelit*

----

*Pentru ca privirea să se facă agentul dorinței  
Din care se naște iubirea.*

---

*Iubind meu dulce, tu murea înțînerești, din ce în ce  
Pe când eu mereu îmbătrânesc  
Din ce în ce...*

*Din amărăciunea acestei constatări  
Privesc în urmă cu priviri suferitoare  
Văzând-mă într-o clipă  
Cu anii înapoi*

*Pe când a mea pereche nainte s-a tot dus  
e-un stol de păsări pierzându-se-n apus.  
Din ce în ce mai singur  
Mă-ntunec și îngheț - când tu te pierzi în zarea  
Eternei dininței.*

*Dragostea Dulce a Vieții mele, Tu ești Sensul din viața mea. Făă ține că nu are sens... Te iubesc și Te doresc  
nezăpus, Puilul meu, Dragostea Vieții mele.*

*Translation: Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemes, Carl Gustav Jung, Google translate  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu Dulce, iubit și Dulce Pușor.*

Dulcele meu soț, Te iubesc, Puilul meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Te doresc.  
The Book of Anime XII  
Tabloul I

Adam și Eva

Eram la adonat mere pe platoul din curtea casei  
În frumosul măr vâtatat cu mere mustoase  
Alb-roșii.

Era atât de frumos acest măr!... și eu eram o frumoasă și tânără  
Măitreyi  
Iar mărul era rotund, egal, nu prea înalt  
Cu crengile bogate, atârând la pământ - splendore  
În iarbă, minunată alcătuire a Firii și a ochiului!...

Încărcate cu mere alb-roșii, albe cu vinișoare roșii  
Crude și dulci, mustoase, era o plăcere  
Să le mănânci!...

--

Era mărul meu preferat. Până să adun merele, mai întâi mă săturam  
și nu mă săturam niciodată  
de vreme ce mâncam întruna  
și mai băgam și în traista, atârnată cu plimbură la gât.

----

Apoi mă duceam la trunchiul lui, îl îmbrățișam și îi vorbeam.  
Îi sărutam trunchiul lui scorțos, alb, decojit,  
crengile merele, florile!....

Era atât de frumos acest măr!... și eu eram o frumoasă și tânără  
Măitreyi  
Iar mărul era rotund, egal, nu prea înalt  
Cu crengile bogate, atârând la pământ - splendore  
În iarbă, minunată alcătuire a Firii și a ochiului!...

----

Frunzele rotunde, mici, bogate, îl împodobeau ca pe un pom  
Pregătit de sărbătoare  
Nunta mărului cu natura  
și cu nesfârșita zi de vară  
nunta cu otava, poamele, coasta abruptă, perii  
nunta cu fântâna din beton

și cu mlaștina  
lângă care el răsărise – dulce minune!...

--

Încărcate cu mere alb-roșii, albe cu vinișoare roșii  
Crude și dulci, mustoase, era o plăcere  
Să le mănânci!...

--

Era mărul meu preferat. Până să adun merele, mai întâi mă săturam  
și nu mă săturam niciodată  
de vreme ce mâncam întruna  
și mai băgam și în traista, atârnată cu plimbură la gât.

...

Trec pe sub bolta de piatră  
Dintr-o dată fericită, dintr-o dată singură

Tineri trec vorbind  
E o ușoară rumoare aici  
.... și femei blonde îmbrăcate de vară

domni în vârstă îmbrăcați sportiv, elegant

cu cafeaua în mână  
mă-ndrept spre ieșire  
din mica rotundă  
din coridorul înalt de piatră.

Acoperit cu plante perene.

...

afară fumez cu-o voluptate  
nemaîîntâlnită  
sorbind din cafeaua ristretto  
cu un gust adevărat de cafea  
nu de orz

.....

astăzi  
văd dintr-o dată amănuntele, familiare, obișnuite  
de rând  
căldură de sfârșit de mai

Natura e în floare

.....

pășesc pe-o mică cărăruie  
prin iarba grasă  
plină până la refuz cu florile câmpului și mici  
vietăți

.....

era prima mea zi afară.

La dreapta mea  
Pe o mică colină  
Se înălța un arbore falnic, bătrân, maiestuos, înflorit.

.....

ca atrasă de un magnet  
mă îndrept spre el. mă așez sub el și privesc  
natura.

Era o magnolie uriașă?  
O azalee?...

.....

Era desigur un arbore mediteranean

Parfumat și onctuos  
Mirific de viu, cu crengi bogate  
Aplecându-se spre pământ.

Cerul era senin.  
Verdeța lucea imaterială, foșnind  
Era un apogeu al verdei și un delir al frumuseții.

.....

Eu însămi eram delirantă  
De o luciditate absolută  
De-o sănătate ubicuă și omniprezentă  
Ca frumusețea verdei.

.....

ieșind din Timp  
pe poarta strămtă-a clipei  
am trăit identificarea mea absolută  
cu idolul vieții mele.

.....

vedeți  
eram un bolnav fericit  
cel mai deplin  
și absolut

.....

și ziua aceea era o poartă în Timp  
spre fericire.

Într-un mod foarte inspirat, Nicolae Manolescu împarte romanul românesc în trei categorii distincte, între care pot să existe însă treceri și legături, corespondențe: romanul doric (realist, tradițional, cu o viziune narativă tradițională, auctorială), al cărui reprezentant de seamă se face Liviu Rebreanu (dar și Marin Preda, Duiliu Zamfirescu, Nicolae Filimon etc.), romanul ionic, de factură psihologică, ilustrat strălucit mai ales de Eliade, dar și de Camil Petrescu, Hortensia Papadat Bengescu și romanul corintic, mitic, în care ar intra de pildă "Noaptea de sânziene" al aceluiași autor (Mircea Eliade), după părerea mea și romane ale lui Mihail Sadoveanu, chiar dacă mai mult prin viziune artistică, decât prin perspectivă narativă, prin tehnica romanului. "Maitreyi" se înscrie astfel în categoria romanului ionic, prin perspectiva psihologizantă, prin narațiunea subiectivă, la persoana I, a naratorului care este și personaj principal. Putem să spunem că Allan este un personaj-reflector, deoarece perspectiva narativă este "avec", focalizare internă, (împreună cu), nu știu mai mult decât știe, altă, simte, gândește personajul principal. Aceasta face și farmecul acestei povești de dragoste, deoarece descoperim împreună exu Allan iubirea, sentimentul îndrăgostirii, India, exotismul ei, sălbăticia pădurii virgine, subtropicale, unde Allan lucrează un timp ca inginer în construcții, poezia și rafinamentul cartierului Bhowanipore, unde locuiește un timp Allan în casa lui Narendra Sen (Surendranath Dasgupta, profesorul său de filosofie la Universitatea din Calcutta), al

îmbrăcăminții și obiectelor ce alcătuiesc mobilierul casei, mizeria și poezia cartierelor marginase, atmosfera de-o mizerie poetică, dintr-un spital în care este internat Allan, bolnav de tifos etc.

Allan avea 23 de ani, iar Maitreyi numai 16 ani. Aceasta este și vârsta reală a protagoniștilor acestei povești de dragoste, pe care Eliade a consemnat-o cu fidelitate în jurnalul său, care stă la baza romanului "Maitreyi". Jurnal care a fost transformat într-un roman indirect, "Șantier". Aceste lucruri reale, adevărate, care au avut loc în realitate, ne face să participăm cu atâta emoție la destinul tinerilor, la înfriparea sentimentului de dragoste, la nunta lor, telurică și celestă, după ceremonialul iubirii și nuntirii specific indian, și totodată al ritmurilor cosmice care guvernau această lume miraculoasă, la marginile unui lac, umbrit de sălcii plângătoare, în cadrul naturii vii, pline de viață, de lumină, de mister, singuri, neînsoțiți decât de Chahu, sora mai mică a Maitreyiei.

Iubirea pentru Maitreyi înseamnă ceva sacru, fie că se manifestă în dragostea ei pentru un copac, pe care îl hrănește cu firimituri, fie pentru maestrul și mentorul ei, poetul și filosoful indian Rabindranath Tagore, aflat la vârsta senectății, care se bucură, înțocmai ca un îndrăgostit, de admirația, respectul și iubirea sinceră pe care i-o arată Maitreyi, spre gelozia tânărului, care nu înțelege cum o fată atât de tânără, de pură, de frumoasă, să iubească un bătrân. Aceste lucruri țin de mentalitatea indiană, foarte diferită de cea europeană. Acolo granițele dintre vârste dispar, oamenii sunt toți egali, aflați în căutarea filosofică a sensului vieții lor, cea care să îi "mântuie" și să le ofere bucuria existenței, pe un plan spiritual mai înalt, libertatea spiritului. Apoi este un lucru obișnuit acolo ca tinerele să aibă un mentor, un maestru spiritual, care le poate oferi din cunoștințele lui și împărtăși din filosofia sa de viață. În plus Tagore era un militant activ pentru eliberarea Indiei de sub colonialismul englez, pentru obținerea independenței, la fel cu Mahatma Gandhi, conducătorul mișcării non-violente pentru obținerea independenței și suveranității Indiei. Tânărul Allan asistă la mișcările de stradă, la represaliile poliției împotriva grupurilor de indieni care manifestau pentru independența Indiei.

În acest decor are loc desfășurarea poveștii lor de dragoste și finalul ei tragic. Cine ar putea uita prima descriere a Maitreyiei care i se pare tânărului "aproape urât", cu ochii ei negri, cu buzele cărnoase și răsfărțate, cu pielea brațelor mată, galbenă cu ceara topită și cu sânii ei puternici, de fecioară bengaleză dată în copt?...

Cu timpul privirea tânărului asupra fetei se schimbă complet. Este treptat cucărit de șiretenia ei inocentă, de cochetăria inconștientă, de feminitatea și copilăria ei care se relevă în gesturile mărmure, precum scrisori în cutia poștală, petale de trandafiri în cameră, flori presate între paginile cărților, flori aruncate în camera sa... Este stranie această tânără, atât de austeră și totuși feminină, care doarme pe jos, pe o simplă rogojină întinsă pe podea.

Contrar părerii lui Manolescu, eu cred că aici nu era nici un joc... doar o aprindere timidă, devenită scânteietoare, în sufletul pur al unei tinere fete, a sentimentului iubirii, care, pentru a se împlini, pare hotărât să treacă peste toate obstacolele. Totuși, cei doi tineri aparțineau unor lumi diferite, prin situație geografică, tradiție, cultură, civilizație, religie, castă, mentalitate... iubirea lor nu se putea împlini decât în secret, tănuțit de ochii lumii și chiar de ai surorii mai mici. Și în același timp, cei doi tineri erau atât de apropiați, pe cât le-o îngăduia iubirea lor să fie. Amândoi fermecați, vrăjiți unul de altul, căutând pretexte ca să se întâlnească, precum învățarea limbilor străine, amândoi atât de serioși, de dedicați în studiul lor, pe cât puteau să fie doi tineri care au lăsat posterității nu numai cărți valoroase, ci și povestea iubirii lor, la care Maitreyi (numită în roman Anvita), răspunde după 40 de ani cu romanul "Dragostea nu moare". Ce lume fascinantă descrisă în acest roman, plin de poezie, de semnificații mitice și filosofice, de misterul și vraja Indiei eterne, ce proaspăt, ce viu chipul lui Eliade (numit în roman Euclid) evocat în roman, de parcă întâmplările tinereții lor s-ar fi petrecut ieri!...

Închei cu un citat semnificativ din "Arca lui Noe" de Nicolae Manolescu: "nimeni n-a ieșit nevătămat din jocurile Maitreyiei. Să fie pierderea minților sau moartea singura ieșire din toate marile pasiuni? Chiar de-ar fi așa cum ne învață cazul lui Tristan și al Isoldei, al lui Romeo și Julieta, putem fi oare absolut siguri că Allan, care la sfârșit dorește din tot sufletul să mai privească o dată în ochii Maitreyiei, ca să înțeleagă, n-a pierit el însuși, în nesiguranță și durere? Ce mai știm noi despre el, o dată manuscrisul romanului încheiat?"

Portretul fizic al Maitreyiei sugerează căldură sufletească și fascinație. Gesturile ei tandre, preocupările intelectuale, puterea de a iubi profund, dincolo de probleme sociale sunt trăsături care îi arată portretul excepțional. Și în acest roman se dovedește că singura modalitate de a accede la starea de perfecțiune este iubirea. Împlinirea eroinei se va realiza alături de Allan. Întâlnirea dintre cei doi protagoniști devine și o întâlnire între două culturi. Iubirea între ei se conturează treptat, iar participarea celor doi este egală, de aceea

ei ajung la iubirea ideală. Deși este dornică de a-și revărsa iubirea asupra cuiva, când Allan îi declară iubire, Maitreyi răspunde că el nu reprezintă pentru ea decât „un scump prieten”. Din această întâmplare reiese confuzia între prietenie și iubire. Iubirea sporește în intensitate, astfel că tinerii se logodesc, având ca martori cerul și pământul. Jurământul eroinei este semnul că această iubire a depășit firescul, atingând perfecțiunea în dragoste: „Mă leg de tine, pământule, că eu voi fi a lui Allan și a nimănui altuia. Voi crește din el ca iarbă din tine. Și cum aștepți tu ploaia, așa îi voi aștepta eu venirea, și cum îți sunt țic razele, așa va fi trupul lui mic”.

Cerul era senin.  
Verdeța lucea imaterială, foșnind  
Era un apogeu al verdeții și un delir al frumuseții.

.....

Eu însămi eram delirantă  
De o luciditate absolută  
De-o sănătate ubicuă și omniprezentă  
Ca frumusețea verdeții.

.....

ieșind din Timp  
pe poarta strâmtă-a clipei  
am trăit identificarea mea absolută  
cu idolul vieții mele.

.....

vedeți  
eram un bolnav fericit  
cel mai deplin  
și absolut

.....

și ziua aceea era o poartă în Timp  
spre fericire.

-

Adam and Eve

We were collecting apples on the plateau of the house yard  
In the beautiful wild apple with musty apples  
White-red.

This apple was so beautiful! ... and I was a beautiful and young girl  
Maitreyi  
And the erroneous apple, equal, not too high  
With rich branches, hanging to the ground - splendor  
In the grass, wonderful composition of the Thread and the eye! ...

Loaded with red-white apples, white with red vines



Raw and sweet, musty, it was a pleasure  
Eat them!

--

He was my favorite apple. Until I decorate the apples, first I jam  
and I never got tired  
since we ate together  
we were also in the saddle, hanging around his neck.

----

Then I would go to his trunk, hug him and talk to him.  
We were kissing his torso, white, decoy,  
apple branches, flowers!

This apple was so beautiful! ... and I was a beautiful and young girl  
Maitreyi  
And the erroneous apple, equal, not too high  
With rich branches, hanging to the ground - splendor  
In the grass, wonderful composition of the Thread and the eye! ...

----

The round, small, rich leaves adorned it like a tree  
Prepared for the holiday  
The wedding of the apple with nature  
endless summer day  
wedding with the fog, poems, steep coast, brushes  
wedding with concrete fountain

and with the marsh  
besides which he had risen - sweet wonder!

--

Loaded with red-white apples, white with red vines  
Raw and sweet, musty, it was a pleasure  
Eat them!

--

He was my favorite apple. Until I decorate the apples, first I jam  
and I never got tired  
since we ate together  
we were also in the saddle, hanging around his neck.

...

I pass under the stone vault  
Suddenly happy, all of a sudden

Young people talk  
It's a little rumor here  
... and blonde women dressed in summer

elderly gentlemen dressed sporty, elegant  
with coffee in hand  
I'm heading to the exit  
from the small roundabout  
from the high stone corridor.

Covered with perennials.

---

outside I smoke with a lust  
unmatched  
sipping from the Ristretto coffee  
with a real taste of coffee  
not barley

.....

today  
I suddenly see the familiar, familiar details  
common  
May end heat

nature is in bloom

.....

I walk on a small cart  
through the fat grass  
full to the brim with flowers of the field and small  
creatures

.....

it was my first day out.

To my right  
On a small hill  
A tall, tall, majestic, flowering tree rose.

.....

as drawn by a magnet  
I'm heading towards him. I sit under him and look at him  
nature.

Was it a huge magnolia?  
The azaleas? ...

.....

It was, of course, a Mediterranean tree  
Scented and creamy  
Wonderful of alive, with rich branches  
Leaning down to the ground.

The sky was clear.  
The green glitter was immaterial, cracking  
It was a peak of the green and delirium of beauty.

-----  
I was delusional  
An absolute lucidity  
Of ubiquitous and ubiquitous health  
Like the beauty of green.

-----  
coming out of Time  
on the narrow gate of the moment  
I lived my absolute identification  
with the idol of my life.

-----  
see  
I was a happy patient  
the fullest  
and absolutely

-----  
and that day was a gate in Time  
for happiness.

In a very inspiring way, Nicolae Manolescu divides the Romanian novel into three distinct categories, between which there may be passages and connections, correspondences: the Doric novel (realistic, traditional, with a traditional narrative vision, an authoritative one), whose representative is important, is made Liviu Rebreanu (but also Marin Preda, Duiliu Zamfirescu, Nicolae Filimon, etc.), the Ionic novel, of psychological invoice, illustrated especially by Eliade, but also by Camil Petrescu, Hortensia Papadat Bengescu and the Corinthian, mythical novel, in which for example, "Night of Sânziene" by the same author (Mircea Eliade), in my opinion, and novels of Mihail Sadoveanu, even if more by artistic vision, than by narrative perspective, by the technique of the novel. "Maitreyi" is inscribed thus in the category of the ionic novel, through the psychological perspective, through the subjective narration, in the first person, of the narrator who is also the main character. We can say that Allan is a reflective character because the narrative perspective is "avec", internal focus, (together with), we do not know more than he knows, finds, feels, thinks the main character. This is also the charm of this love story, as we discover together with Allan the love, the feeling of love, India, its exoticism, the wilderness of the virgin, subtropical forest, where Allan works for a while as a construction

engineer, the poetry and refinement of the Bhowanipore neighborhood, where he lives, Allan in the house of Narendra Sen (Surendranath Dasgupta, his professor of philosophy at the University of Calcutta), of the clothing and objects that make up the furniture of the house, the misery, and poetry of the bordering neighborhoods, the atmosphere of a poetic mess, of a hospital in which he is hospitalized Allan, ill of typhoons, etc.

Allan was 23, and Maitreyi only 16. This is also the real estate of the characters of this beautiful love story, which Eliade faithfully recorded in his journal, which is the basis of the novel "Maitreyi", a journal that has been transformed into an indirect novel, "Workshop". These real, true things, which have taken place in reality, make us participate with such emotion in the destiny of young people, in capturing the feeling of love, in their telluric and celestial wedding, after the ceremonial of the specific Indian love and wedding, and also of the rhythms, cosmic rulers of this miraculous world, on the edge of a lake, shaded by weeping willows, living nature, light, mystery, alone, unaccompanied by Chabu, Maitreyi's younger sister.

Love for Maitreyi means something sacred, whether it is manifested in her love for a tree, which she nourishes with crumbs, or for her teacher and mentor, the Indian poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore, who is at the age of senescence, who enjoys herself, just as a sweetheart, from the admiration, respect, and sincere love shown by Maitreyi, to the jealousy of the young man, who does not understand how a girl so young, pure, beautiful, to love an old man. These things relate to the Indian mentality, which is very different from the European one. There the boundaries between the ages disappear, the people are all equal, in the philosophical search for the meaning of their life, the one that "saves" them and offers them the joy of existence, on a higher spiritual plane, the freedom of the spirit. Then it is commonplace for young people to have a mentor, a spiritual teacher, who can offer them from his knowledge and share his philosophy of life. Besides, Tagore was an active activist for liberating India from English colonialism, for independence, as did Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the non-violent movement for the independence and sovereignty of India. Young Allan is witnessing street movements, police retaliation against groups of Indians who were demonstrating for India's independence.

In this setting, their love story takes place and its tragic end. Who could forget the first description of Maitreya that looks like the "almost ugly" young man, with her black eyes, her fleshy and radiant lips, the skin of her arms matte, yellow like molten wax and her powerful breasts, of Bengali virgin given in the baking? ...

Over time the young man's gaze on the girl changes completely. Is she gradually conquered by her innocent hype, by her unconscious flirtatiousness, by her femininity and childhood that are revealed in small gestures, such as letters in the mailbox, rose petals in the room, flowers pressed between the pages of books, flowers were thrown in her room? It is strange this young woman, so austere and yet feminine, who sleeps on the floor, on a simple muffin lying on the floor.

Contrary to Manolescu's opinion, I believe that there was no game here ... just a timid ignition, which became sparkling, in the pure soul of a young girl, of the feeling of love, which, to be fulfilled, seems determined to pass over everything, obstacles. However, the two young people belonged to different worlds, through geographical location, tradition, culture, civilization, religion, caste, mentality ... their love could only be fulfilled in secret, hidden from the eyes of the world and even by their younger sister. And at the same time, the two young men were as close as their love allowed them to be. Both enchanted, enchanted by each other, seeking pretexts to meet, such as learning foreign languages, both as serious, dedicated to their study, as could be two young people who left posterity not only valuable books but also the story, their love, to which Maitreyi (named in the novel Anrita), responds after 40 years with the novel "Love does not die". What a fascinating world described in this novel, full of poetry, of mythical and philosophical meanings, of the mystery and spell of eternal India, how fresh, living the image of Eliade (called in the Euclid novel) evoked in the novel, as if the events of their youth were would have happened yesterday!

I conclude with a significant quote from "Noah's Ark" by Nicolae Manolescu: "no one came out unscathed from Maitreyi's games. Is it the loss of mind or death the only way out of all the great passions? Even as Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet learn from us, we can be sure that Allan, who at the end of his heart wants to look once more into Maitreyi's eyes, to understand, did he die in insecurity and pain? What do we know about him, once the manuscript of the completed novel?"

...

The physical portrait of Maitreya suggests warmth and fascination. Her tender gestures, intellectual preoccupations, the power to love deeply, beyond social problems are traits that show her an exceptional portrait. And in this novel, it turns out that the only way to access the state of perfection is love. The heroine's fulfillment will be achieved with Allan. The meeting between the two protagonists becomes also a meeting between two cultures. The love between them is gradually shaped, and the participation of the two is equal, which is why they reach the ideal love. Although she is eager to shed her love on someone, when Allan declares her love, Maitreyi replied that he is nothing but a "dear friend" to her. From this, the confusion between friendship and love emerges. Love increases in intensity, so that young people are engaged, witnessing heaven and earth. The heroine's oath is the sign that this love has transcended the natural, reaching perfection in love: "I bind you, earth, that I will be Allan's and no one else's. I will grow from it as the grass from you. And as you wait for the rain, so I will wait for him to come, and as your rays are yours, so will my body. "

The sky was clear.  
The green glitter was immaterial, cracking  
It was a peak of the green and delirium of beauty.

.....

I was delusional  
An absolute lucidity  
Of ubiquitous and ubiquitous health  
Like the beauty of green.

.....

coming out of Time  
on the narrow gate of the moment  
I lived my absolute identification  
with the idol of my life.

.....

see  
I was a happy patient  
the fullest  
and absolutely

.....

and that day was a gate in Time  
for happiness.  
I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.

Te iubesc Puilul meu Dulce, Mihai.  
Albastre fuicare ale nopții...

Albastre fuicare ale nopții

Se întrevîd curgînd în vale  
Acoperînd totul cu-o mîntie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...E-un tînăr chipeş cu faţa albă ca spicul cel de grâu  
Cu un surâs pe buze lui roşii, de caise  
Străluminat de dulceaţa din ochii lui cei puri  
În care se înfor, strălucitoare vise...

...

Cu părul blond străluminînd ca câmpul primăvara  
Cînd toarnă aur între spice soarele gigat  
Cu braţele lui molcole domoale, suflecate în cămaşa-albastră pal  
Venea tînărul Domn, purtat de-al dîrului

Un dulce val.

..

Neguri albe strălucite  
De argint sfeştile fine  
Ce lătoarnă cerul negru  
De albastre siele pline

Se-nfăşor şi se desfac  
Se dezmiardă, se cuprind  
Ca un dulce viu colind  
Cele toarnă seara-n prag.

Dulce cornul mîi departe sună  
şi adună oile în stîna  
sub lumina stelei-albastre  
dulce şi suferitoare

..

Sub a cidrului umbră deasă şi umbroasă  
Oile par ca stelele o albastră  
Dulce mare  
Văturînd ca ochi de grangur

..

Ca ochi de sită  
În stîna largă şi-ngrădită  
Adunîndu-se se-murnă  
şi-nturnîndu-se se-adună

...cerul negru durerea-şi curnă

Cea dintâi și de pe urmă  
Cerul negru dulce tună  
Peste turna cea-ngrădită.

..

Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara  
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigat  
Cu brațele lui molcole domoale, suflecaie în cămașa-albastră pal  
Venea tânărul Domn, purtat de-al donului

Un dulce val.

E-un tânăr chipș cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu  
Cu un surâs pe buze lui roșii, de caise  
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri  
În care se înfor, strălucitoare vise...

...

Albastre fuioare ale nopții  
Se întrevind eurgând în vale  
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poartă grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...

Trandafiri roșii, roz, mov-pal  
Cad de pe micul foișor de-alături  
Tăcerea nopții îi adună  
Ca mici stelute de argint și humă.

..

și trandafiri roșii în curtea casei văruită în albastru  
sărută gherbere dulci cu fruntea-nvoală  
și tânărul bate lin și-ncei în pară  
i luna îi străluminează fecioreștile lui vise.

..

O umbră se dsprinde lin din poartă  
și vine înspre el cu brațele-nținse  
și pletele-i de-aur și argint sunt ninse  
și ochii verzi și părul cu miezul de narcise.

...

Tâmpul cuprinde lin dulce arătarea de gemeie – o tânără cu sânul de alabastru  
și o sărută sub razele vântului astru  
ce toarnă peste ei dulce văpaie..

...

Buzele lui se deschid ca doi lotuși îmbobociți  
Ca flacăra roșă-rubinie de zefir  
Ca flăcările roșii din trandafirii rișii cei loviți de ploaie  
Ca două petale de lumină ce se-ndoaie

--

și cuprind buzele ei fragede ca un șerbet de trandafiri  
într-un sărut cald, pasionat, dulce  
precum e apa cea de trandafiri  
și pune capul ei pe piept să-l culce

--

Albastre fuioare ale nopții  
Se întrevind curgând în vale  
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunerec.

...

La poartă grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...  
Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce Victor, Tudor, Mihai.

Dark blue of the night ...

Dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who beats?

... He's a handsome young man with a white face like a wheat ear  
With a smile on his red apricot lips  
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes  
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...

With blond hair shining like the spring field  
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes  
With the arms of his soft molluscs, blown into his pale blue shirt



The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

--

Bright white slits  
Silver fine tips  
What a black sky  
The full blue stars

Wrap and undo  
They decay, they come together  
Like a living sweet carol  
Those pour in the evening at the threshold.

Sweet horn goes on  
and gather the sheep in the sheepfold  
under the light of the blue star  
sweet and suffering

--

Beneath the cedar a thick, shadowy shade  
The sheep look like blue stars  
Great sweet  
Flying like a giant's eye

--

Like a sieve  
In the wide and deep sheep  
Gathering he turns around  
and turning around they gather

... the black sky the pain stops  
The first and the last  
The sweet black sky tunes  
Over the herd.

--

With blond hair shining like the spring field  
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes  
With the arms of his soft molluscs, blown into his pale blue shirt  
The young Lord came, worn by longing

A sweet wave.

He is a handsome young man with a white face like a grain of wheat  
With a smile on his red apricot lips  
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes

In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...

Dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who bears?

...

Red, pink, purple-pink roses  
I fall from the small ledge next to it  
The silence of the night gathers them  
Like little stars of silver and smoke.

--

and red roses in the courtyard of the blue-painted house  
kiss the sweet gerberas with the whip  
and the young man beats smoothly and slowly  
and the moon shines on his fanciful dreams.

..

A shadow slips out of the door  
and comes to him with outstretched arms  
and the gold and silver pleats are nested  
and green eyes and hair like daffodil core.

...

The body is gently sweet with the appearance of a gem - a young woman with an alabaster breast  
and a kiss under the rays of the stump  
what spills over them sweet crap ..

...

His lips open like two embattled lotuses  
Like the red-ruby ruby of zephyr  
Like the red flames in the rose roses, those hit by rain  
Like two light petals that bend

--

and they enclose her lips like a sherbet of roses  
in a warm, passionate, sweet kiss  
as is the water of roses

and put her head on her chest to lay him down

--

Dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

---

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who beats? Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, Tudor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc Mihai...

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered  
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day  
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow  
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

--

Many drips fall into the strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In wet rain, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
Wet od desire, of promise, of the covenant.

--

She bent warm passion fishes it  
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses  
Like a red-marbled zephyr  
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

--

and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm comprised his head from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

---

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

---

Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...  
My soul whispered to him  
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate  
Like a strawberry cream

Like a wild raspberry, two berries  
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck  
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In a shower, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow  
like a pot under the presses.

...

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm covered him from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
T iubesc, Dragul meu Pușor, Victor.

Victor, puțul meu drag, te iubesc.  
Te doresc. Puțul meu. Te doresc.

### The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset  
Towards the Dead Sea  
and the sea turned back into the dark  
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters  
What was dawning on me  
and whimpering streams passed

they were burning in the valley ...

....

The cuckoo sings twice.  
My amoral stone god  
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb  
A gate was made ....

--

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:  
Who am I, who am I  
Who tells me?

...

Passengers in a postcard  
I put my foot down  
On my northern aurora  
Praying beautifully ...

.....

The road was snaking endlessly  
On the turbulent waters it is great  
He turned back in the dark.

..

I was walking with great strides towards sunset  
Towards the Dead Sea  
and the sea turned back into the dark  
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters  
What was dawning on me  
And maybe the rivers were passing  
they were burning in the valley ...  
Yewneam was silent on the road, in this moment of ash  
I was late yesterday  
On the corridors of memory  
From an uncertain future  
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky  
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love  
In the steamy window  
From the ruins that washed the souls of the soul  
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The dream of green is here  
On this wet bench  
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me  
On the clothes, on the face, on the hair  
On the purse

Smoking a cigarette  
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

.....

Looking at the sprinkler molcoma curtain  
Rain falling  
With a gentle, unassuming smell  
Intensifying the green of the trees  
The grass  
Of the leaves.

I live the dream of green,  
The crucified dream of the cross.

.....

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the gun and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceata mmea, Vietr, puil meu dulce.

Te doresc și Te iubesc dulele meu Victor  
Avatari din lumi trecute...

Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lălea  
Peste lumi sângerii, căute-n uitare  
Pierdute și regăsite  
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță  
Din aceeași tulpină  
Căutând cu beție drumul spre lumină...

Te iubesc

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum  
..Zarea-i în scrum și orientul se-neacă-n fum...  
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul  
..în zănel depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...  
Pe tine doar nu te găsesc...

Maci sângerii își deschid priviri obosite  
Peste lumi pierute, peste lumi regăsite  
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță  
Din aceeași tulpină  
Căutând cu beție drumul spre lumină

...

Avatari din lumi trecute  
Se-neacă-n colbul drumului, în scrum....  
I-aceleași răseruci  
mi-ajung din urmă umbra, pasul  
pe tine doar nu te găsesc...maci sângerii îți deschid priviri obosite  
peste lumi pierdute  
peste lumi regăsite  
În sânel depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult  
de ce nu-mi vii de ce nu-mi vii  
...valsul tăcut al frunzelor din vii, pe tine doar nu te găsece..

De ce nu-nvii, de ce mi-nvii?...

...

Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lălea  
Peste lumi sângerii, căzute-n uitare  
și ascunse-n ochi...  
Ca fragezii stropi...doi și cu doi din aceeași sămânță.  
Ca zborul tăcut peste vii al rândunicii  
Ca rochie rochie și creponată a Veronicii...

...

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum  
..Zarea-i în scrum și orientul se-neacă-n fum...  
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul  
..în zănel depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...

Pe tine doar nu te găsesc....

...

Iau pistolul și mă împușc  
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pământul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

I love you, my dear Victor, my sweetheart  
Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip  
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion  
Missed and found  
Like ragged bunches of the same seed  
From the same strain  
Looking for the way to the light ...

I turn silent on the road  
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke ...  
I get the last shadow step  
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...  
I just can not find you ...

The bloodshots open their tired eyes  
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds  
Like ragged bunches of the same seed  
From the same strain  
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds  
We go to the roadside in ash ....  
the same cross  
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step  
I just can not find you ... the bloodshots open up your tired eyes  
over lost worlds  
over recovered worlds  
in the breeze as the wind whistles  
why do not you know why you do not come to me  
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..

Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...



When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip  
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion  
and hidden in the eye ...  
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.  
Like the silent flight of swallows  
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...

I turn silent on the road  
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke ...  
I get the last shadow step  
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...  
I just can not find you ...

..

I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te doresc și Te iubesc. Alin, uiul meu, Dulcele meu.  
Blossomed flowers offets...

Peste tot în visul meu lucid  
Insecte-uriașe mănucând de dulce  
Pe neted Pământ negru pe care Ceru-și duce  
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...

...

Michele coborî în goană scările  
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox  
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit  
De barele scânteietoare în soarele de martie.

...

Picioarele ei erau interesante văzute din spate  
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit  
De barele rotunde de metal  
Ce coborau în pământ.

...

Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea  
Gânditoare cu capu-n pământ.  
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită,lăsându-se să cadă  
Pe băncuțavîșinie  
Din micul părculeț

Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii  
Zâmbăreți  
Cu zâmetul înțepător.

...

Apoi se ridică agale și pmi spre el.  
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui  
În vreme ce îi murmură șoapte de-amor.

...

Dintr-o fată, fata începu să plângă.  
Ălăngea cu sughituri, șoptind printre suspine:  
Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!.., nespus de dor!..  
Știu, dragotea mea, spuse el cu împăcare,, cu tandrețe  
Știu, dragostea mea, și mic mi-a fost dor...

...

Apoi o luă în brațele lui albe, rotunde ca laptele  
Și roz ca flaura d cireș  
Și os trănse puternic la pieptul lui.

...

Buzele lor se uniră în sărutări fără de număr  
Buzele lui roșiiOroz de desciseră ca două flori dlotus  
Nespus de frumoase , de grațioase și de gingașe  
s-i soarbă sufletul viața di ea  
Și să i-o dea în schimb pe-a sa.

...

Săruturi glasuri dau duianșelor misterioase  
Sirăpunse de volupoasa caldă miere  
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse  
C douăvite de vie  
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.

...

Peste tot în visul meu lucid  
Insecte-uriae mănucând de dulce  
Pe neted Pământ negru pe care Ceru-și duce  
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...

...

Michele coborî în goană scările  
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox  
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit  
De barele scâteietoare în soarele de martie.

...

Picioarele eloi erau interesante văzute din spate  
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit  
De barele rotunde de metal  
Ce coborau în pământ.

...

Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea  
Gânditoare cu capu-n pământ.  
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită.lăsându-se să cadă  
Pe băncuțavișinic  
Din micul părculeț  
Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii  
Zâmbăreți  
Cu zâmetul înțepător.

...

Apoi se ridică agale și pmi spre el.  
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui  
În vreme ce îi murmură șoapte de-amor.

...

Săruturi glasuri dau duioaselor misterioase  
Străpunse de voluptoasa caldă miere  
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse cu putere...  
C douăvițe de vic  
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.

...

și în acel moment, Victor o atase la pıptul lui,  
sărutându-i ușor părul din crștet.  
Săruturi dau duioaselor mistere  
Pătrunse de caldă, înmiresmata miere  
Cu care curg pe buze, pe obraz  
Străpunsede l dimineții ușure, plin de diamnte gaz.

Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...  
murmura ea la pieptul lui  
Încându-se în sughituri și suspine.

știu, dragostea mea, știu...

apuse el cu tandrețe, blând ținându-o la pieptul ui.  
șimic, drgostea mea, nespus...  
apuse el înopcat, blând, strângând-o la piept.

Te-am căuta peste tot,  
la berărie, la Universitate  
Te-am așteptat acasă lângă tufa de trndafiri roz  
Așteptând să apari cu hainele albite de fulger  
Am bātu la tine la uș  
pe Aleca trandafirilor...

știu, dragostea mea, știu, ofă el...  
apoi porniră încet ținându-se de mână.  
În curând ajunseră în no.5 Avenue  
și yrcară în apartamentul lui spațios, oprindu-se în living room.

...

Soarele de amiază, de iunie târziu,  
scăpătase de ceva vreme de după-amiază,  
și primele umbreale înserării  
se prelingau în cameră. Victor adormise, culcat pe mica canape,  
cu catherine lângă el.  
și cu vântul intrat pe geanul deschis răsfirându-i  
buclele castanii-blonde, șuvițele pe gât.

Buzele lui ca doi nuferi îmbobociți,  
semănând cumva cu buzelelui Alain, erau destinsse într-un surâs copilăresc...  
Încercând să-și facă loc, să stea mai bine,  
cathy se pomeni cu capul lui blnd în brațe.,  
cuprinsă de un impuls neașteptat, se aplecă și-i sărută  
buzele lui învoalte, dulci, dulci,  
în timp ce el o cuprime pe după cap, și -o trse spre sine.

Făcură dragoste, și seara cobora cu cercurile ei de umbră și răcore,  
se întindea ca niște raze tremurătoare  
de întinerie în odaie...

----

Michel adormise, fângurind ca un ciopil,  
în somn, și Cathy rămăsese cu privirea ațintită în sus.  
Simțea, știa că Victor nu plecase,  
că era acolo, deși era în colțul opus al camerei.  
Deodată i șopti:  
- Victor!...

- Da, șopti și el, venind lângă ea, și luându-i o mână  
în mâinile sale.

-Sărută-mă, dulcele meu pușor,  
Michel doarme...

Victor intră lângă ea în pași-o îmbrășișă cu putere,  
lipind-o de ine,  
Apoi făcură dragoste frenetic, ca doi posedaji  
de deminul inșalabil al amirului.

La sfârșit, ajunși în culmea amotului lui tulbure și frebetic,  
rămaseră trseltând, năuvi, minute în șir...  
Cathhy rămase încordată, destinzându-se încet, încet,  
sub corpul lui subțire, cald, lipit de al ei,  
ei ochii în pchii lui, care luceau slab,  
a două lacrimi rupte din azurul cerului.

- Așa începe, e într-un vis, puțul meu, dragostea mea, dulceața mea...  
mai șopti ea, cu vocea pierzându-se  
în aerul de martie primăvăratice, ploios care năvăla  
în cameră cu putere.

- Navamalika... șopti el tulburat  
lăsându-se pe pieptul ei și sărutându-i sânii. Dragostea mea...  
Afară ploaia bătea în zăbrelele geamului,  
pomindu-se ca un viitor întunecat și imprătiindu-și  
stropii în cameră.

"Catherine,, dragostea mea..."  
Victor...", șopti ea, înconjurându-l cu brațele  
și trăgându-l spre ea. Umbrele se întinseseră mari peste tot,  
și el își îmbracă jeanșii lui catifelaji, caresea molao  
pe picioarele lui zvelte.

- Navamalika!...  
Rămase zăcând peste ea...  
și simțea că intră într-un tunel vertiginos, tunelul de lumină,  
tunelul oranj.  
Se uită încă o dată buimac la ea, apoi se pierdu  
în oceanul de liniște și pace care-i invadea mintea, corpul.

Se simțea tras vertiginos în sus,

poate într-o nouă viață, poate în moarte, n-avea de unde ști...  
Sufletul lui plutea printre particulele de praf  
scânteietor ale spațiului, spre o destinație  
necunoscută...

Te iubesc, Puia! meu Dulce Michele, te doresc, Dorit Pușor  
Michele ...

...  
All over my lucid dream  
Huge insects eating sweet  
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes  
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...  
Michele ran down the stairs  
Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler  
With narrow round bottom supported  
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...  
His legs were interesting to see from behind  
It seemed to be one, one being covered  
Round metal bars  
What they were down to the ground,

...  
Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by  
Thinking with his head on the ground.  
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall  
On the violet bench  
From the little park  
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children  
smiling  
With a stinging smile.

...  
Then he got up and grabbed for him.  
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest  
As he whispered out of love,

...  
From a girl, the girl started to cry.  
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:  
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...  
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness  
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...  
Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk  
and pink as the cherry blossom  
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...  
Their lips joined in numberless kisses  
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers  
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind  
the soul of her life is lost  
and give him his own instead.

...  
Kissing voices give mysterious duos  
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously

What was flowing in their mouths  
As vines  
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and  
scented with honey.

...  
All over my lucid dream  
Huge insects eating sweet  
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes  
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...  
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Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler  
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smiling  
With a stinging smile.

...  
Then he got up and grabbed for him.  
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest  
As he whispered out of love.

...  
Kissing voices give mysterious duos  
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously  
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...  
As vines  
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and  
scented with honey.

...  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea  
and at that moment, Victor attached it to his face,  
gently kissing her curly hair.  
Kisses give sweet mysteries  
She got warm, the sweet honey  
With which flow on the lips, on the cheek  
He pierced it lightly, full of gas diamonds.

I missed you so much!...  
she murmured to his chest  
Drowning in sighs and sighs.

I know, my love, I know ...

he said softly, gently holding his chest,  
chemistry, my love, especially ...  
he said softly, tightening her chest.

I was looking for you everywhere,  
at the brewery, at the University  
I was waiting for you at the house near the rose bush  
Waiting for you to appear in lightning-white clothes  
I knocked on the door  
of the Roses Alley ...

I know, my love, I know, he sighs ...  
then they started slowly by holding hands.  
Soon they had reached No.5 Avenue  
and they walked into his spacious apartment, stopping in the living room.

...

The midday sun, late June,  
had escaped some afternoon rhymes, and the first shadows  
of the twilight crept into the room.

Victor had fallen asleep, lying on the small couch,  
with Catherine next to him, and with the wind coming into the open eyelash,  
brushing his chestnut-blond curls,  
the splashes on his neck.

His lips, like two watered-down water lilies,  
resembling Alain's lip were destined  
for a childish smile.

Trying to do his best, to stay better.  
Cathy stood with his gentle head in his arms ...  
grasped by an unexpected impulse.  
he leaned down and kissed his soft, sweet, sweet lips,  
as he embraced her head, and pulled it to himself.

There was love, and the evening descended  
with her circles of shadow and coolness, spread like trembling rays  
of darkness in the room.

Michel had fallen asleep, grinning like a child in his sleep,  
and Cathy had remained with the glance  
riveted upward.

He felt, he knew  
that Victor had not left, that he was there,  
though he was in the opposite corner of the room.  
Suddenly she whispered:

- Victor! ...

"Yes," he whispered, coming to her side, taking her hand in his hands.

- Kiss me, my sweet chick, Michel sleeps ...

Victor leaned close to her tightly, hugging her tightly.  
Then they frantically made love,  
like two possessed by the insatiable demon of love.

At the end, at the peak of their turbulent and feverish love,  
they remained twinkling repeatedly, bewildered,  
minutes in a row ...

Cathhy remained tense, slowly, slowly,  
beneath his thin,  
warm body, clinging to hers, with her eyes in his eyes, glittering low,  
of two tears broken from the azure sky.

- This is how it begins, in a dream.  
my baby, my love, my sweetness ... she whispered, her voice  
losing its air in the spring of March, rainy  
as it roamed the room with power...

- Navamalika ... he whispered disturbingly,  
leaning on her chest and kissing her breasts. My love...  
Outside the rain  
was pounding on the windows,  
starting like a dark ephemeral and spreading splashes in the room.

"Catherine, my love ... " Victor ... "  
she whispered, wrapping her arms around him  
and pulling him towards her. The shadows had spread wide everywhere,  
and he gets dressed his soft jeans,  
which were smoothing on his slender legs.  
- Navamalika! ....

He was lying on top of her ...  
and he felt that he was entering a dizzying tunnel,  
the light tunnel, the orange tunnel.

He looked at her once more, then lost himself  
in the ocean of peace and quiet that invaded his mind, his body.  
He looked again dunderhead at her,  
then he lost in the ocean of silence and peace which was invading  
his mind, his body.

He felt pulled vertiginously upward,  
maybe in a new life, maybe in death, he had nowhere to know ...  
His soul was floating among the sparkling dust particles  
of space, to an unknown  
destination ...

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu Dulce, Victor.

Ca Eol ce zboarăprin vhuri șișipă!...  
Năluca zboară pe valuri de aer diamantin, cristaline  
Ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri șișipă  
Când dimineața cu-a ei rece-aripă  
Sfară și sparg în icuri mulți și reci seara  
Căd dimineața își dă binețe ci noaptea la margia de lume  
Zboară Umbra-nghîțită de genune



Prin stelele mării, prin cerul de spume  
Zboară, o, umbră, o crudă genune!...

--

Mihai își bate în scară-armăsarul în spume  
și zboară prin noapte, o crudă genune  
zboară prin zi, prin nămlază la margini de lume  
ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri și șipă!...

--

Dumbră verzi cu lunci de filomele  
Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele  
Soare giganticzvârlit în lunci cu flori  
Oe voinicucu ppărul blond în spic îl prindfiori...

--

Ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri și țipă  
Când bate pescărușul apa cuu alba-i aripă  
Ek rece gând purtat de dor  
Purtat în suflet de șoapte de amor.

--

La ecastelul negru,el în partă bte  
și o fată cu vițele blonde depăr bpagate  
câzându-îpumeri și pespate  
cu ochii de roua-albastră-a diminețisărutate, udrate, perlate

fi cadeîn braț, e mortă, într-un leeșin  
tânprului cu păr de ebenin.

O, Caterina a meaiubită dulce  
Lasă pe brațe capu-țisă se culee

Sub raza ochiuloisenin  
și-oprește din piept al tăusosin!...  
câci am venit, o, iată  
ceand bte de muazănoapte

până la sosire diminețiiimi e un lungceas  
grăbește, să mergem, nu-i timp de popas!...  
și o ridică lin de subțiori  
trecându-l la atingerea-i fiori

--

șisărutându-isânul alb de labastru  
câd din pânza nopăiiapare vânățul astru.  
În ceruri carul mare, carul mic –  
și-opână fină îchipuind pepuișori  
cloșca cu pui cu-a ei feciori

grăbește,iubită, mai e u ceas până-n zori!....  
săltând-o în șea, pleacă în noapte  
când se îmbină geana zilei cu a nopții șoapte  
Dumbră verzi cu lunci de filomele

Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele  
Soare giganticzvârlit în lunci cu flori  
Oe voinicucu ppărul blond în spic îl prindfiori...  
Ah pentru mine, Cati, poțisă mori!...

--  
și osărută cu buze aprinse  
dor pe ochii ei închisi  
lăsată peste mărul stâng  
ca lacrimioare ce de dor și amorul lui surâd și plâng  
cu brațul lui încolăcind trupu-i plâoând.

--  
Mai tac, mai aproape . mai aproape  
Iubiți se strâng cu dragoste, dulceată l-alor piept  
Iar pe-a lor față cu iușcala gândului trec  
Cel mi aprinse și pure simțăminte!...  
și osărută cu buze aprinse  
dor pe ochii ei închisi  
lăsată peste mărul stâng  
ca lacrimioare ce de dor și amorul lui surâd și plâng  
cu brațul lui încolăcind trupu-i plâoând.

--  
Un cer albastru-vânăt, lin d stele  
Soare gigantic zărlit în lunci cu flori  
Oe voinic cu părul blond în spic îl prind flori...  
Ah pentru mine, Cati, poți să mori!...

--  
Năluca zboară pe valuri de aer diamantin, cristaline  
Ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri și spă  
Când dimineața cu-a ei rece-ariță  
Sfară și sparg în icuri mulți și reci seara  
Când dimineața își dă binețe ei noaptea la margin de lume  
Zboară Umbra-nghițită de genune  
Prin stelele mării, prin cerul de spume  
Zboară, o, umbră, o crudă genune!...

--  
Mihai își bate în scară-armăsarul în spume  
și zboară prin noapte, o crudă genune  
zboară prin zi, prin nămlază la margini de lume  
ca Eol ce zboară prin valuri și spă!... te iubesc Tudor-Mihai, Dragostea me. Puiul u!...

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!  
The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves  
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves  
When in the morning with her cold wing  
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings  
When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world  
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee  
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam  
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

--  
Mihai stomps his stallion in foam  
and fly by night, a cruel genius  
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world  
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

--

Green mound with meadows of filomores  
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars  
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers  
The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him

--

Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams  
When the seagull beats the water with its white wing  
He cold thought of longing  
Brought in the whisper of love.

--

At the black castle, he partly beats  
and a girl with the blond curves away rich and thick  
falling down and hunched over  
with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly  
she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint  
of ebony hair.  
Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine  
She lets his head-and-arms sleep  
Under the eye's eye,  
it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...  
for I came, oh, here  
the tea of the nightingale beats  
until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark  
hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...  
and gently lifted her thighs  
passing it on reaching the creeks

--

and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes  
fall with desire on his left shoulder.  
In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -  
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries  
chicken belly with her children  
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!  
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night  
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper  
Green mound with meadows of filomores  
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars  
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers  
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...  
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

--

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes  
leftover the left shoulder  
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry  
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

Harder and harder, closer, closer  
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest

And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass  
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes  
leftover the left shoulder  
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry  
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars  
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers  
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...  
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves  
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves  
When in the morning with her cold wing  
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings  
When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world  
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee  
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam  
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam  
and fly by night, a cruel genius  
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world  
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.

I love you, Victor. I love you, Mihai. I love you Carl. I love you almost as much. I don't know too well... The same, and in a different way. I desire you.

te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.

Tudor, Mihai, Victor... Te iubesc, dulecele meu, pușorul meu.  
Cămașa albastră flutură-n vânt...

After an old poetry

E târziu în cîmîr...  
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...  
E liniște și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas  
Împrejur...

...

Am ieșut visătoare printre castranii înfloriți  
și trandafirii curgători  
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului  
în numele trandafirului...

...

Pășesc visătoare printre morminte, înânțuite de trandafiri

Roșii și roz curgători  
La ora când se-aprind luminile orașului  
și departe se-aude șuierând ca o sirenă  
sunetul neliniștit al vasului...

...

Privesc chipuri de tineri, cu zâmbete nostalgice, visătoare pe chip  
Chipuri de bătrâni cuminți  
Împreunați într-oîmbrățișare peste timp  
Pentru eternitate...

Chipul tău suav cu bucle blonde  
Îmi zâmbeste de pe un frontispiciu, cu îngeri înaripați  
Cămașa deschisă la gât  
Surâsul trist...  
Mă fac să uit pentru-o clipă, că încă mai exist...

...

Deodată te văd lângă mine  
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept  
Clipesc orbită, de surâsu-ți drept  
Îmi iei mâinile...și mă strângi la piept...

...

Cămașa albastră flutură-nvânt  
Născută din stânci și pământ...  
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept  
Clipesc orbită, de surâsu-ți drept  
Îmi iei mâinile...șimă strângi la piept...

...

E tăciuz în cîntir...  
Seara se-mbină cu ziua, e clarobscur...  
E liniște și pace, nici țipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas  
Împrejur...

...

Am ieșit visătoare printre castanii înfloriți  
și trandafirii curgători  
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului  
în numele trandafirului...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine  
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine  
Mă gâdesc pe crestele unui munte înalt  
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kuli-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci

Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

...

Iau pistolul și mă împușc

Cad cu încetînîtorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat

Până ating cu buzele pămîntul

Din care m-am împiedicat

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca

Nu pot cuprinde peisajul

Altul decît cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga

Altul decît universul interior

Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci

Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea,

Blue shirt waving in the wind,

After an old poetry

It's late in the cemetery ...

The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...

It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice

Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts

and flowing roses

which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery

in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses

Flowing reds and pinks

At the hour when the city lights come on

and away you hear the sound of a siren

the restless sound of the vessel ...

...

They look at faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces

Faces of good old men

Get together in a hug over time

For eternity...

Your face soft with blond curls

He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels

Slit shirt at the neck

The sad smile ...

They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blink orbit, smile straight  
You take my hands ... and tighten my chest ...

...  
Blue shirt butterfly-wind  
Born of rocks and earth ...  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blink orbit, smile straight  
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...  
It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...  
I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

...  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you. Victor, my love, my sweet.

Cei trei purceluși

În ziua acee de vară urcasem cu mașina, toată familia  
Pe drumul care duce la Lunca Florii  
Departe în munți...

Urcasem pe muntele Bou, drept în vârful lui cel mai înalt  
De unde sedeschidea o imagine panoramică  
Asupra munților din apropiere, a celor două vârfuri apropiate  
A dealurilor ce se undulau îndepărtare  
Purând pe marginile lor vălurite case, mici punctulețe albe  
Văzute în depărtare

Pe pajiștea de-n verde închis, degrade interminabil de verde  
și de galben, sub sărutarea soarelui mitic  
care aducea la viață atâtea creaturi, atâtea ființe vii  
atâtea sate și cătune pierdute în depărtare  
care parcă zumzăiau, șlipoteau, fremătau cu glasul lor aspru

de unde se ridica biruitoare  
îmaginea atâtor pământuri, Doamne!...

..

Vezi îmi spune tata, acolo sunt munții Sibiului, ai Sibiului  
Îmi spunea tata, urâtând în depărtare  
Pe-acolo am fost la Magdi, la Dieter și la Feri în Sibiu...

...

Fără să vreau m-am gândit la cartea ilustrată cu cei trei purceluși  
Văzând dealurile verzi, galbene  
În diferite nunațe ale verelui, care parcă se îngemănau  
Într-un curcubeu strălucitor  
Pe munții dimprejur.

..

Fără să vreau m-am gândit la oamenii care trăiau pe acești munți  
În aceste cătune, în aceste sate pierdute în zre  
Care toți trăiau, dormeau, se trezeau, mâncau  
Își aduceau mâncare de te miri unde, și trăiau acolo,  
în vârful muntelui.

...

Cei trei purceluși trăiau aievea în munții dimprejur.  
Pe dealurile stropite cu verde, cu galben  
Pe iarba care strălucea albă în bătaia vântului  
Sticlindu-i frunzele lunguiețe în soare

Mișcăta cu repeziciune de adierile aprige de vânt  
În vârful de munte.

...



Trăiam înreg isticismul și poezia acelei zile de vară, în munte  
și m-am aplecat, cu fața orbită de lumină  
să ridic o piatră, alcătuită din mai multe straturi concentrice de rocă  
ntrepătrunse cu mică, cu minereu  
care-și avea vechimea ei frumusețea și duritatea ei.

...

De pe vârful de munte din stânga, doi ciobani cu oile le cârneau pe șaua  
Ce lega cele două vârfuri, cu traistele în spinare  
și cu câinii ciobănești după ei  
și tata s-a oprit cu ei de vorbă, și să închine un pahar  
de țuică

..

Pe pajistea de-n verde închis, degrade interminabil de verde  
și de galben, sub sărutarea soarelui milic  
care aducea la viață atâtea creaturi, atâtea ființe vii  
atâtea sate și cătune pierdute în depărtare  
care parcă zumzăiau, șlipoteau, fremătau cu glasul lor aspru

de unde se ridica biruitoare  
imaginea atâtor pământuri, Doamne!...

### Three Little Pigs

On that summer day I was riding the car, the whole family  
On the road that leads to the Flori Lunca  
Far in the mountains ...

Climb up Mount Bou, right at its highest peak  
From where the panoramic image sits  
Over the nearby mountains, the two nearby peaks  
The hills that were rolling away  
Carrying on the edges of their flimsy houses, small white dots  
Seen in the distance

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green  
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun  
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings  
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance  
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious  
the image of so many lands, Lord!

..

See my dad tells me, there are the mountains of Sibiu, of Sibiu  
My father was telling me, looking away  
I went to Magdi, Dieter and Ferries in Sibiu ...

...

Without wishing I thought of the illustrated book with the three pigs  
Seeing the green, yellow hills  
Different weddings of the summer, which seem to be twinning  
In a bright rainbow  
On the mountains around.

--

Without wishing I thought of the people who lived in these mountains  
In these hamlets, in these villages lost in the creek  
That everyone lived, slept, woke up, ate  
They would bring their food to marvel at where, and they lived there,  
at the top of the mountain.

...

The three pigs lived in the mountains around,  
On the hills sprinkled with green, with yellow  
On the grass that gleamed white in the wind  
Blowing its leaves long into the sun

Quickly moved by the windy expressions  
At the top of the mountain.

...

I lived the whole historicism and poetry of that summer day, in the mountains  
and I bent down, face blinded by light  
to lift a stone, consisting of several concentric layers of rock  
it was interspersed with small ore  
who had her beauty, beauty and toughness.

...

From the mountain peak on the left, two shepherds with sheep rode them on the saddle  
What connected the two peaks, with the sadness in the back  
and with the shepherd dogs after them  
and my father stopped talking to them and worshiped a glass  
of pumice

--

On the meadow of dark green, endless gradation of green  
and yellow, under the kiss of the mythical sun  
that brought so many creatures to life, so many living beings  
so many villages and hamlets lost in the distance  
who sounded like they were humming, whipping, shivering in their harsh voice

from where he rises victorious  
the image of so many lands, Lord!

Te dorese și Te iunese, Victor, dragostea mea  
Ceruri albastre

De eparte se vedeau tufele înalte de trandafiri clătinându-se  
Lovite de furtună...  
Dorian se grăbi, trebuia să ajungă la 7 la Cathy acasă  
Erau o ploaie și un vânt turbat  
Parcă cum nu mai văzuse niciodată....

Un fulger despică cerul și se scurse în depărtare  
Acolo unde munții se băteau  
În capete  
Dorian zâmbi, gândindu-se la basmele copilăriei  
Trecuse atât de mult de atunci...

Dar Dorian parcă vedea peste tot împrejurul lui munți  
Bătându-se în capete....  
Când deodată un trăsnet căzu în pământ, la depărtare de câțiva pași  
Lângă un fag mare ce străjuia singur  
În partea lui stângă.

Deodată hainele lui se albiră de fulger  
și rămaseră așa albe  
cu apa șiroindui-i pe piept, pe mâini  
zhicindu-se sub ochii lui nefînchipsit de repede...

Dorian se șterse la ochi tulburat  
Nevenindu-i să-și creadă ochilor  
Dar mâinile lui abia dacă erau puțin umede  
și brațele jilave de ploaie  
norooc amenințatori, treceau spre Apus  
îngrămădindu-se ca furoare de vânt și furtună albastre-violet  
ca niște copii amenințatori  
puși pe plâns.

...

Cerul era o cabalocadă de nori  
Albastre ca cearceafurile de atlaz ale miresii lui  
Grăbindu-se să se înfășoare unul într-altul  
La mijloc

Când deodată se făcu umbră de-a binelea.  
Soarele, semeț se iva feciorelnic printre norii negri  
Lumânând pământul cu umbra lor  
Muiată în fir de diamante.

Era o răcoare plăcută, o briză caldă trecea tremurând printre  
Tufele de trandafiri roșii și roz  
El se apropia și se tot apropia  
Se apropia din ce în ce.... din ce în ce...

Hainele lui rămaseră albe, zăbicioase după ploaie  
Luminând ca un soare tremurător, sclipitor  
Așa cum trecea pe stradă  
Ca un mănunchi de raze izvorând din el...

Ajunse la poartă.  
Cathy se ivi tremurând de după tufele de trandafiri roșii  
și i se aruncă în brațe.  
Dragostea mea... șopti ea... ai venit la timp  
Pe o ploaie ca asta n-aș fi crezut  
Pe un vânt ca ăsta

Aici ți-e bine, surâse el  
Cuprinzând-o cu brațele și trăgând-o spre sine  
La pieptul său  
Simțindu-îi umezeala hainelor  
Răcoarea lor catifelată plăcută...

și aici a plouat, îngăimă ea  
cuprinzându-i gâtul și privindu-l în ochi  
apoi ascunzându-și fața la pieptul lui.  
Deodată Dorian se aplecă

și o sărută gingaș pe buzele ei de lotus înhobocite  
în vreme ce un trandafir roz se rupse deasupra lor, căzându-i  
și alunecându-i lui Dorian pe umăr.  
Dragostea mea

șopti ea, sărutându-i umărul.  
Apoi buzele lor se lipiră spasmodic într-un sărut lung  
Care-i străbătu până în tălpi  
Ca și cum un fulger s-ar fi scurs în pământ.

Cathy îi simți buzele lui parfumate dulei  
Ca două petale gingașe  
De trandafir  
Ca un șerbet parfumat și înmiresmat de trandafiri.

..

Cathy șopti tânărul tulburat  
Te iubesc dragostea mea... știi...  
Oh, Dorian și eu  
Te iubesc nespuse de mult....dulcele meu, dragostea mea...

..

....

Când deodată se făcu umbră de-a binelea.

Soarele, semeț se iveau feciorelnic printre norii negri  
Luminând pământul cu umbra lor  
Moiată în fir de diamante.

Era o răcoare plăcută, o briză caldă trecea tremurând printre  
Tufele de trandafiri roșii și roz  
El se apropia și se tot apropia  
Se apropia din ce în ce... din ce în ce...

Hainele lui rămaseră albe, zburdite după ploaie  
Luminând ca un soare tremurător, sclipător  
Așa cum trecea pe stradă  
Ca un mănunchi de raze izvorând din el...

Dorian se șterse la ochi tulburat  
Nevenindu-i să-și creadă ochilor  
Dar mâinile lui abia dacă erau puțin umede  
și brațele jilave de ploaie  
noroi amenințatori, treceau spre Apus  
îngrămădindu-se ca furtună de vânt și furtună albastre-violet  
ca niște copii amenințatori  
puși pe plâns....

Blue skies

From the side we saw tall roses of roses swaying  
Hit by the storm ...  
Dorian was in a hurry, she was supposed to be 7 at Cathy's home  
It was a rain and wind blown  
As if he had never seen it before.

A lightning bolt split the sky and it flew in the distance  
Where the mountains fought  
In the heads  
Dorian smiled, thinking of his childhood fairy tales  
It had been so long since then ...

But Dorian seemed to see all over his mountains  
Fighting on their heads.  
When suddenly a lightning bolt fell to the ground, a few steps away  
Next to a large beech tree that was watching alone  
On his left side.

Suddenly his clothes became lightning-white  
and they remained so white  
with water running down his chest, his hands  
crying beneath his unbelievably quick eyes ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes  
Not having them believe their eyes

But his hands were barely wet  
and the rainy arms  
threatening none, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
cried.

...

The sky was a cloud of clouds  
Blue as his bride's atlaz sheets  
Hurry to wrap one another  
In the middle

When suddenly there was a good shadow.  
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks  
Lightening the earth with their shadow  
Soaked in diamond thread.

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through  
Red and pink rose bushes  
He was getting closer and closer  
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain  
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun  
As it passed through the street  
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

He reached the gate.  
Cathy was shaking from the red roses  
and is thrown into his arms.  
My love ... she whispered ... you came in time  
On a rain like this I would not have believed  
On a wind like this

This is fine, he smiled  
Grabbing her with her arms and pulling her to herself  
At his chest  
Feeling the humming of the clothes  
Their pleasant velvety coolness ...

and it rained here, she sighed  
covering his neck and looking him in the eye  
then hiding his face at his chest.  
Suddenly Dorian bent down

and a kiss kissing her embellished lotus lips  
While a pink rose broke over them, falling to them  
and sliding Dorian over his shoulder.

My love

she whispered, kissing his shoulder.  
Then their lips spasmodically stuck in a long kiss  
Which went through his soles  
As if a lightning bolt burst into the ground.

Cathy felt his sweet scented lips  
Like two luscious petals  
Of rose  
Like a scented serpent and admired with roses.

--

Cathy whispered the troubled young man  
I love you my love ... you know ...  
Oh, Dorian and I  
I love you very much ... my sweet, my love ...

--

----

When suddenly there was a good shadow.  
The sun, the seed, appeared virginly to the new blacks  
Lightening the earth with their shadow  
Soaked in diamond thread.

It was a pleasant chill, a warm breeze fluttering through  
Red and pink rose bushes  
He was getting closer and closer  
It was getting closer and closer ... more and more ...

His clothes remained white, and he smiled after the rain  
Glowing like a shimmering, shining sun  
As it passed through the street  
Like a bunch of rays springing from it ...

Dorian wiped his troubled eyes  
Not having them believe their eyes  
But his hands were barely wet  
and the rainy arms  
threatening none, they were passing towards the West  
piling up like blue-violet windstorms and thunderstorms  
like threatening children  
crying .....  
te iubesc, Tudor, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc Tudor, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Dragul meu Dulcișor. Te iubesc, Dragul meu, Puiul meu Victor.

Cu argintate unde...  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor.Dulcele meu, Dulceața me.

Se lasă seara, cu aripi mpoi și voluptuoase, între spume  
Ale mării ce intra cu argintate unde  
În camera de visși deplăcere  
În camera de agonia și durere...

...  
..

Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Pyuiul meu.  
Priin unde înotam ca o naiadă  
Când părul greu de aur las' să cadă  
Pe umerele-mișpe brațe goale, sîdefate  
De nudă nimfă, cu argint perlate.  
Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea. ...  
..

Ne-am întâlnit în vise de plăcere  
Ne-am întâlnit în vise dedurere  
Săruturile tale moi, și netede, curate  
Îmi intră-n pânzanopții, cu argint pudrate.

...

Penisul tău, ca un șarp din adânc, glănând  
Îmi intră-n fluturile mele, de năduf gemând  
Se lasă să cadă în ape ne-întrerupte  
Peste dorințe lăncede, stătute...

..

Avide o nouă viață  
Poate de-o nouă dimineață, când Aurora bătu cu degete livizi în geam  
și păsările dimineații cântă cu tristete  
pe un ram.

Ne-am întâlnit în vise de plăcere  
Ne-am întâlnit în vise dedurere  
Săruturile tale moi, și netede, curate  
Îmi intră-n pânzanopții, cu argint pudrate.  
..

Pe sâni coboară buze dulci  
Precum sunt vaiereleprelungi, fășnite dintr-un piept de stâncă  
Se-amestecă cu apa gurii cea adâncă  
...

Năluca intră adînc, tot mai adînc complet  
În fluture plătînd și desuet  
Dorințe pămîșe de vișel gumind



Când apa bate tare, tot mai tare-n grind,

...

Blanca aflacă din leagăn  
Domnul ete al tău Mire  
Scânțește ca prin vis copil  
Laale taleșoapte de iubire

Lasă-ți fațatacea dulce  
Peste alamelebuze dulci  
Sună raza-ochiului senin  
A tale brațe să le culci

Lasă-ți fațatacea dulce  
giochiinegrăit de dulci...

...

Pe sâni coboară buze dulci  
Precum sunt vaiereleprelungi,țâșnite dintr-un piept de stâncă  
Se-amestecă cu apa gurii cea adâncă

...

Te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Pyuiul meu.  
Priin unde înotam ca o naiadă  
Când părul greu de aur las' să cadă  
Pe umerele-mi,pe brațe goale,sidefate  
De mada nimfă, cu argint perlate.  
Te doresc, Victor, Dragostea mea. ...

With silver undines ...

He left the evening, with thick, voluptuous wings, in foam  
Of the sea coming in with silver  
In the room of visions displacement  
In the room of agony and direction ...

...

...

I watched where I swam like a swim  
When heavy golden hair lets it fall  
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways  
Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

...

We met in dreams of pleasure  
We met in sweet dreams  
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean  
My butterfly comes in, with silver powder.

...

Your penis, like a snake from deep, groaning

I get my soft butterflies, gnarled moaning  
It is allowed to fall into uninterrupted waters  
Over lustful wishes, standing ...

--

He craves a new life  
Maybe a new morning when Aurora slammed her fingers into the window  
and the birds in the morning sing with gossip  
on a branch.

We met in dreams of pleasure  
We met in sweet dreams  
Your kisses soft, and smooth, clean  
My butterfly come in, with silver powder.

--

Sweet lips come down on her breasts  
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest  
Mix with the mouth water

---

The ghost enters deep, deeper and deeper  
In butterflies flaking and obsolete  
Passionate wishes for milking calf  
When the water is pounding, it gets louder.

---

Blanca is in the swing  
Lord is your Mire  
It flashes like a child's dream  
Yours love of love

Leave your face sweet  
Over sweet German foodstuffs  
Under the serene ray  
Your arms to sleep on

Leave your sweet face  
sweet and blackened by sweets ...

....

Sweet lips come down on her breasts  
As are the long hinges, sprung from a rock chest  
Mix with the mouth water

---

I love you, my sweetness, my baby.  
I watched where I swam like a swim  
When heavy golden hair lets it fall  
On my shoulders, on bare arms, sideways

Nude nymph, with pearl silver.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Pușor.  
Te doresc, Puiul meu.  
Di lotuși roz-roșii, abia îmbobociți...

Cu ochii în nșoianul ede amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotogrŃii,un tănăr bărbat o prives.  
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

...

Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea  
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte  
Ochii lui o priveau...  
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate,...

...

Un surâs trist pe buzele lui roșii,multae-n azur  
Peste care scobora albastrul tufbure  
Al ochilor, atât de pur...  
Cu ceareâne săpate pe sub safirele de-azur  
Easupraobrazului tăiat în piatră, dur.

--

Un găeca un lujer de Ionus, ușor arcuit...  
S deschidea-n cămașa descheiată  
Peste pieptul lui cad, învult, de tănăr oibit.

..

Nasl cu orbitee lui goale, avea nările fremătătoare  
Ca o mică jivină speriată  
Înniezul pădurii gnită de lupi  
Cu osaturanobilă, subțire, pe care îndoite lacrimi  
De obidă rupi...

...

Cu ochii în nșoianul ede amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotogrŃii,un tănăr bărbat o prives.  
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

...

Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea  
Sau ar f revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte  
Ochii lui o priveau...  
Parcă de-aproape, parcă depate,...

--

Cathy, rpsți l... și voce lui era jousă  
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă

Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc  
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

...

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă  
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzele tale scâldate în al ochilor mei azur  
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

--

și o cuprinse tare, mai tare, mai aproape, mai aproape  
o noaptea dă neasemuită noapte  
înunecării din ai lorochi sorbind dulceața  
aăropierii tainice, duioase, dulci... O, Cathy,  
șopti el... și fruntea ta palidă încet pe al meu piept s-o culci  
lăsând ca pradă gurii mele  
a tale buze neasemuit de dulci...

--

Cathy, rpsă l... și voce lui era joasă  
Totuși caldă, vibrantă, melodioasă  
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc  
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

...

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă  
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzele tale scâldate în al ochilor mei azur  
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

--

Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde  
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-măphociti  
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie  
De fulgerul denouri, lucind, dulce trăsniți.

--

și di cer cade o dulce ploaie  
peste creștetele adoi iubiți  
pe când luna dă dulce văpaie  
pehilorlor calzi, abia deschiși, îndrăgostiți...

--

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă

La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzele tale scaldate în al ochilor mei azur  
Șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat mormur...

--  
Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde  
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpbociți  
De incandescența nopții arzând văpaie  
De roșeața sângelui, palpitând. Ioiți....

....  
Cu ochii în noianul ode amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotografii, un tânăr bărbat o privesc  
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

--  
Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii  
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei  
Privea... în dimensiunea plină de amărăciune a lumii  
Până în străfundul său.

...  
Până în străfund bău cupa suferinței și amărăciunii ne'ndrurătoare  
Chinuit și jalnic arde de vinca Nessus  
Poate el să mai re'nvie  
Luminos și pur, ca Pasărea Phoenix?...

Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...  
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor  
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinereții  
Care intră, nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și vonic  
Pe ușa plină de promisiuni a Veșii  
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde  
Îl aștepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri  
Și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....

....  
El, tânăr inocent  
Cu mâini de floare și de lapte  
Asculta ascunsele, înfioratele ei șoapte  
Gata să treacă în foc și sabie pentru ea  
Gata să treacă în Nemurire pentru ea  
Pentru Dragostea Sa?...

...  
Cu mâinile albe ca floarea albă de cireș  
Acest tânăr ales  
Pe obrazul pe care mijeau primele tullele ale Bărbăției  
Acest Fecior  
E din Grădina Raiului cules?...

...  
Cu sânii gei de Viață și de lapte  
Lumea îl aștepta, la deschisele ei canate

Să-i dea să bea potirul  
Neprihănitelor păcate  
Să alăpteze dorințele celui Ales.

...  
Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...  
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor  
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții  
Care intră, nepăzit de nimic, vulnerabil și voinic  
Pe ușa plină de promisiuni a Veșii  
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde  
Îl șatepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri  
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....

...  
Părul lui blond dat în spic  
Subțire și mătăsoș  
Încadra chipul rotund, alacestui tânăr frumos  
Curios...  
Care nu ajunsese încă în Tărâmul de Jos  
Subțire, plin de lapte și voinic...

--  
La ușa Raiului  
Oare cine bate?... cine s-a grăbit să intre  
Pe nemuritoarele sale, albe Canate?...  
Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii  
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei  
O privea...

...  
Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru o mamă  
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior  
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă  
Când devine bărbat?...

...  
Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul primăvara, zbura în dimensiunea  
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice  
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior  
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii  
În dimensiunea rară, deală a dragostei  
Adevărate, pure, absolute  
Precum era bătaia inimii sale, prin blaza subțire, albastră  
Ca o promisiune și un legământ  
La ușa dragostei.

...  
Bazele copilărești deschise într-un mormur  
Peste marea de-azur  
Părul blond în șuvițe blond-castanii copilărești  
Acolo unde încetezi să mai exiști  
și numai ești...

...  
Ochii-aplecați peste-un mister  
Peste răsufletul de ger din zăpezile trandafirii  
Acolo unde încetezi să exiști  
și-ncepi să fii...  
Să Fii...

...  
Te iubesc, Victor, dulceşorul meu, puia! meu.

Two lots rosy-red, barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ...

...  
A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into stone, hard.

--  
One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.  
S opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears  
Obviously you broke ...

...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ....

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow

Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your hot pipet call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

and he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
one night gives the same night  
the darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness  
mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,  
he whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
leaving my mouth as a prey  
to your lips, especially sweet ...

--

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your hot pipet call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

Lituan's lips opened softly  
Like two aba-mbphoci-pink lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--

and in the sky a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved shrimps  
while the moon gives sweet tones  
hot dogs, barely open, in love ...

--

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your hot pipet call me ...



At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..  
Lituan's lips opened softly  
Like two aba-mbpboci-pink lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

....  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
From the memory stick, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world  
Up to its depth.

...

To the depths I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?he iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea. Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...  
I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tulle of Manhood

This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...  
With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen one.

...  
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though i his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
Has blond hair given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful youngman  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking her...

...  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...  
...the look of his blue eyes, as the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of young young man

Ready to enter the floody door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeters from the snow of roses

Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...

to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google translate

The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc Tudor, Dorit Puşor, Dragostea mea,

Dragostea mea, Victor, T doresc şi Te iubesc, puiul meu drag şi dule, dulceaţa mea.

Din noianul de amintiri...

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii

Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei

O privea...

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă

Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior

Păşeşte în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, graţioasă

Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceaţa

Recunoaşterii tainice, un tânăr o privea.

Ochii săi câprui, inocenţi, visători

Priveau parcă într-un dincolo, într-un absoşut numental

În dimensiunea ideală a poeziei

În tărâmul înfiorat de promisiuni, al dragostei.

...

Părul, lăsat de-a lungul figurii sale ovale, inocente

În care se fgeceau primele tuşuri bărbăneşti

Era şam, cu şuviţe ondulute, blonde

Moale şi luminos, ca pânza argintată, aurie de stele a cerului.

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă

Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior

Păşeşte în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, graţioasă

Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceaţa

Recunoaşterii tainice, un tânăr o privea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, cu cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea  
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice  
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior  
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii  
În dimensiunea rar, deală a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute  
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albstră  
Ca o promisiune și un legământ  
La ușa dragostei.

...

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii  
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei  
O privea...

Figura sa vulnerabilă, sensibilă, părea decupată  
Dintr-un Arhetip  
Îngropat adânc în sufletul tuturor mamelor.

Arhetipul lui Iisus, inocentul și neprihănitul Mântuitor  
Gata să intre în tumultul năprasnic al vieții  
Acolo unde Lumea nu-i v aduce decât suferință  
și Răstăgnire.

...

Din noianul e amintiri, învâltit în oceanul de impresii gingașe  
Ieșite parcă din penelul unui pictor  
Care este Lumea, un tânăr o privea.

Cu ochiului e azurul cerului, două nestemate muiate în fir deargint  
și în picuri strălucitori de rouă  
două pietre prețioase arzând ca doi picuri strălucitori  
de absolut

tânărul privea în nemuritoarele grădini ale cerului  
în dimensiunea rară, ideală a poeziei.

A dragostei.

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă  
Decât elipa când tânărul său fecior  
Pășește în lume, în elipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă  
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învâltuite în ceața

Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o privea.

...

Buzele lui rotunde, pline arcuite  
Ca sărutul răcoros al mării, ca tunetul grațios al montelui  
Ca susurul izvoarelor pe prund  
Erau sărutate de roua dimineții, de gândul lui îmbobocit  
De primele icăriri ale dragostei

Acolo unde suferința se ghicea întreagă –  
și el o primea întreagă  
cu umilința și uitarea de sine pe care o aduce în suflet dragostea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea  
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice  
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior  
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii  
În dimensiunea rar, deală a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute  
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albastră  
Ca o promisiune și un legământ  
La ușa dragostei.

...

O Poetă, cuvintele ți-s prea puțin  
Pentru a descrie intrarea în lume a unui tânăr fecior  
Pe armăsarul său alb, impetuos, suflând în spume  
Acolo unde mărețele și impunătoarele sale fapte  
Vor rămâne petru vecie înregistrate

De harul povestitor al mulțimii  
Pregătită să-ți primească Eroul, și să-l poarte spre biruință.  
Acolo era un El  
În ochii Lui era o Ea...

Sau poate blânda stea  
Descriind un arabesc arhitectonic, căzând  
În luminoasele câmpii azalee.

...

From the nojan of remembering...

From the nojan with remembering, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking her..

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother  
Than the oment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment  
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy  
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a numenal absolute  
In the ideal dimension of poetry  
In therealm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure  
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings  
It was bron-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes  
Soft and lighty, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

..

What can be more disturbing for a mother  
Than te moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of remembrings, from the records wrapped inthe mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman  
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life. with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young youngman  
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with rememberings, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngman.with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry  
He was looking her..

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut  
From an Archetype

Buried deply in the soul of all mothers.

The Archetype of Jesus,the innocent and unsinful Saviour  
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life  
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering  
And crucifixion.

---

From the nojan of rememberings, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints  
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter  
Which is the world, a young man  
He was looking at her.

With His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with silvery thread  
And gloomy dew raindrops  
Two precious stonesburning like two brightfuldrops  
Of absolute

The youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky  
In the rare, ideal dimesion of the poetry.

Of love.

---

What can be more thrilling for a mother  
Than te moment when her young Son  
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment  
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist  
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

---

His round lips, full, arched  
As the cool kissing of the sea, is the graceful thunder of the mountain  
As the whisper of the springs on the raven  
They wee kissed bt the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought  
Of the first sunbursts of love

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –  
And he was receiving entirely  
With the humility and forgetfulness which brings in the soul only love

--

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent face, of young youngman  
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world  
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute  
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt  
Like a promise and a legacy  
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor  
To describe the entering in the world of a young youngman  
On his white, impetuous horse, breathing in foams  
There where the great and imposing deeds  
They will remain for eternity recorded

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd  
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.  
There it was a Him  
In His eyes it was a Her...

Or maybe the gentle star  
Describing an arabesque architectonic, falling down  
In the brightful azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu pușor, dragostea mea.

Dive into me ...

Silences of gold, myrrh and incense float in the translucent air of May  
I'll just wait an hour for you to stay  
A spring, dressed in yellow belts ...

The scent of your roses descends to the earth  
The sprinter and the humpbacker are invited  
What suture branches blossomed with cherry and apple  
Pleasant to the heart as the mind had ...

...

On the bench in the heresy what goodbye  
With his mouth undone by the tulip  
Let me be filled with dreamy abstractions  
and the silence in my show falls hard ...

I was when I did not freeze, today I see myself and it is not ...  
star icon that died  
slowly in the sky it goes up ...

just as ours perish in the deep night  
the icon of the dead quiver  
is still following us ...



...

Luceafăr started. His wings were growing in the sky  
and paths of infinite lives passed  
in so many moments ...

...

There was a lot of surrealism there  
in that little square, too, the church was empty  
of beautiful

the bells were ringing  
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....  
destiny and pure chance  
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding  
I was and wasn't there  
We were defending and disappearing, defending  
you disappeared

--

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

...

Te iubesc, Victor. Soțiorul meu Dulce..  
Te dorec.  
Di lotuși roz-roșii, abia îmbobociți..  
Cu ochii în nolanul ede amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotografii, un tânăr bărbat o privesc.

Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

...

Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea  
Sau ar fi revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte  
Ochii lui o priveau...  
Parcă de-aproape, parcă departe....

...

Un surâs trist pe buzele lui roșii,muitac-n azur  
Peste care scobora albastrul tulbure  
Al ochilor, atât de pur...  
Cu cearcăne săpate pe sub safirele de-azur  
Easupraobrazului tăiat în piatră, dur.

--

Un gălea un lojer de lotus, ușor arcuit...  
S deschidea-n cămașa descheiată  
Peste pieptul lui cad, învult, de tânăr oibit.

--

Nasl cu orbitee lui goale, avea nările fremătătoare  
Ca o mică jivină speriată  
Înmiezul pădușii gnită de lopi  
Cu osaturanobilă, subțire, pe care îndoite lacrimi  
De obidă rupi...

...

Cu ochii în nșoianul ede amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotogrffii,un tânăr bărbat o privesc.  
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

...

Ca și cum și-ar fi întors privirea  
Sau ar fi revenit cu privirea, de undeva, din carte  
Ochii lui o priveau...  
Parcă de-aproape, parcă departe....

--

Cathy, rpsți l... și voce lui era joasă  
Totuși caldă, vibrantă,melodioasă  
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcui ca un arc  
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

...

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă  
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzeletale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur  
Șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

--

și o cuprinse tare, mai tare, mai aproape, mai aproape  
o noaptea dă neasemuită noapte

întinectării din ai lorochi sorbind dulceața  
aăropierii tainice, duioase, dulci... O, Cathy,

șopti el... și frntea ta palidă încet pe almeu piept s-o culci  
lăsând ca pradă gurii mele  
a tale buze neasemuit de dulci...

--

Cathy, rpsii l... și voce lui era joasă  
Totuși caldă, vibrantă, melodică  
Pe când pieptușu lui se arcuă ca un arc  
Strângând-o la pieptu-i, bătrânul monarch.

---

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă  
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzele tale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur  
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

--

Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde  
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpocii  
De incandescența nopții arzând vâpaie  
De fulgerul denouri, lucind, dulce trăsniți.

--

și di cer cade o dulce ploaie  
peste creștetele adoi iubiți  
pe când luna dă dulce vâpaie  
pehilorlor calzi, abia deschiși, îndrăgostiți...

--

Cathy, iubita mea... dinnegură de vreme  
Cu vocea ta sfioasă, joasă  
La pipetu-ți cald mă chemi...  
La buzele tale scăldate în al ochilor mei azur  
șoptind sfioase, tainic, nevinovat murmur...

--

Buzele luitainic se deschiseră blânde  
Ca doi lotuși roz-roșii aba-mbpocii  
De incandescența nopții arzând vâpaie  
De roșcata sângelui, palpitând, loși...

----

Cu ochii în npoianul ede amintiri  
Din cutia cu fotografii, un tânăr bărbat o prives.  
Cu o privire, plină de dragoste, totuși tristă  
Totuși încărcată de suferință

---

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii  
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei  
Privea... în dimeniunea plină de amărăciune a lumii  
Până în străfundul său.

---

Până în străfund bău cupa suferinței și amărăciunii îndurătoare  
Chinuit și jalnic arde de viața Nessus  
Poate el să mai re'nvie  
Luminos și pur, ca Pasărea Phoenix?... te ianșc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce.

--

Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...  
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor  
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții  
Care intră, nepăzită de nimic, vulnerabil și voinic  
Pe ușa plină de promisiuni a Veșii  
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde  
Îl aștepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri  
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....

----

El, tânăr inocent  
Cu mâini de floare și de lapte  
Asculta ascunsele, înfioratele ei șoapte  
Gata să treacă în foc și sabie pentru ea  
Gata să treacă în Nemurire pentru ea  
Pentru Dragostea Sa?...

---

Cu mâinile albe ca floarea albă de cireș  
Acest tânăr ales  
Pe obrazul pe care mijeau primele tulleie ale Bărbăției  
Acest Fecior  
E din Grădina Raiului cules?...

---

Cu sânii gei de Viață și de lapte  
Lumea îl aștepta, la deschisele ei canate  
Să-i dea să bea puținul  
Neprihănitelor păcate  
Să alăpteze dorințele celui Ales.

---

Cine este oare acest tânăr Fecior?...  
Visător și totuși în suflet de toate primitor  
Cu-acea ingenuă pornire curioasă, avântată, încrezătoare a Tinreții  
Care intră, nepăzită de nimic, vulnerabil și voinic  
Pe ușa plină de promisiuni a Veșii  
Acolo unde, în mulțime, sub cereștile ei unde  
Îl aștepta, ascunsă de nesfârșite Praguri  
și de nebănuite încercări, înfiorată Dragostea?....

---

Părul lui blond dat în spic  
Subțire și mătășos  
Încadra chipul rotund al acestui tânăr frumos  
Curios...  
Care nu ajunsese încă în Tărâmul de Jos  
Subțire, plin de lapte și voinic...

---

La ușa Raiului  
Oare cine bate?... cine s-a grăbit să intre  
Pe nemuritoarele sale, albe Canate?...

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii  
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei  
O privea...

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru o mamă  
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior  
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă  
Când devine bărbat?...

...

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul primăvara, zbura în dimensiunea  
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice  
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior  
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii  
În dimensiunea rară, deală a dragostei  
Adevărate, pure, absolute  
Precum era bătaia inimii sale, prin bluza subțire, albastră  
Ca o promisiune și un legământ  
La ușa dragostei.

...

Buzele copilărești deschise într-un mormur  
Peste marea de-azur  
Părul blond în șuvițe blond-castanii copilărești  
Acolo unde încetezi să mai exiști  
și numai ești...

...

Ochii-aplecați peste-un mister  
Peste răsufletul de ger din zăpezile trandafirii  
Acolo unde încetezi să exiști  
și-ncepi să fii...  
Să Fii...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, duleișorul meu, puinul meu.

Two lots rosy-red, barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ....

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into stone, hard.

--

One neck a lotus huge, slightly arched,  
It was opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears  
Obviously you broke ...

---  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

---  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like very far away..

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
and he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
one night gives the same night  
the darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness  
mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,  
he whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
leaving my mouth as a prey  
to your lips, so sweet ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your hot breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced,

--  
and in the sky a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet flames  
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

--  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping,

....  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
From the memory nojan, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in dimension full of bitterness  
of the world  
Up to its core,

...  
To the depths I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?  
Te iubişese Andrei, Piul meu.  
te iubesc şi te doresc, Victor, dulceata mea, Dragostea mea, Piol meu,

With arms of flower and of milk...  
I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...  
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tulle of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...  
With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open canats  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen one.

...  
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though i his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking her...

...  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son



He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, as the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life. with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of young young man

Ready to enter the floody door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...  
te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.  
translation: Natalia Gălăţan  
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

te iubesc, Dulceaţa mea, Puilul meu Victor

Te iubesc nespus, Tudor, Puilul meu iubit.  
Dulcele meu drag, te iubesc şi te doresc, puilul meu. Victor, dragostea mea, Te doresc şi Te iubesc, dulcişorul  
meu.  
Drowning aggressive herds



te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, dulcele meu, piul meu.

Such a miserable life  
Ascending on his ramparts "to be" ...  
I woke up feeling like I did not have it anymore  
nothing to communicate  
than mental states  
the detection of consciousness in its intermittent movement  
among things.

...

and what is poetry? ... other than a state of mind?  
More than just a mood ...  
Exalted, manic states

In which the smell of metal penetrated me  
and lilies  
perfume with an unknown source  
unidentifiable elsewhere than in my own mind.

...

Otherwise, I would have scared you.  
But I knew it was a consequence  
Of serious psychological decompensation  
Olfactory hallucinations.

..

My mom walked over to me  
I told her I smelled metal - and then lilies  
but she changed the word ...

always hoping I'm doing well  
I'm getting deeper into the shelf of the  
unconsciousness  
which mixes so much with my own  
life, waking up  
that I no longer distinguish them ...

.....

A lucid hallucinatory state  
Like the ones I have for a few years  
With ordered, colorful waters  
That I wear in front of my eyes  
From one room to another

Seeing them everywhere I see my eyes  
Like a colorful watermark  
monitor  
Cutting from the drowning of the aggressive herds  
A smoother second ...

.....

Faced with the unforgiving challenges of life  
All you have to do is stay  
To stifle the rough rush  
What I have no way to solve -  
Cutting on the drowning of the aggressive herds  
A game is more pure.

...

Converting Eros to Thanatos  
and the anecdotal occurrence  
as Eugen Simion would say  
in devotion, in Bhakti Yoga  
which in my case

has always worked without fail.

The pain of every sunrise ...

The pain of every sunrise  
you are burdened with everything alive  
and all you can love  
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking  
It's heavy and unnamed  
When you don't go deep down  
Weighed no wine ...

..

For you have betrayed me with my own hands  
and you have put my destiny on me  
for you have betrayed me with a smile, yet not a hundred books are laid  
but in blue stars, it is written.

...

Because you sent me to fire and hell  
At the Fire that burns forever eternal Hell  
At best I can see you  
The one with the hyena's smile.

..

The pain of every sunrise  
you are burdened with everything alive  
and all you can love  
put in coffin boards

...

It's hard - this is an undertaking  
It's heavy and unnamed  
When you don't go deep down  
Weighed no wine ...

Te dorest, Puiul meu Victor, T iubesc, Dulcea mea. Puiul meu...  
Era o zi frumoasă de august târziu...

Era o zi frumoasă de august târziu...  
Ieșisem din colibă, eu și Bujor, și mersesem în ograda lui Țariu,  
să ne uităm după vaci.  
Soarele scăpătase de după-amiază  
și coliba lui Țariu se întrevea ca un schelet de băne

afumate, peste timp

domesticăși srbatică în același timp  
cu pridvorul ei solid, din lemn afumat, vreaște, în neorânduială  
cu lacătulpus șiștăpănoș plecați...

mirosea tare a brânză de oi, sărată tare  
și pusă la butoi  
acru aducea moesme necunoscute  
deprine bruării bune de cules, din ograda lui Tăriu  
de care erau plini pruniînalți și vîratici.

Surana în frunte păștea pe coamadealului  
Cu căâpul spre cest, deunde venau de obicei  
Norii încărcați de furtună,

Alături de ea Dumăna și vițelușele,  
Pușu și Florana  
Întoarse care cum  
Muxând cu partaca suprioarăa botului iarba grasă  
Păioasă, necesită de câșiva ani

și mregând-o molcome, tihnite de frumusețea acelu  
augist târziu, cu cerul o pleiadă  
de albastru închis  
intens, puternic, oțelot

eu și Bujor o cotimpe lângăvacuțedupă ce le cârmim  
și le adunăm laolaltă  
și mergem să vedem gântăna  
cu vechea hidrocentrală  
la care nu mai fusesem de ani,

Trecem prin pădurea de fagi și brazi, înaltă  
De-un verde metalic  
Trecând pe o cărâruie ca o curmătură,  
trecând spre stînga  
șiapoi pierzându-seîn meandre, în jos.

Trecem miculpărănaș de la intrare  
și în curând ajungem la pârâul falnic al Roșiei  
din inima pădurii  
sărind peste pietre și peste roci învăluite în mică  
și minereu

era acoloomică insulăa lui Euthanasius...  
nisipurile strălucitoare ale liAugust...  
pârâul skipind în soare cu un balaurde lumină  
lîntăna joasă, mcul iezer cu grătar,  
care optea frunzele  
și pietrișul

și pe unde apa intra nestingherită, ca în șipot neostpot

pentru antişcatirbina microhidrocentalei.  
Cu lăpeşileei ca un mptor de acion  
Învăârtite lla dreapta de apasere trecea,  
Turbina producea energie  
Curent electric

---

Atunci însănu mai era în folosinţă.  
Ă înlpcuiese deja generatorul de curent  
şi noioprivim cu părere de rău  
curăşând-i de frunze, ca s-o privim mai bine.

..

Era o zi de august nesfârşută.  
leşisem din colibă, eu şi Bujor, şi mersesem în ograda lui Tăriu,  
să ne uităm după vaci.  
Soarele scăpătase de după-amiază  
şi coliba lui Tăriu se întrevea cu un schelet de băme  
afumate, pste timp

domesticăşi slbatică în acelaşi timo  
cu pridvorul ei solid, din lemn afumat, vraşte.  
În neorânduială  
cu lacătulpus şiistăpănoo plecaşi...

mirosea tare a brânză de oi, sărată tare  
şi pusă la buoi  
aerul aducea moesme necunoscute  
deprine bruări bune de cules, din ograda lui Tăriu  
de care erau plini pruniţinalţi şi vâratiei.

Din acre am cules în acea vară târzie şi am umplut poloboacele  
Care se vor transforma în juică de prine  
dulce şi bună  
Căci prinelor li se zicea mîericieă  
Din caiza dulceţilor –  
şîn genere era un Augist târziu,  
un degradeinternănilde stele albe  
ce împânzeai cerul Roşiei  
caon voal de borangic...

It was a dazzling late August ...

It was a beautiful day of late August ...  
I had come out of the hut, I and Bujor, and walked to the garden of the Tăriu.  
let's look after the cows.  
The sun had escaped the afternoon  
Tăriu's hut was seen as a skeleton of beams  
smoked, over time

domestic and wild at the same time

with its solid porch, of smoked wood, it spontaneously waits  
with the latchet and the leash you leave ...

it smelled of sheep's cheese, salty  
and put in the barrel  
the air brought unknown odors  
he learns the good buzz of picking, from Tãriu's garden  
of which were full of prunes and cousins.

Surana in the forehead was walking on the crest of the hill  
With their hooves toward the basket,  
they usually came from here  
Clouds charged by the storm.

I join with her Dumana and the calves, Poșa and Florana  
He turned that whatever  
Milking with the upper part of the moss the fat grass  
Hairy, unmarried for a few years

and soaking it with molten, soothed by its beauty  
late august, with the sky a dark blue fold  
intense, strong, steel

Bujor and I climb it next to the cows after we ride them  
and we gather them together  
and we go to see the mist with the old  
hydroelectric power station  
which I had not been in for years.

We go through the beech and fir forest, high  
Of a metallic green  
Passing on a cart like a curb, turning left  
and then losing himself in the meander, down.

We pass the little creek from the entrance  
and soon we will reach the peat brook of Rosia  
from the heart of the forest  
jumping over stones and over small rocks  
and ore

the island of Euthanasius was ecological,  
the bright sands of late August ...  
the brook glinting in the sun like a light bulb  
the low fountain, the maze with grid, which stopped the leaves  
and gravel

and where the water went in unsteadily, as in a stream  
for the microgrid hydrochloride.  
With the shovels as an action master  
Swirled right by the water, the turbine produced energy  
Electrical current

...



But then it was still in use.  
He had already turned off the power generator  
and we feel bad about it  
cleaning them from the leaves, so that we can look better.

--

It was an endless August day.  
I had come out of the hut, I and Bujor, and walked to the garden of the Tari,  
let's look after the cows.  
The sun had escaped the afternoon  
Tariu's hut was seen as a skeleton of beams  
smoked, over time

domestic and wild at the same time  
with its solid porch, of smoked wood, it spontaneously waits  
with the latchet and the leash you leave ...

it smelled of sheep's cheese, salty  
and put in the barrel  
the air brought unknown odors  
he learns the good buzz of picking, from Tariu's garden  
of which were full of prunes and cousins.

From which I picked up that late summer and stuffed my fleece  
Which will turn into sweet and good snack  
Because it was said to them Wednesday  
From the candy shop -  
and he was usually a late August, an endless gradient of white stars  
what you were pushing the sky of Rosia  
like a borangic veil ...

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceata mea, puilul meu.  
God is Nature...





That evening I had been with Bujor, on the mountain,  
on Preluca, after the cattle. When we arrived up  
the sun was setting down  
in a garland of pink, yellow, orange, russet  
flames.

It was a whirlpool of brilliant colours  
from yellow and orange, to red, to purple.  
The minced clouds, likewise some blush of the breeze  
coloured by sunset and white  
were stretching all over the sky, likewise being sifted  
through a rare sieve,

we went and we drank the cattle at the wooden fountain  
underneath the sheep gorge  
of Tariu, and then we prepared to turn them  
to our lodge.

I had remained on the mountain  
near the peak, to admire the sunset. Who knows  
how many thoughts were passing through my mind  
then, contemplating the clouds  
likewise some snows of snow, with forms

of angels, of flowers, of devils, of butterflies  
even The God-Father  
was reigning on the clouds of the sky.  
Without any doubt, I was thinking, even if with other words  
that God is the Nature

likewise Baruch Spinoza has asserted with centuries  
before, and rightly so  
I didn't know too many about God  
otherwise than my experience was saying to me  
and that was saying much...

And the Psalms of Grandma, and the books of the sister  
Ellen G. White  
and The Bible from the time of Carol I  
whereon I had read with Kings and the History of Maccabees  
with all, that is, from bark to bark...

....

I remained contemplating the sky  
losing itself at the horizon, beyond the herd of stallions  
in a realm of the fairytales and tales  
which, strangely, was being alive...

....

Te iubesc, Alin. Puiul meu Dulce..

Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea,  
Heart-shaped box

În sfânta noapte de Ajun  
Cathy și tânărul Alain în sfârșit se întâlniră...  
Cearșafurile erau monolite  
de adânci și tulburătoare  
Ispite ale dragostei ce avuseseră loc acolo  
Străpunse de întunecata dulceață...  
A tainelor și ispitelor lumesti...

----

De fapt fusese o întâlnire de dragoste tulburătoare și implă.  
Mai întâi Cathy îi văzu lui Alain chipul  
Fața lui rotundă, de lapte  
Pe care scânteia roz-aprins o scânteiere ca o văpaie  
Erau dulcile șoaapte ale amrului  
Pe care tânărul le primi îndurerat în iept  
și cărona nu avea cum să se împotrivească, cum să lupte.

---

Buzele luica doi lăuși îmbobociți se deschiseră ca un "A" de mirare  
Când o văzu venind spre poartă  
Subțire și mlădiousă ca un strugure dat în copt.  
Cu sânii ei îmbobociți ca două petle  
De trandafir moi și catifelate  
Cu surâsul ei de regină a vânătorii  
Puțin tandru, puțin ingenuu, puțin întrebător  
E îl primi la poartă pe tânărul  
Fecior...

....

Cathy, ești tulburat tânărul  
Muind yuu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin  
Te iubesc, te doresc  
Dulceața mea...

----

Ajunși în cameră, Alain îi cuprise talia în mâinile lui  
Culcându-se lângă ea  
și privind-o în ochi cu dragoste, cu infinită dragoste...  
iubita mea, ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...  
în timp ce sărutări fără de număr  
curgeau din buzele lui aprinse și înflăcărute  
ca două flăcări de rubin.

....

Îi sărută cu gingășie sânii, munții albi ai zănelui  
Petelor de rhin înflăcărată  
Apoi o pătrunse până dincolo...  
În tărâul de înfiorate mistere  
D'efoc, cenușă, lapte, miere...

.....

Cathy, ești tulburat yânărul  
Muindyyu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin  
Te iubesc, te doresc  
Dulceața mea...

În sfânta noapte de Ajun  
Cathy și tânărul Alain în sfârșit se întâlniră...  
Cearșafurile erau motolite de adânci și tulburătoare  
Ispite ale dragostei ce avuseseră loc acolo  
Străpunse de întunecata dulceață...  
A tainelor și ispitelor lumești...

.....

De fapt fusese o întâlnire de dragoste tulburătoare și implă.  
Mai întâi Cathy îi văzu lui Alain chipul  
Fața lui rotundă, de lapte  
Pe care scânteia roz-aprins o scânteiere ca o văpaie  
Erau dulcile șoapte ale amrului  
Pe care tânărul le primi îndurerat în iept  
și căroră nu avea cum să se împotrivească, cum să lupte.

Cathy, ești tulburat yânărul  
Muindyyu-și buzele într-ale ei, ca într-un pahar de vin  
Te iubesc, te doresc  
Dulceața mea...

Buzele luica doi lotuși îmbobociți se deschiseră ca un "A" de mirare  
Când o văzu venind spre poartă  
Subțire și mlădiaoasă ca un stringure dat în copt.  
Cu sânii ei îmbobociți ca două petle  
De trandafir moi și catifelate  
Cu surâsul ei de regină a vânătorii  
Puțin tandru, puțin ingenuu, puțin întrebător  
E îl primi la poartă pe tânărul  
Fecior...

Ajunși în cameră, Alain îi cuprise talia în mâinile lui  
Culcându-se lângă ea  
și privind-o în ochi cu dragoste, cu infinită dragoste...  
iubita mea, ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...  
în timp ce sărutări fără de număr  
curgeau din buzele lui aprinse și înflăcărâte  
ca două două întredeschise petale  
aprinse de lotus...

Heart-shaped box

On Holy Eve night, Cathy and young Alain finally met ...  
The sheets were limp  
deep and disturbing  
Temptations of love that had taken place there  
Pierced by the dark sweetness ...  
Of worldly mysteries and temptations ...

.....

In fact it had been a troubling love affair and it involved.  
First Cathy saw Alain's face  
His round face, milk  
On which the sparkle pink-lit a spark like a screech  
There were the sweet whispers of the bitter  
Which the young man received painfully in his breast  
and to whom he could not resist, how to fight.

...

The lips of the two embattled lotuses opened like a wonder "A"  
When he saw her coming toward the gate  
Thin and woody like a grape baked.  
With her breasts flushed like two stains  
Soft and soft rose  
With her queen-of-hunting smile  
A little tender, a little naive, a little questioning  
He received the young man at the gate  
Son...

----

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man  
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine  
I love you I want you  
My sweetness...

----

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands  
Sleeping next to her  
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.  
my lover, what I missed was you!  
while kissing without number  
flowing from his lips, burning and burning  
like two ruby flames.

-----

He kisses her breasts with breasts, the white mountains of the fairy  
Flaming chubarb petals  
Then he penetrated her to the other side.  
In the land of creepy mysteries  
Of flames, ash, milk, honey ...

----

Cathy, you were troubled by the young man  
Soaking pursed her lips, like a glass of wine  
I love you I want you  
My sweetness...

On Holy Eve night  
Cathy and young Alain finally met ...  
The sheets were deep and disturbing  
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Pierced by the dark sweetness ...  
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Son...

Reaching the chamber, Alain clasped his waist in his hands  
Sleeping next to her  
and looking her in the eyes with love, with infinite love.  
my lover, what I missed was you!  
while kissing without number  
flowing from his lips, burning and burning  
like two two open petals  
lit by lotus ...  
te dorese și te iubesc, Puiul meu Alin, dragosta mea.

Victor, puiul meu, Te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
Herghelia de armăsari

În ziua aceea trebuise să merg în recunoaștere  
Să văd unde este herghelia cu caii  
Printre care se afla și Fulga.  
Eram cu Bujor. Trecem de vârful Preluca

Și o luăm spre stânga, pe șeaua ce împrejmua  
Muntele și se afla deasupra pădurii  
Din Frunzi, numită Dâlma Mare.  
Eram veseli amândoi, ne opream să ne scrijelim

....

Numele pe fagi, dar Bujor nu mă prea lăsa,  
Îmi zicea că nu e bine  
Că după o vreme se uscă, așa că  
n-am mai scrijelit nimic cu micul briceag

al lui Bujor. Mă opream să citesc diferite nume

pe scoarța fagilor  
vedeam tot felul de însemne, de date, inițiale  
și inimi străpunse cu săgeată.

.....

Soarele era faldic. Era ziua în nămieș  
Și iarba era mătăsoasă și foșnea  
În adierea vântului.  
După o vreme de mers, vedem caii, întreaga herghelie

Unii cai culeați jos, alții în picioare  
Adulmecând vântul cu nările.  
Iarna, când nu era de lucru, țărani își lăsau  
Liberi caii pe munte

Și ei se adunau și pășteau în herghelii.  
Erau o minunăție de roibi roșcați  
Și cu stea în frunte  
Armăsari albi, cu coama albă ca laptele

.....

Era o plăcere să-i privești. Printre ei era și Fulga  
noastră.  
Mai mergem o vreme, hai-hoi  
Până unde se întindea gardul ce împrejmuia  
Livada unui țăran

Un gard din sârmă ghimpată. Iarba era mătăsoasă,  
m-am aplecat să culeg  
flori de câmp, și-am rămas cu capul în jos, privind  
iarba care se unduia mătăsoasă

cu tulpinile albite de lumina solară.  
Și știam că acea clipă  
n-o voi uita, probabil, niciodată. Până Bujor mi-a spus:  
hai să mergem!...

și-atunci am trecut iar pe lângă caii  
care fornăiau liniștiți pe nări  
și ne-am întors în lumina unei zile de vară minunate  
spre colibă.

....

puiul meu dulce, soțul meu drag, Victor, te iubesc, dragul meu.



te

The herd of stallions  
iubesc. dulcele meu pușor.

That day we had to go in recognition, I and my brother  
Bujor, to see where is the herd of horses  
among which there was Fulga, too. We pass by the Preluca  
Peak, and we turn to the left

on the saddle surrounding the mountain and there was above  
the Forest from Foreheads, called the Big Dick.  
We were cheerful both of us, we were stopping  
to see the rind of the beeches

and I wanted to write my name on phagai  
but Bujor didn't let me to do this, he was saying it is  
not right, that after a while they dry out

so I didn't write anything anymore with the little  
knife of Bujor.

I was stopping to read different names on the rind  
of the beeches

I was seeing all kind of signs, of dates, of initials,  
and heart-piercing hearts

----

The sun was towering. It was the day in its climax  
and the grass was silky and it was fretting  
in the breeze of the wind.

After a time of walking, we see the horses, the entire  
herd

Some of them lain down, some of them standing up  
Sniffing the wind with the nostrils.

In the summer, when it wasn't work to do  
the peasants let their horses free on the mountain.

And they were gathering together and they were feeding  
in herds. There were a wonder of red roes  
and with a star in the forehead  
white horses, with the ridge white as milk

----

It was a pleasure to look at them. Among them it was  
Fulga too, our mare.

We still walk for a while, carelessly  
until where it was stretching the fence which was  
surrounding the orchard of a peasant.

A fence of barbed wire. The grass was silky.  
I bent up to pick up  
field flowers, and I remained with the head downward  
looking at the grass which was undulating silky  
with the stalks bleached by the sunlight.

and I knew that that moment I would never, probably, forget.  
Until Bujor said to me:  
Let's go!....

and then we passed again besides the horses  
which were quietly sobbing on their nostrils  
and we came back in the light of a wonderful summer day  
to the wooden lodge.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puul meu.

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.  
They hugged the bed



Kissing frantically, to the blood,  
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers  
Hit the light

...

--

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree  
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -  
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.  
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms  
How much I love my love!  
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

-

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross  
She, with red eyes, caressed them  
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

--

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt  
Breathing in the chest breaths  
Hot, deep ...  
His heartbeat fast through his shirt  
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.  
Or she didn't know too well ...  
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist  
whispering words of love to him.

--

Then he slowly raised his chin  
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...  
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious  
The movements of love on purpose ...

--

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -  
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor  
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth  
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

--

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice  
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me  
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly  
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
O Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels

it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved  
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of shame!

...  
Come on, closer and closer  
Fall on my chest  
Let me kiss you on the chest  
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--  
Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride  
o Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...  
...  
a sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of shame!

--  
Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body  
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet  
Searching for her hiding place we hide  
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...  
With sweet movements of the bride  
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent  
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers  
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...  
and her breasts like two wrens  
They clutched at the palm of his palm  
it is consumed as two ripe fruits  
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

--  
A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water  
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora  
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure  
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

--  
His blond hair fluttered silky light  
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-  
scented with musk scent  
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

--

Come on, closer and closer  
Fall on my chest  
Let me kiss you on the chest  
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

--

Oh, sweet, sweet. it's called the bride  
o Cathy came to my breast  
and let the cruel cuddle  
it is consumed far away by night pieces

---

O, sweet sweet name Mihai  
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved  
black ebony warm silk towels  
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring  
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure  
leaving it in my warm  
where the moon is warm  
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.  
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.  
Te iubesc, Dulceisorul meu Mihai.  
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Victor, Tudor dulce, puiul meu. Te iubesc, Iisus al meu  
Cartofi fierbinți

În bătrâna bucătărie  
Cu o mobilă veche, vopsită de câteva ori  
În alb  
Cu podea de lemn, acoperită de linoleum  
Stau în jurul mesei  
Lângă fereastră, membrii familiei.

---

Tatăl, în primul loc, în capul mesei  
Cu spatele său larg  
Și picioarele depărtate  
Așa cum oamenii bărbătești obișnuiesc să șadă  
Soția, în mijloc  
Înconjurată de copii  
Un băiețel și o fetiță

----

Ei iau cina.  
Dacă pot spune astfel.  
Ei mănâncă mâncarea  
O masă sărăcăcioasă, mâncată cu apetit  
De întreaga familie:  
Cartofi cu brânză.

....

Cartofi fierți, decojiți de coajă  
Cu brânză de vaci.  
Aburi se ridică din oala pusă pe masă  
Și din cartofii calzi, gustoși, aproape fierbinți  
Pe care familia îi mănâncă, aproape  
Pe nemestecate, și-i înghite.

....

O veche imagine.  
O bucătărie bătrânească, părintească  
Cu mobila gata să se dezmembreze  
Dar încălzită de fiecare membru al familiei  
De aburii fierbinți care ies din cartofi  
Și cu toate acestea nu atât de veche  
De vreme ce eu însămi eram unul  
dintre copii

Sunt unul dintre adulți  
Care stau în jurul aceleiași mese vechi  
Mâncând cu apetitul insatiabil  
Al flămândului  
Mâncarea săracăcioasă de pe masă.

Există, cu toate acestea, diferențe în felul în care lucrurile depind de Dumnezeu. Unele trăsături ale universului urmează cu necesitate din Dumnezeu – sau, mai precis, din natura absolută a uneia dintre atribuțiile lui Dumnezeu – într-o manieră directă și nemediată. Sunt aspect universale și eterne ale lumii, și ele nu nu intră și nu ies afară din ființă; Spinoza le numește "moduri infinite". Ele includ cele mai generale legi ale universului, împreună guvernând toate lucrurile în toate modurile. Din atributul extensiei urmează principiile guvernând toate obiectele extinse (adevărul geometriei) și legi guvernând mișcarea și restul corpurilor (legile fizicii); din atributul gândirii, urmează legile gândirii (înțelese de comentatori a fi fie legile logicii, fie legile psihologiei). Lucrurile particulare și individuale sunt în mod causal mai îndepărtate de Dumnezeu. Ele nu sunt nimic altceva decât "proprietăți ale atributelor lui Dumnezeu, sau moduri prin care atribuțiile lui Dumnezeu sunt exprimate într-un fel anumit și determinat" (Ip25c). Mai precis, ele sunt moduri finite.

Sunt două ordine cauzale sau dimensiuni guvernând producerea și acțiunile lucrurilor diferite. Din acest punct de vedere, ele sunt determinate de legile universale ale universului care urmează imediat din natura lui Dumnezeu. Pe de altă parte, fiecare lucru particular este determinat să acționeze și să fie acționat de alte lucruri particulare. Astfel, comportamentul actual al corpului în mișcare este o funcție nu numai a legilor universale de mișcare, dar de asemenea a altor corpuri în mișcare și odihnă care o înconjoară și cu care intră în contact. Metafizica lui Spinoza asupra lui Dumnezeu este sumară în mod elegant într-o frază care apare în ediția latină (dar nu originalul olandez) a Eticii: Dumnezeu, sau Natura", Deus sive Natura: "Acea ființă eternă și infinită pe care o numim Dumnezeu, sau Natura, acționează din aceeași necesitate cu care el există" (Partea IV, Prefață). Este o frază ambiguă, de vreme ce Spinoza poate fi interpretat ca încercând fie să divinizeze natura sau să-l naturalizeze pe Dumnezeu. Dar pentru cititorul atent nu există nici o intenție greșită a lui Spinoza. Prietenii care, după moartea sa, i-au publicat scrierile trebuie să fi lăsat afară sintagma "sau Natura" din versiunea olandeză mai accesibilă în mod larg din teama de reacția pe care această identificare o va face, în mod previzibil, în rândul unui public vernacular.

Există, insistă Spinoza, două fațete ale Naturii. În primul rând, este aspectul activ, productiv al universului – Dumnezeu și atribuțiile sale, din care toate celelalte urmează. Acesta este ceea ce Spinoza, angajând aceeași termeni pe care i-a folosit în Tratatul Scurt, numește Natura naturans, "Natura naturii". Vorbind în mod strict,

aceasta este identică cu Dumnezeu. Celălalt aspect al universului este cel care este produs și susținut de aspectul activ, Natura naturată. "Natura naturală".

Prin Natura naturata înțeleg orice urmează din necesitatea naturii lui Dumnezeu, și din oricare dintre atributele lui Dumnezeu, adică, toate modurile atributelor lui Dumnezeu în măsura în care ele sunt considerate ca lucruri care sunt în Dumnezeu, și nici nu pot fi sau nu sunt concepute fără Dumnezeu. (Ip29s).

Există o anumită dezbatere în literatura de specialitate cu privire la faptul dacă Dumnezeu trebuie să fie identificat cu Natura naturata. Cea mai probabilă interpretare este aceea pe care el a făcut-o, și că modurile infinite și finite nu sunt doar efecte ale lui Dumnezeu sau puterii Naturii, ci ele de fapt sunt inerente în acea substanță infinită. Fie ce poate să fie, înțelegerea fundamentală a lui Spinoza în Cartea Întâi este aceea că Natura este un întreg indivizibil, necauzat, substanțial – de fapt, este singurul întreg substanțial. În afară Naturii, nu este nimic, și tot ce există este o parte a Naturii și este adus în ființă de Natură cu o necesitate deterministă. Această ființă unificată, unică, productivă, necesară este ceea ce se înțelege prin "Dumnezeu". Datorită necesității inerente în Natură, nu există nicio teleologie în univers. Dumnezeu sau Natura nu acționează pentru vreo finalitate, și lucrurile nu există pentru vreun scop stabilit. Nu există "cauze finale" (pentru a folosi fraza Aristoteliană cunoscută), Dumnezeu nu "face" lucrurile de dragul a orice altceva. Ordinea lucrurilor urmează doar din esența lui Dumnezeu cu un determinism inviolabil. Toate discursurile despre scopurile, intențiile, obiectivele, preferințele sau intențiile lui Dumnezeu este doar o ficțiune antropomorfică.

Puiul meu dulce,  
Victor, dragul meu soț, Te doresc și Te iubesc, ducele meu.  
Bunicul din Roșia

Eram cu bunicul Nicolae, din Roșia  
Eu și cu Bujor  
Ne dusesem să facem un gard  
La pădurea firului

Care s-o separe de livezile noastre.  
Bunicul își luase în tașca lui verde  
De la tata, de la mină  
Multe cuie lungi, unele încovoiate

Sau ruginite, dar în opinia bunicului  
Încă bune de ceva.  
Își luase și toporișca, și un sul de sârmă  
Ghimpată

....

Adusă tot de tata de la mină,  
Acolo făcea la fața locului ștempi  
Bârne de lemn groase  
Tăiate de ramuri, c-un vârf ascuțit

Pe care le băga în pământ, la 2-3 metri  
Distanță, în gropi special făcute.  
Bunicul nu era încă așa de bătrân  
Noi eram copii....

Probabil la gimnaziu...

Și se opînea din cărunchi și băga  
parii groși în pământ.  
Apoi bătea cuiele, la 12-15 milimetri  
Unul de altul

.....

Și eu cu Bujor întindeam firele ghimpate  
De fier prin dreptul fiecărui cui  
Cînd bърnele era gata înplântate  
Iar Bunicul le îndoaia din lovituri

Scurte și precise, peste firul de fier ghimpat.  
Așa ne-am petrecut  
O zi întreagă până către seară  
În acea liniștită pustietate

Făcînd gardul, făcînd un lucru adică bun  
Și potrivit la casa omului.  
Eram pătrunsă de misiunea ce-o aveam  
Și bunicul ne zâmbea hătru

Cu buzele lui vinete, și din ochii mari, verzi,  
Parcă puțin triști, deși veseli  
Și eu îmi găseam timp și pentru joacă  
Să mă strecur în spatele gardului

În livadă, Bunicii din Roșia  
Erau și ei niște zeități, ca și părinții  
Oameni munciți, până la adânci bătrâneți  
Care stăteau la vite în Roșia

Pentru lapte și caș, pe care-l sîrau bine  
Și îl puneau în butoaie mari  
Cu cercuri  
Pe care le mai aduceam și acasă.

....

Bunicul Niculaie, cum îi spunea bunica  
A dus până de bătrîn, cu păr alb  
La tîmple, lapte orășenilor,  
Peste munții Petriței, în desagă, pe cal

Ba poate chiar și caș,  
Sămbăta, în zi de odihnă, cobora cu bunica  
Frumos învestmîntați  
Și se duceau la biserică, la predică.

...

În hainele lor de catifea, în fustă de muselină  
Haine de sărbătoare

Cu botinele noi și curate  
Se duceau să-și ia rația de spiritualitate

Acești bătrâni cuminti, cu chipuri netede, curate  
În haina lor de catifea.

....

Te iubesc. Te doresc.  
Dragostea mea, te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu. Dragostea mea dulce, Puilul meu iubit  
Soțul meu iubit, Puilul meu dulce,  
Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
Hot potatoes



In the old kitchen  
With an old furniture, painted for some times  
In white  
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum  
Are staying around the table  
By the window, the members of the family.

---

Father, in the first place, in the head of the table  
With his large back  
And the legs apart  
Likewise the manly people use to stay  
The wife, in the middle  
Surrounded by children

A little boy and a girl,  
...te iubeesc.

They are having their dinner.  
If I can say this way.  
They are eating the meal.  
An impoverished meal, eaten with appetite  
By the whole family:  
Potatoes with cheese.

.....  
Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell  
With cow cheese.  
Steams are raising up from the pot  
Put on the table  
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes  
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed  
And swallows them.

....  
An old image.  
An old kitchen  
With the furniture ready to fall apart  
But warmed up by each member of the family  
By the hot steams  
Which come out from the potatoes  
And nevertheless not too old  
Since I myself  
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults  
Which stay around the same old table  
Eating with that unsatiable appetite  
Of the hungry  
The impoverished meal from the table.

There are, however, differences in the way things depend on God. Some features of the universe follow necessarily from God—or, more precisely, from the absolute nature of one of God's attributes—in a direct and unmediated manner. These are the universal and eternal aspects of the world, and they do not come into or go out of being; Spinoza calls them "infinite modes". They include the most general laws of the universe, together governing all things in all ways. From the attribute of extension there follow the principles governing all extended objects (the truths of geometry) and laws governing the motion and rest of bodies (the laws of physics); from the attribute of thought, there follow laws of thought (understood by commentators to be either the laws of logic or the laws of psychology). Particular and individual things are causally more remote from God. They are nothing but "affections of God's attributes, or modes by which God's attributes are expressed in a certain and determinate way" (Ip25c). More precisely, they are finite modes.

There are two causal orders or dimensions governing the production and actions of particular things. On the one hand, they are determined by the general laws of the universe that follow immediately from God's natures. On the other hand, each particular thing is determined to act and to be acted upon by other particular things. Thus, the actual behavior of a body in motion is a function not just of the universal laws of motion, but also of the other bodies in motion and rest surrounding it and with which it comes into contact.

Spinoza's metaphysics of God is neatly summed up in a phrase that occurs in the Latin (but not the original Dutch) edition of the *Ethics*: "God, or Nature", Deus, sive Natura: "That eternal and infinite being we call



God, or Nature, acts from the same necessity from which he exists" (Part IV, Preface). It is an ambiguous phrase, since Spinoza could be read as trying either to divinize nature or to naturalize God. But for the careful reader there is no mistaking Spinoza's intention. The friends who, after his death, published his writings must have left out the "or Nature" clause from the more widely accessible Dutch version out of fear of the reaction that this identification would, predictably, arouse among a vernacular audience.

There are, Spinoza insists, two sides of Nature. First, there is the active, productive aspect of the universe—God and his attributes, from which all else follows. This is what Spinoza, employing the same terms he used in the Short Treatise, calls *Natura naturans*, "naturing Nature". Strictly speaking, this is identical with God. The other aspect of the universe is that which is produced and sustained by the active aspect, *Natura naturata*, "natured Nature".

By *Natura naturata* I understand whatever follows from the necessity of God's nature, or from any of God's attributes, i.e., all the modes of God's attributes insofar as they are considered as things that are in God, and can neither be nor be conceived without God. (Ip29s).

There is some debate in the literature about whether God is also to be identified with *Natura naturata*. The more likely reading is that he did, and that the infinite and finite modes are not just effects of God or Nature's power but actually inhere in that infinite substance. Be that as it may, Spinoza's fundamental insight in Book One is that Nature is an indivisible, uncaused, substantial whole—in fact, it is the only substantial whole. Outside of Nature, there is nothing, and everything that exists is a part of Nature and is brought into being by Nature with a deterministic necessity. This unified, unique, productive, necessary being just is what is meant by 'God'. Because of the necessity inherent in Nature, there is no teleology in the universe. God or Nature does not act for any ends, and things do not exist for any set purposes. There are no "final causes" (to use the common Aristotelian phrase). God does not "do" things for the sake of anything else. The order of things just follows from God's essences with an inviolable determinism. All talk of God's purposes, intentions, goals, preferences or aims is just an anthropomorphizing fiction.

soționul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu,  
The Grandpa from Rosia



I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia  
I and my brother  
We had gone to make a fence  
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and  
greatness!....

The fence was thought to separate  
the Forest of Jiru  
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag  
from our father, from the mine of coal  
many long nails, some of them hooked  
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion  
still good of something.  
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod.  
brought also by my father  
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene  
stamps mill  
thick beams of wood  
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground  
at 2-3 metres distance one of another  
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old  
We were children  
probably at the gymnasium  
And grandpa was facing from the rocks  
and he was putting the thick pales  
in the ground,

then he was hammering the nails, at  
12-15 mm one of another.  
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires  
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made  
and our Grandpa was bending them  
from short and precise hits  
over the barbed wire.

....  
So we spent an entire day till the evening  
in that silent, peaceful wilderness  
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good  
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had  
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish  
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes  
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful

and I was finding time for jokes too  
to sneak behind the fence  
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities  
likewise the parents, too  
working people until the deep old age  
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia

for milk and curd, where on they were salting well  
and then put it in large barrels with circles  
whereon we were bringing at home  
too...

....  
Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him  
Has taken milk to the town,

over the mountains of Petrila, in the large wallets  
on the horse

maybe even curd or cheese  
until the old man with white hair at the temples.  
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest  
he was getting down with our grandma

beautifully dressed  
and they were going to the church, to the preach  
in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed  
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots  
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture  
these old man, with plain, smooth faces  
in their velvet, beautiful clothes,

Iartă-mă, Poiul meu Victor.  
In the story of the bare trees ...

That evening the colonel told us about his life  
About the tough army years  
With severe discipline  
About tasks and responsibilities  
About good points and facilities.

All right, he told us ...  
Every year we received new Colonel costumes ...  
and usually military costumes  
meal and transportation were assured.

...

Did you read White Corner, by Jack London?  
Anca spoke  
Which, next to the colonel, bends easily, greedy and livid  
Over a pile of books ...  
It's a beautiful story ...  
But Red and Black, by Stendhal  
But Life for the High Society by John Braine?

...

But no one cares.  
Everyone was talking, which tones you had lower, which higher ...

...

and look at Sabrina, who was jealous of me, because I had a better voice  
and I was more beautiful  
He put sticks in my wheels and drove me away  
from the Opera ...

...

Only I know how much I suffered ... hungry, without any money  
Strolling the streets  
Until my sister, Emilia, took me to her ...

Adela spoke, addressing me.  
Nataníel was placidly beside her  
With cheeks pinched to shed  
and he held his hands in his.

...

Hehe, you would like to, she shook Carmen's embrace  
A fat, solid, tall girl  
Dressed in black pants, and wearing a training jacket.

I have a friend, and you are a mofluz  
Who does not leave girls alone ...

...

Opposite to her was the "mofluz". A young boy, come from outside  
With a thick chain around the neck, metal  
and with a thick bracelet and at the wrist  
left hands.

...

All was well ... we paid for our meals and transportation ...  
We had many facilities ...  
But also serious tasks, responsibilities, intervenes in discussions  
The colonel's broken.

....

But hear Lia, my husband is very jealous.  
he beat me by leaving me wide  
last week  
Ana whispered to me quickly, her voice boiling, petticate.  
It was so fucking jealous ...

Until I broke up with him, so suddenly. As sure as gun...

..

I listened to headphones Trees without forest  
By Tatiana Stepa.  
"In the story of bare trees / creaking in one door  
It's both of us  
It's about fire and ashes

Two leafless trees on the road  
As for the tall

Two trees by the ash kiss / leaning against each other ...

We are only two trees  
Cutters will come to trim us  
All poor children will take branches / for their dying flame

and even if you love me again  
over the coming winter / without arms, with deserted eyes ... "

...

In the story of the trees bare / creaking in one door  
It's the edge of both of us ...  
Anca choked, then  
There is a wild trill: it is about fire and ashes,  
Ana had climbed on the bench and declared ...

...

God's dick ... Lia, don't you have a cigarette? ... Peter asked me  
Climbing the stairs  
They took all of them ...

...

All right, he told us ...  
Every year we received new Colonel costumes ...  
and usually military costumes  
meal and transportation were assured,

...

Te iubesc, dulcele meu Tidor-Victor, dulceața mea,  
Joc secund

Cu coroana în cerul de albastruși foc  
și cu rădăcinile-n infern  
așa trec prin lume sec și fadă de noroc –  
aud cum spiritele moarte gem!...

...

Pe oglinda lacului locitoare  
Lucioli de visuri și de diamante zboară  
Plutesc se lasă-ntr-a sufletului ponoară  
Ca cea mai imperceptibilă, mai fără greutate –  
Mai inefabilă comoară!...

..

Cerul din lacrimi de cleștar e lumea în care  
Se întoarce-o-n mine-mi lumea-mi de amar –  
Lacrimi albastre de cleștar, nude și ude  
Ce sunt sorbote de buzele de dade!....

...

Cerul din molecule roz și argintii, trandafirii  
E chaosul în care plutesc stele negre-nflăcărâte mii  
E-alcătuit din atemporalele câmpii –  
Ale fluturilor de diamante, argintii!... vii!...

--

Cerul din ape-ntoarse-n zenit –  
Se-ntoarse înapoi în inefabil și în negrăit  
Lovit de apele mării verzi-albastre, de smarald  
Lovit de vânturi și de neguri-n-pieptu-i cald!...

...

Cerul din ape colorate și din zare  
Se-ntoarse înapoi în zare –  
Se-moarse înapoi în curcubeu –  
Pe aripile unui inefabil zmeu!...

...

Pe oglinda lacului lucitoare  
Lucioli de visuri și de diamante zboară  
Plutesc se lasă-ntr-a sufletului ponoară  
Ca cea mai imperceptibilă, mai fără greutate –  
Mai inefabilă comoară

Cerul din molecule roz și argintii, trandafirii  
E chaosul în care plutesc stele negre-nflăcărâte mii  
E-alcătuit din atemporalele câmpii  
Ale fluturilor de diamante, argintii!...

Cerul din lacrimi de cleștar e lumea în care  
Se întoarce-mi lumea-mi de amar –  
Lacrimi albastre de cleștar, nude și ude  
Ce sunt sorbite de buzele de dade!... ude!...

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Iau pistolul și mă împușc  
Cad cu încetîmîtorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pămîntul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga

Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele  
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.

I love you, my sweet Tidor-Victor, my sweetness.  
Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire  
and with its roots in hell  
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -  
I hear how dead spirits groan!

...

On the mirror of the shining lake  
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly  
The float is let in the soul lays down  
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -  
More ineffable treasure!

--

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which  
My bitter world is coming back to me -  
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet  
What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses  
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float  
Made up of timeless plains -  
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...

--

The sky from the waters turned into zenith -  
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken  
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald  
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!

...

The sky from colored water and from the water  
He returned to the area -  
He returned to the rainbow -  
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...

On the edge of the shining lake  
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly  
The float is let in the soul lays down  
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -  
More ineffable treasure



The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses  
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float  
It is made up of timeless plains  
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which  
My world turns bitter -  
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet  
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

...  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

...  
My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Kamadeva  
    Tablou în cinci acte și trei scene

Închinată lui Tiwari Ji Maharaj, iubitul meu prieten.

Nu trebuie să gândească... trebuie doar s-o fac...  
De vreme ce rezultatul e întotdeauna  
Perfect...  
De vreme ce plâng strângându-mă la piept  
Atunci când mă trezesc pe patul  
meu deștept...

...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva  
Zeul indic...  
Cu surâsul lui amarnic pe-a lui buze de coral...  
Să mă lase tras de val...  
Zeul poftei și-al iluziei deșerte...

...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit ca să mă certe  
Călărind un papagal  
Kamadeva zeul indic, cu surâsurile-i viclene  
Pe-a lui buze de coral...

Kamadeva zeul indic  
Al amorului și-al iluziei deșerte...  
și de-atunci în fiecare noapte  
mă trezesc strângând la piept  
fiul poftei cei deșerte – plâng pe patul meu deștept..

...

Cu dorințele iubirii a venit ca să mă certe  
Călărind un papagal  
Kamadeva zeul indic, cu surâsurile-i viclene  
Pe-a lui buze de coral...

Și cu poftetele iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva  
Zeul indic...  
Cu surâsul lui viclean pe-a lui buze de coral...  
Să mă lase tras de val...  
Zeul dragostei carnale  
și-al iluziei deșerte...

Nu trebuie să gândesc... trebuie doar s-o fac...  
De vreme ce rezultatul e întotdeauna  
Perfect...  
De vreme ce plâng strângându-mă la piept  
Atunci când mă trezesc pe patul  
meu deștept...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez  
din solitudine  
Din hărmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine  
Mă gândesc pe crestele unui munte înalt  
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

...

Atunci când totul se prefăce în cenușă  
și-n praf stelar, întors în ocean  
în oceanul cu care Dumnezeu privește lumea  
ascuns undeva unde nu-l pot vedea...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine  
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine  
Mă gădesc pe crestele unui munte înalt  
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

---

Iau pistolul și mă împuşc  
Căd cu încetătorul printr-un fel de chaos  
Întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pământul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

---

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

---

Te iubesc, dragostea mea.  
Cu durerile iubirii a venit călare Kama, Kamadeva  
Zeul indic...  
Cu surâsul lui amarnic pe-a lui buze de coral...  
Să mă lase tras de val...  
Zeul poftei și-al iluziei deșerte...

---

Kamadeva  
Picture in five acts and three scenes

I don't have to think ... I just have to do it ...  
Since the result is always  
Perfect...  
Since I'm crying, clutching at my chest  
When I wake up on the bed  
my smart ...

---

With the wishes of love came Kama, Kamadeva  
The god indicates ...  
With his bitter smile on his coral lips ...  
To let me wave ...  
The god of lust and desert illusion ...

---

With the desires of love he came to fight me  
Riding a parrot  
Kamadeva the Indian god, with his naughty smiles  
On his coral lips ...

Kamadeva the god indicates  
Of love and desert illusion.  
and since then every night  
I wake up clutching at my chest  
son of longing for the desert - I cry on my smart bed.  
...

With the desires of love he came to fight me  
Riding a parrot  
Kamadeva the Indian god, with his naughty smiles  
On his coral lips ...

And with the lust of love came Kama, Kamadeva  
The god indicates ...  
With his naughty smile on his coral lips ...  
To let me be a trader ...  
The god of carnal love  
and of the desert illusion ...

I don't have to think ... I just have to ...  
Since the result is always  
Perfect...  
Since I'm crying, clutching at my chest  
When I wake up on the bed  
my smart ...  
...

Trying to recover  
out of solitude  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple  
...

When everything turns to ashes  
and in stellar dust, back in the eye  
in the eye with which God looks at the world  
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...  
...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude

I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

---

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

---

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

---

With the pains of love came Kama, Kamadeva  
The god indicates ...  
With his bitter smile on his coral lips ...  
To let me wave ...  
The god of lust and desert illusion ...

I love you my love,

Tudor Puilul meu. Te iubesc și Te doresc Mihai...  
Leg you...

Sărutându-ți piciorul...  
Ure în lumea mea de visuri și durere  
De plăcere, fum și miere  
De indescribită cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul  
Ascult de chemarea lăptelui din mine  
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală  
De gingaș ei liniște letală...

---

Sărutându-ți viața  
Pe care au apus telele  
Alung din jurul meu toate relele  
...și în genere tot ce-i blasfemiator  
Impur... și amintește de omor...

--

Sărutându-ți vioara  
Pe care au apus telele  
Dau o nouă definiție cuvântului dor  
și sensului lui Amor...

---

Sărutându-ți vioara  
Pe care au apus stelele  
Iau act de existența creației  
Cu tăcerea dulce-amară a grației  
Ce se prelinge pe dulcele-ți pcior  
Ușor, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...te iubesc dulcele meu Victor  
Iau pistolul și mă împuşc  
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pământul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Leg you ...

Blowing your paw ...  
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain  
Of pleasure, smoke and honey  
An indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm  
I'm listening to the call from me  
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy  
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal ...

...

Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
Along around me all the evils  
... and in general everything blasphemous  
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

--

Kissing your violin  
On which they left  
I give a new definition to the miss  
and the sense of Amor ...

...

Kissing your violin  
Which the stars have set  
I note the existence of creation  
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace  
What's happening to your sweet son  
Easy, easy, easy ...

... I love you sweet Victor  
I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu, Te voi iubi mereu.  
Lord Abraxas

Privind de sus poala pădurii acum  
La ceața care învăluie orașul  
Nu pot să nu mă gândesc că nu există un Dumnezeu  
Fără milă acolo sus

Un Dumnezeu pentru care nu există scăpare.  
Ochiul lui de fier  
Înregistrează totul cu deplină obiectivitate  
Impenetrabilitate și răceală

Îi e totuna dacă ești un înger roz  
Sau acă arzi în cazanul cu smoală.

.....

Faptele contează pentru el.  
Fie că sunt simple cuvinte, gânduri  
Sau fapte teribile transpuse în practică.

Tot ce vine întru existență  
Este supus nepăsătoarei, îngrozitoare sale  
Atrocități.

----

El nu iartă. N-are de ce să ierte.  
Nici nu trece cu vederea

Figura sa imobilă, fără nicio grimasă  
Ar putea părea unora că schițează  
Un zâmbet cinic.

---

El este alcătuit din semne grafice și simboluri matematice  
Din membrane roșii și priviri imobile fixe  
El este nemișcarea ochilor, încheștarea gurii  
Oprirea pe loc a mâinilor.

---

Total este imobil aici. Total este încremenit.  
Dumnezeu s-a transformat într-o masă de aer, mișcată  
Cu repeziciune  
Deasupra umilelor noastre capete  
Într-un fulger ascuțit ca un junghi  
Într-un tunet zdrobitor, zgâduitor  
În lama unui brici  
Într-o flacără roșie-albastră  
Ce arde cu vălvătaie deasupra cugetelor noastre  
Ca un foc pârjolitor uscat dintru înalturi..  
Tot ce vine într-o existență  
Este supus nepăsătoarei, îngrozitoare sale  
Atrocități.

---

El nu iartă. N-are de ce să ierte.  
Nici nu trece cu vederea  
Figura sa imobilă, fără nicio grimasă  
Ar putea părea unora că schițează  
Un zâmbet cinic.

---

El este alcătuit din semne grafice și simboluri matematice  
Din membrane roșii și priviri imobile fixe  
El este nemișcarea ochilor, încheștarea gurii  
Oprirea pe loc a mâinilor.

Privind de sub poala pădurii acum  
La ceața care învăluie orașul  
Nu pot să nu mă gândesc că există un Dumnezeu  
Fără milă colo sus

Un Dumnezeu pentru care nu există scăpare.  
Ochiul lui de fier  
Înregistrează totul cu deplină obiectivitate  
Impenetrabilitate și răceală

Îi e totuna dacă ești un înger roz  
Sau un diavol roșu în cazanul cu smolă.

---

Rather, the question of Spinoza's pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject



as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).

Te iubesc

...

This proof that God—an infinite, necessary and uncaused, indivisible being—is the only substance of the universe proceeds in three simple steps. First, establish that no two substances can share an attribute or essence (Ip5). Then, prove that there is a substance with infinite attributes (i.e., God) (Ip11). It follows, in conclusion, that the existence of that infinite substance precludes the existence of any other substance. For if there were to be a second substance, it would have to have some attribute or essence. But since God has all possible attributes, then the attribute to be possessed by this second substance would be one of the attributes already possessed by God. But it has already been established that no two substances can have the same attribute. Therefore, there can be, besides God, no such second substance.

If God is the only substance, and (by axiom 1) whatever is, is either a substance or in a substance, then everything else must be in God. "Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be or be conceived without God" (Ip15). Those things that are "in" God (or, more precisely, in God's attributes) are what Spinoza calls modes.

As soon as this preliminary conclusion has been established, Spinoza immediately reveals the objective of his attack. His definition of God—condemned since his excommunication from the Jewish community as a "God existing in only a philosophical sense"—is meant to preclude any anthropomorphizing of the divine being. In the scholium to proposition fifteen, he writes against "those who feign a God, like man, consisting of a body and a mind, and subject to passions. But how far they wander from the true knowledge of God, is sufficiently established by what has already been demonstrated." Besides being false, such an anthropomorphic conception of God standing as judge over us can have only deleterious effects on human freedom and activity, insofar as it fosters a life enslaved to hope and fear and the superstitions to which such emotions give rise.

Te doresc.

... În dimineața aceea de vară urcasem eu și Bujor,  
cred că pe jos de-acasă

Spre Roșia.

Prin livezi, prin livada lui Tariu

Și dădeam să trecem cumpăna de lemn

Făcută între-un gard

Ce despărțea o livadă de altă livadă.

Ne jucam

Ne jucam printre arbori, printre fagi

Și eulegeam frunzele de fag

Pe care se-nchegaseră fructele

Niște mici alunițe

...

Din care Bujor voia să-mi facă un colier.

Am cules multe, amândoi

Și Bujor mi-a făcut un colier pe cinste.

Rupeam bobitele din frunze

Și Bujor petrecea un ac cu apă prin găurile  
De la ambele capete.  
Și așa am făcut colierul.  
Nu aveam multe podoabe în acele vremuri

.....

Decât mărgelile de sticlă colorate  
Ale mamei  
Și apoi colierul lui Bujor.  
Nu aveam nevoie de multe ca să fim fericiți

....

Și copilăria e cea mai fericită vârstă  
Din viața mea  
Cea în care totul era minunat  
Și-apoi, descoperisem cărțile,...

---

Privind în urmă, fără mânie  
Îmi dau seama că-am avut o copilărie frumoasă  
Chiar dacă nu eram niște copii  
Așa îndestulați și imbuiați.

---

Totul era un miracol. Iubeam natura.  
Roșia, bunicii, părinții  
Ne bucura până la lacrimi, fără să-o știm.  
Fericirea de a fi viu.  
Te iubbeșe și te doreșe, Victor, puțul meu.  
Lord Abraxis

Looking under the pot of the forest now  
At the haze that envelops the phages  
I can't help but think there is no God  
No mercy up there

A God for whom there is no escape.  
His iron eye  
It records everything with full objectivity  
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel  
Or here you burn in the pitcher cauldron.

.....

Facts matter to him.  
Whether it's just words, thoughts  
Or terrible facts transposed into practice.  
Everything that comes into existence  
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread  
Atrocities.

....

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.  
It is not overlooked either  
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces

It might seem to some to be sketching  
A cynical smile.

----

It is made up of graphical signs and mathematical symbols  
From red membranes and fixed looks  
He is the move of his eyes, the close of his mouth  
The stillness of the viscera.

-----

Everything is immobile here. Everything's stuck.  
God has turned into a moving air mass  
With speed  
Above our fingertips  
In a lightning-like lightning strike  
In a crushed, shaking thunder  
In the blade of a knife  
In a red-alabaster flame  
What burns with a whirlwind above our minds  
Like a dry roaring fire overhead.

Everything that comes into existence  
He is subject to his carelessness, his dread  
Atrocities.

---

He does not do it again. There's no reason to forgive.  
It is not overlooked either  
His figure is immobile, without any grimaces  
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His iron eye  
It records everything with full objectivity  
Impenetrability and cold

You're fine if you're a pink angel  
Or a red devil in the pit cauldron.

...te iubesc dulcele men.

Rather, the question of Spinoza's pantheism is really going to be answered on the psychological side of things, with regard to the proper attitude to take toward Deus sive Natura. And however one reads the relationship between God and Nature in Spinoza, it is a mistake to call him a pantheist in so far as pantheism is still a kind

of religious theism. What really distinguishes the pantheist from the atheist is that the pantheist does not reject as inappropriate the religious psychological attitudes demanded by theism. Rather, the pantheist simply asserts that God—conceived as a being before which one is to adopt an attitude of worshipful awe—is or is in Nature. And nothing could be further from the spirit of Spinoza's philosophy. Spinoza does not believe that worshipful awe or religious reverence is an appropriate attitude to take before God or Nature. There is nothing holy or sacred about Nature, and it is certainly not the object of a religious experience. Instead, one should strive to understand God or Nature, with the kind of adequate or clear and distinct intellectual knowledge that reveals Nature's most important truths and shows how everything depends essentially and existentially on higher natural causes. The key to discovering and experiencing God, for Spinoza, is philosophy and science, not religious awe and worshipful submission. The latter give rise only to superstitious behavior and subservience to ecclesiastic authorities; the former leads to enlightenment, freedom and true blessedness (i.e., peace of mind).

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Te doresc.

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Am cules multe, amândoi

Și Bujor mi-a făcut un colier pe cinste,  
Rupeam bobîțele din frunze  
Și Bujor petrecea un ac cu apă prin găurile  
De la ambele capete.  
Și așa am făcut colierul.  
Nu aveam multe podoabe în acele vremuri

.....  
Decât mărgelele de sticlă colorate  
Ale mamei  
Și apoi colierul lui Bujor.  
Nu aveam nevoie de multe ca să fim fericiți

....  
Și copilăria e cea mai fericită vîrstă  
Din viața mea  
Cea în care totul era minunat  
Și-apoi, descoperisem cărțile....

....  
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Îmi dau seama c-am avut o copilărie frumoasă  
Chiar dacă nu eram niște copii  
Așa îndestulați și înbuiați.

...  
Totul era un miracol, iubeam natura.  
Roșia, bunicii, părinții  
Ne bucura până la lacrimi, fără s-o știm.  
fericirea de a fi viu.

..  
I want you.  
... That summer morning, I and Bujor climbed.  
I think walking home  
To Rosia.  
Through orchards, through Țarii's orchard  
And we were about to pass the wooden log  
Made in a fence  
What separated an orchard from another orchard.  
We play  
We play among the trees, among the beech trees  
And I was collecting beech leaves  
On which the fruits were collected  
Some small moles

...  
Of which Bujor wanted to make me a necklace.  
I picked a lot, both of us  
And Bujor made me a very good necklace.  
I was breaking the buds from the leaves  
And Peony was spinning a needle through the holes  
From both ends.

And so did the necklace.  
I didn't have many ornaments in those days

-----

Than the colored glass beads  
Mother's go  
And then Bujor's necklace.  
We didn't need much to be happy

----

And childhood is the happiest age  
From my life  
The one where everything was wonderful  
And then, we had discovered the books.

----

Looking back, without anger  
I realize I had a beautiful childhood  
Even if we were not children  
That's how you stir and soak.

---

Everything was a miracle. I loved nature.  
Rosia, grandparents, parents  
We are happy to tears, without knowing it.  
the happiness of being alive. Te iubesc și te doresc, puilul meu.  
te doresc, dulceața mea.  
Puilul meu dulce, te iubesc nespus.

Lumea dontr-un bob de rouă...

Această întâmplare s-a petrecut  
cu mulți ani în urmă.  
Eram copil, poate tânără, la liceu, sau cum înclin să cred acum  
La facultate.

..

Eram la ușa grajdului vitelor, într-o vară frumoasă, aurie.  
Stăteam afară, și priveam înăuntru.  
Lumina galbenă se cernea prin micul geamlăc de-afară  
Înăuntru.intra de asemenea prin mica ușiță  
De afară.

Intru. Liniste și pace. Lumina se cernea ireal  
și era o oază de umbră și răcoare  
lângă staulul vitelor,

Firisoare de praf minuscule infinitesimale pluteau  
În razele de lumină  
Ca niște lumi microscopice în miniatură...  
O lume a colbului a prafului, și a găzelor –  
Aduse de la milioane de ani depărtare – când raza ei abia acum  
Luci vederii noastre...

...

Te iubesc dulcea mea,  
Fân. În iesle. Lângă staulul vitelor  
Plutea o plasă vere de răcoare, o liniște asurzitoare...  
Lumina galbenă se cernea prin micul găamlăc de-afară  
Înăuntru, intra de asemenea prin mica ușă  
Întru.

Întru. Liniște și pace. Lumina se cernea ireal  
și era o oază de umbră și răcoare  
lângă staulul vitelor.

Firișoare de praf minuscule infinitezimale pluteau  
În razele de lumină  
Ca niște lumi microscopice în miniatură...  
O lume a colbului a prafului, și a găzelor – o lume mistică, a lui Dumnezeu  
și a amicilor săi îngeri înaripați...

meditând la frumusețea razelor, a colbului, a liniștei și păcii  
crana trasă într-un tunel atemporal – într-o lume  
în care se petreceau minuni, o lume atemporală – unde Timpul  
încetase să existe...

o lume onirică, a miracolului, a visului, deschis în pieptul Realității  
o lume a Sărmanului Dionis...

"Nu există nici timp, nici spațiu, își spuse el, ele sunt numai în sufletul nostru." Aceasta înseamnă că lumea împreună cu toate manifestările ei este o reflectare sensibilă, subiectivă a conștiinței noastre și noi avem puterea să modificăm toate evenimentele și lucrurile exterioare. Omul, prin esența sa, este atotputernic, deoarece poartă în sine o scânteie dumnezeiască, imaginea divină a sufletului: "...și tot astfel, dacă închid un ochi văd mana mea mai mică decât cu amândoi. De aș avea trei ochi aș vedea-o și mai mare, și cu cât mai mulți ochi aș avea cu atât lucrurile toate dinprejurul meu ar părea mai mari. Cu toate astea, născut cu mi de ochi, în mijlocul unor arătări colosale, ele toate în raport cu mine, păstrându-și proporțiunea, nu mi-ar părea nici mai mari, nici mai mici de cum îmi par azi. Să ne-nchipuim lumea redusă la dimensiunile unui glonte, și toate celea din ea scăzute în analogie, locuitorii acestei lumi, presupunându-i dotați cu organele noastre, ar pricepe toate celea absolut în felul și în proporțiunile în care le pricepem noi. Să ne-o închipuim, caeteris paribus (cu alte cuvinte, la fel n.a.), înmîit de mare — același lucru. Cu proporțiuni neschimbate — o lume înmîit de mare și alta înmîit de mică ar fi pentru noi tot atât de mare. Și obiectele ce le văd, privite e-un ochi, sunt mai mici; cu amândoi — mai mari; cât de mari sunt ele absolut? Cine știe dacă nu trăim într-o lume microscopică și numai făptura ochilor noștri ne face s-o vedem în mărimea în care o vedem? Cine știe dacă nu vede fiecare din oameni toate celea într-alt fel, și nu aude fiecare sunet într-alt fel — și numai limba, numirea într-un fel a unui obiect ce unul îl vede așa, altul altfel, îi unește în înțelegere. — Limba? — Nu. Poate fiecare vorbă sună diferit în urechile diferiților oameni — numai individul, același rămîind, o aude într-un fel. Și, într-un spațiu închisut ca fără margini, nu este o bucată a lui, oricât de mare și oricât de mică ar fi, numai o picătură în raport cu nemărginirea? Asemenea, în eternitatea fără margini nu este orice bucată de timp, oricât de mare sau oricât de mică, numai o clipă suspendată? Și iată cum. Presupunind lumea redusă la un bob de rouă și raporturile de timp, la o picătură de vreme, secolii din istoria acestei lumi microscopice ar fi clipite, și în aceste clipite oamenii ar lucra tot atîta și ar cugeta tot atîta ca în evii noștri — evii lor pentru ei ar fi tot atîta de lungi ca pentru noi ai noștri. În ce nefinire microscopică s-ar pierde milioanele de infuzorii (mici animale, invizibile ochiului liber, care se dezvoltă în lichide: microorganisme) ale acelor cercetători, în ce înfinire de timp clipa de bucurie — și toate acestea, toate, ar fi — tot astfel ca și azi.

...În faptă lumea-i visul sufletului nostru. Nu există nici timp, nici spațiu — ele sunt numai în sufletul nostru. Trecut și viitor e în sufletul meu, ca pădurea într-un sămbure de ghindă, și infinitul asemenea, ca reflectarea

cerului înstelat într-un strop de rouă. Dacă am afla misterul prin care să ne punem în legătură cu aceste două ordini de lucruri care sunt ascunse în noi, mister pe care l-au posedat poate magii egipteni și asirieni, atunci în adâncurile sufletului coborându-ne, am putea trăi aievea în trecut și am putea locui lumea stelelor și a soarelui. Păcat că știința necromanției și aceea a astrologiei s-au pierdut — cine știe câte mistere ne-ar fi descoperit în această privință! Dacă lumea este un vis — de ce n-am putea să coordonăm șirul fenomenelor sale cum voim noi? Nu e adevărat că există un trecut — consecutivitatea e în cugetarea noastră — cauzele fenomenelor, consecutive pentru noi, aceleași întotdeauna, există și lucrează simultan. Să trăiesc în vremea lui Mircea cel Mare sau a lui Alexandru cel Bun — este oare absolut imposibil? Un punct matematic se pierde-n nemărginirea dispoziției lui, o clipă de timp în impartibilitatea sa infinitesimală, care nu încetează în veci. În aceste atome de spațiu și timp, cât infinit! Dacăș putea și eu să mă pierd în infinitatea sufletului meu pân' în acea fază a emanației lui care se numește epoca lui Alexandru cel Bun de exemplu... și cu toate acestea..."

Te iubesc, duleișor scump, te doresc, uiul meu. Șoșullen iubii.

The world of dew

This happened  
many years ago.  
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now  
At college.  
--

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.  
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.  
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside  
Inside, he also entered through the little door  
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally  
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness  
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated  
In the rays of light  
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...  
A world of dust mackerel and geese -  
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now  
Lights of our sight ....

...  
I love you sweet lady.  
Hay. In the alleys, Near the cattle barn  
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.  
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside  
Inside, he also entered through the little door  
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally  
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness  
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated  
In the rays of light  
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...



A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world, of God  
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace  
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world  
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time  
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality  
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, ceteris paribus (in other words, the same n.a.), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger; how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding. - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mircea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ...

" Te iubesc. Te doresc, dulceșor dorit.

Mama

Astăzi am stat afară, am admirat natura

Acest uriaș organism verde și viu,

Numai cine a stat în celula unei închisori  
Mulți ani, fără să iasă afară  
E fermecat de frumusețea fără seamăn, de neînchipuit a Naturi.

...

Nu este Maya.  
Ea este deplină și bine-îndreptățită Realitate  
Ea este miezul Lumiișiesența Universului.

Stân cu tăpile pe treptele de gresie, âmi urmăream taâl  
Cum u=spală curtea de beton fin  
Cu furtunul și apoi udă grădina,

O fericire de neînchipuit mă cuprinse  
Privind perdeaua de stropi ce e înalța în aer  
Briza caldă, sărată a Austrului de toamnă.

Umînditata plutea în aer  
Ca o răcoare sărată, pparfumată și binefăcătoare.  
Ramurile, frunzulițele din arbustul bogat, plin  
Al Măinii Maicii Domnului  
Se mișcau ca purtate de un vânt celest.

...

Mă simțeam un copil, un copil atât de bătrîn  
Privindu-mi Tatăl cum udă curtea și grădina.  
Pe băncuță, cu tăpile goale,  
Priveam cu ochii închiși soarele.

Un roșu deschis, intens, îmi năvăli în obraji, în ochi  
În toată făptura  
Ca o mare de lumină, de dragoste, de puritate.

..

Merg elătîindu-mă prin sânul Naturii  
Coapeii, pe jumăate golași  
Se elătîneau de un Vânt celest  
Vântul celest le pătrundea toată ființa, tulburîndu-i  
Mișcîndu-i.

...

Cerul albastru, un albastruÔgru, lînipede  
Se profila deasupra capului meu  
Ca o uriașă chemare din înălțimi.  
Ca o nostalgie a unei Ființe superoare  
Ce privește cu tristețe, cu Dragostenesfărșită pămîntul.

...

Am intrat pe porțiță în Grădina Mamei.  
Pălcul de gherbere, de crizanteme se prîfila aproape  
În mijlocul Grădinii de zarzavat  
Acum golită de roade.

m-am îndreptat spre ele.  
Sunt o garoufă verde? Galbenă? Lămâie?  
O păpădie, un zbor de flutur mic?  
Un sfînt modest cu flori la pălărie  
Trecînd prin lume deșert  
ca un pustnic?....

.....  
Am așezat, cu grijă, meditănd, două flori mov,  
Unamăi deschis, alta mai închis  
Două flori violet spre roșu, cu pulșori  
O floare alb.

...

Le dau Mamei.

...

Fericită, trec inconștient prin Sânul Naturii  
Coapcii, pe jumătate golași  
Se clătină de un Vînt celest  
Vîntul celest le pătrunde toată ființa, tulburîndu-i  
Mișcîndu-i.

...

Cerul albastru, un albastru0gru, limpede  
Se profilează deasupra capului meu  
Ca o uriașă chemare din înălțimi.  
Ca o nostalgie a unei Ființe superoare  
Ce privește cu tristețe, cu Dragostenesfîrșită pămîntul

...

Mama nu este.

...

mi-e dor de mama.  
O caut prin camerele goale ale casei pe Mama.  
Mama este la Biserică.

...

Sera îi întind florile, într-un gest copilăresc  
În curtea din beton.  
Mama îmi întindea rîndul cîrfile  
Pe care le-a adunat pentru mine.  
Sunt curate.

Cu fața ei rotundă, cu chipul i rotund, fără vârstă  
Copilărească  
Mama îmi ia din mână florile  
Întinse școlarește.  
Mama zâmbește larg, fericită, din toată Pîntîța, inoanșient  
Cu chipul ei rotund, buclălat, de Copil mare.  
Măă simt ca un vierme în fața ei  
Văltořit într-o parte și-n alta, de Vântul celest, necruțător  
De Briza serii.

Mama se ridică hinișor  
Și se așază pe mormânt.  
Privește buruienile care au crescut între timp.  
Ascultă ciorile,  
Vede crucile cum stao să se dărîme.  
Observă morminte noi și alte crăpături  
În zidul bisericii.

Și cînd își aruncă ochii, na! c-a dispărut  
Ulmul din vârful dealului, de pe mejdina noastră,  
De stăteau oamenii la umbră.  
Cînd așternea cu masa pe pămînt, vara.  
Fața de masă, de cînepă,  
fixată la colțuri  
Cu bulgări de pămînt. Și pe ea așeza bucatele,  
Aduse cu banița în cap.  
C-o mîna ținînd de banița, și în cealaltă cîrînd  
Ulciorul cu apă.

Suia, ei! era greu, dar ce să facă...  
Și ulmul pentru asta era acolo, în buza dealului.  
Deasupra Săliștii – asta era misiunea lui:  
Să facă umbră, vara cînd mînîncă oamenii.  
Oftau cînd se așezau jos.  
Dar măcar ședeau la umbră.

Și cum de l-au tăiat? Unde-o fi dispărut?

Și ulmul aude gîndul ei.  
Locul unde a fost se neliniștește, fosta umbră  
Se agită și copacul apare falnic și se întrupează  
Numărîndu-și cercurile, foșnînd din cercuri,  
Acoperînd cu coroana imensă  
Imaginea Săliștei din vale.

Se dau înapoi întîmplările lui.  
Se zăresc tăietorii izbînd cu securea trunchiul tare,  
Nădușînd, glumînd și ferîndu-se  
De așchiile care sar ca schije.  
Cade. E curățat de crengi și cărat în sat  
Cu șase perechi de boi. Nu încap\_e în curte.  
E lăsat la poartă.

Apoi o ploaie grozavă,  
Curg udădonaiele, se varsă vâlcelele,  
Răculețul, Gura Racului, Bîsa, Ungureanca,  
Se varsă valea a mare, ca niciodată.  
Și ulmul e încins de puhoie și luat pe sus, plutește, alunecă,  
Sar vreo doi oameni și îl proptesc  
De alt copac, tocmai când era gata să alunece  
În marele fluviu al văii.

Apoi, zboară și prinde rădăcini,  
La locul lui.  
Acum stă falnic, acolo sus, pe creastă,  
Ca pe vremuri.  
Se uită în jur și întreabă:  
Unde sunt oamenii? Secerătorii? Prășitorii?  
Culegătorii de porumb,  
de floarea soarelui?

Cetele harnice, vesele, mișunând cu albinele,  
Femei întrecându-se,  
care ajunge mai repede  
La capul locului și la vremea mesei  
Năzuind să se așeze la umbra mea?

Unde e Nicolîța, care venea  
Cu banița în cap și cu ulciorul de apă în mână  
Cu de mâncare pentru zece-cîncsprezece oameni?

Și mama, rezemată de propria-i cruce,  
Semănând cu cea din poză,  
Vede – ce minune! – ulmul la loc,  
Când? Cum a apărut? Că adineaori nu era?  
Locul – ca înainte, cu mejdinile vechi.

Se vede pe ea însăși, cu banița în cap  
Și cu ulciorul ăi mare în mână,  
Găfăind printre rîndurile de porumbi,  
Or prin grâu, urecând coasta.

Sare Nea Florea și-i ajută să pună banița jos,  
Tața Mări îi ia ulciorul.  
Ea oftează de ușurare  
Și începe să întindă șervetul, scoate oalele,  
Băjbele cu mâncare, străchinile, lingurile, sarea.

Femeile, bărbații, copiii, se strâng  
Dejghinați de muncă.  
Ilie al Floarei s-a întins pe pământ, cu fața-n sus  
Și încearcă să privească prin frunzișul des  
Cerul încins cu sticla de lampă.  
"Ți-ai putea aprinde țigara de la cer –  
Așa dogorește."

Mama se uită tot mai uimită la ulm,  
Ulmul nostru.  
Și ulmul o vede că îl vede.  
"Doamne, cum nu trece vremea! " oftează.  
"Credeam că vremea trece, dar ea nu trece.  
Nu trece neam. Nu, nu trece. "  
Ulmul fericit, foșnește că așa e –

Și dispar amândoi, într-o clipă:  
Mama de pe mormântul ei  
Și ulmul de pe coastă.

...  
I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweetheart,  
Mother

Today I sat outside, admired nature  
This huge green living organism.

Only who was in a prison cell  
Many years, without going out  
He is enchanted by the incomparable beauty, unmistakable of Natures.

...

It's not Maya,  
She is the full and well-justified Reality  
She is the heart of the world-light of the Universe.

I stand with my soles on the tiles, following my father  
How he wash the fine concrete yard  
With the hose and then water the garden.

An unmistakable happiness filled me  
Looking at the splash curtain that's high in the air  
The warm, salty breeze of the Austrian Autumn.

Moisture floated in the air  
Like a salty, perfumed and beneficial chill.  
The branches, the leaves of the rich, full shrub  
Of the Hand of the Virgin  
They moved as if carried by a celestial wind.

...

I felt like a child, a child so old  
Looking at my Father as the yard and garden water.  
On the bench, with the empty soles,  
I watched the sun with my eyes closed.

A deep red, deep in my cheeks, in my eyes

In the whole thing  
Like a sea of light, of love, of purity.

--

I go rocking through the breast of Nature  
Thighs, half empty  
They were rocking a Celestial Wind  
The celestial wind penetrated their whole being, disturbing them  
Moving them.

---

The sky blue, a blue blue, clear  
It was hovering above my head  
Like a huge call from Heights.  
As a nostalgia for a higher Being  
What about sadness, with love the end of the earth.

---

Restored on the porch in the Mother's Garden.  
The chickpea, chrysanthemum stick is almost ringing  
In the middle of the vegetable garden  
Now drained of fruit.

I turned to them.  
Am I a green carnation? Yellow? Lemon?  
A dandelion, a small butterfly flight?  
A modest saint with flowers in the hat  
Passing through the desert world  
like a hermit?

-----

I carefully, meditating, two purple flowers,  
One open, one darker  
Two flowers purple to red, with chicks  
A white flower.

---

I'm taking Mom.

---

Happy, I pass unconscious through the Breast of Nature  
Thighs, half empty  
They were rocking a Celestial Wind  
The celestial wind penetrated their whole being, disturbing them  
Moving them.

---

The sky blue, a blue blue, clear  
It was hovering above my head  
Like a huge call from Heights.

As a nostalgia for a higher Being  
What about sadness, with love the end of the earth

...

Mom is not.

...

I miss my mother.  
I'm looking through the empty rooms of the house on Mother.  
My mother is at church.

...

Evening stretch out her flowers, in a childish gesture  
In the concrete yard.  
My mother was stretching the sheriffs  
That he gathered for me.  
They are clean.

With her round face, with her round face, without age  
Childlike  
My mother takes my flowers in my hand  
He stretched his school.  
The mother smiles broadly, happily,  
from all Being, unconsciously  
With her round, chubby, big baby cheek..  
I feel like a worm in front of her  
Traveled on one side and the other, by the heavenly, merciless Wind  
Breeze series.

My mother was getting up, and he sat on the tomb.  
Look at the weeds that grew  
in the meantime.  
Listen to the crows.  
He sees the crosses as they fall.  
Look at new graves and other cracks  
Inside the church wall.

And when he rolls his eyes, no! he disappeared  
The elm from the top of the hill,  
from our table.  
Where the people were in the shade,  
When she lay down on the table in the summer.  
Table top, hemp, fixed to the corners  
With earth bubbles.

And she put the dishes on it.  
He brought the money with his head,  
There is a hand holding the money, and the other hand  
Water jug.

She was climbing, they! it was hard, but what to do ...



And the elm tree for that was there, on the edge of the hill,  
Above Saliste - that was his mission:  
Shadow, summer when people eat,  
They sighed as they sat down,  
But at least they sat in the shade.

And how did they cut it? Where did she go?

And the elm tree hears her thought.  
The place where he was is restless, the former shadow  
The tree appears shaky and incarnate  
Counting their circles, hissing from circles,  
Covering with the huge crown  
The image of the Salt Valley.

His events are back.  
You can see the cutters hitting the heavy log securely,  
Hoping, joking and avoiding each other  
From the chips that jump like skis.  
Cade. It is cleaned of branches and carried  
into the village  
With six pairs of oxen. He doesn't fit in the yard.  
He's left at the gate.

Then a great rain.  
The watercourses flow, the watercourses flow.  
Răculețul, Gaura Căcer, Bîsa,  
Hungarian,  
The great valley flows, as never before,  
And the elm is heated by stingrays  
And taken up, it floats, it slides,  
Some two people jump and I propose  
From another tree, just when  
It was ready to slide, in the great river valley.

Then fly and take root.  
In his place.  
Now he sits high, up there, on the ridge,  
Like old times.  
He looks around and asks:

- Where are the people? Reapers? Hoeings?  
Harvesters of corn, sunflower?  
The fierce, cheerful ferts, moving like bees,  
Women competing, which gets faster  
At the head of the place and at table time  
Not wanting to sit in my shadow?

Where's Nicolita coming from  
With the money in his head and the water jug in his hand  
With food for ten to fifteen people?

And the mother, supported by her own cross,

Similar to the one in the picture,  
See - what a wonder! - the elm tree again.  
When? How did it come about?  
That it really wasn't?

The place - as before, with the old media.  
She sees herself, with the money in her head  
And with the big pitcher  
in his hand,  
Snorting among the rows of pigeons,  
Or through the wheat, climbing the coast.

Salt Nea Florea helps them put the money down,  
Tăcă Mări takes his jug.  
She sighs in relief  
And he begins to stretch the napkin, remove the pots.  
Plums, food, spoons, spoons, salt.  
Women, men, children, are tightening  
You get off work.

Elijah of the Flower lay on the ground, face up  
And he tries to look through the thick foliage  
The sky lit up like a lamp glass.  
"You could light your cigarette from the sky -  
That's how bad it is. "

My mother is looking more and more at the elm,  
Our elm tree.  
And the elm sees her seeing him.  
"God, how the time goes by! "Sighs.  
"I thought the weather was passing, but it wasn't.  
No family passes. No, it does not pass. "  
Happy elm, it is shameful that it is -

And they both disappear, in a moment:  
The mother from her grave - and the elm on the coast.

.....

Te iubesc, Victor the Sun, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea. Te doresc Puiul meu,  
Marea de Atlas

A fi sentimental e-o stare  
De-adâncă, continuă fervoare  
De-a fi cu tine trecând prin propriul Sin  
De-a fi cu ceilalți  
trecând prin propriul Eu  
Acolo unde Lumea se deschide, cu o floare  
Albă, vouptoasă,  
Ia întâlnirea cu nemuritorul Zeu.

A fi duios e-o stare tandrețe  
Pe car e so simt doar mamele în suflet  
Atunci când decerul ce ninge ce plânge  
mi—am atârnat speriată ochi  
cu gândul a venirea Ta – duioasă dragostea...

----

Senzații plutesc ușor în Cerul de-azur  
Se-atârână., nălucite, de Marea de Atlas  
Atunci când dulci sentimente, indicibile poeme  
Mi se deschid, moi, poparfumate  
Ca Floarea pe obraz....

...

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Pe car e so simt doar mamele în suflet  
Atunci când decerul ce ninge ce plânge  
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De-adâncă, continuă ferveare  
De-a fi cu tine trecând prin propriul Sin  
De-a fi cu ceilalți  
trecând prin propriul Eu  
Acolo unde Lumea se deschide, cu o floare  
Albă, vouptoasă,  
la întâlnirea cu nemuritorul Zeu.

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Se-atârână., nălucite, de Marea de Atlas  
Atunci când dulci sentimente, indicibile poeme  
Mi se deschid, moi, poparfumate  
Ca Floarea pe obraz....

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the own sin  
Being with the others

passing through my own Self  
Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which snows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky  
Like the Flower on the cheek ....

...

To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which snows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the prop sin  
Being with the others  
passing through my own Self  
Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky  
Like the Flower on the cheek ....

Marius

It was through the smoking pimple  
A young boy about 18-22 years old

With green eyes not very beautiful  
and with the black hair slightly curled in the middle of the head.

His left eye was half closed  
Because of the disease  
Or any eye disease.  
But I do remember that I also had my eyes straight on three quarters  
Many years ago, about 42 years ago.

----

The poor boy had no one  
He was the only cuckoo  
and he had his hands open and with the knots of the phalanges bent, pointed  
with the battered pile  
probably hits, hit walls, boards,  
in hard materials.

When I awoke a little I took them and comforted them slightly.  
Marius, because Marius called him, as he told me  
Drink everyone's coffee  
Juices in glasses  
From sudden, unexpected beginnings, then spit with spit on tiles.  
Suddenly I finally understood.

The tastes were tricky, fake, unpleasant  
The people were fake, cheated, pretended  
and there was nothing left except spilling the liquid on the floor  
impressed by the sense of intuition and the Holy Spirit.

---

I said, Marius didn't spit on the floor anymore  
it's not nice  
to get your towels to spit in?

he continued to spit down.  
I gave him a cigarette, the first from the packet and invited him to drink from my tea.  
Can you find me?  
Marius shook his head resolutely  
No, he can't spit,  
Then I brought her juice in two glasses

One, the smaller yellow mug from which he drank  
Mrs. Ana had been thrown into the basket  
and taken by the washerwoman washed by a sick man.

We meet on the corridor.  
Marius tastes both the cups to the bottom  
Like a connoisseur  
spit rail.

I put the marlboro package between the breast scanner, along with the 3 cigarettes given above.

Then I tell him: Marius, you have to tell yourself:  
I must do well!  
I have to do well! ..

Then I go to the room, and I take them to room 18  
Where he was admitted  
A large packet of cereal biscuits, a half-glass bottle of coffee  
A yogurt with cereal, and a teaspoon of stainless steel  
From home.

...

Epilogue:

I also learn from other patients  
That Mario, my dear, had opened all the beds  
and threw away the bedding  
on down

so he yelled at the junkies to take him to Zam.  
I didn't grab it and couldn't take it  
Goodbye from him.

they took him to Zam, where some good doctors could put him  
those legs  
to irritate freedom  
to analyze and treat them.

...

I was just hoping I could see him again in the oasis  
This intelligent boy found it superfluous  
To talk too much  
As it was filled with despair to the ground.

A handsome boy with high school  
With green eyes wide open; with tie knots around the neck  
and ready to go to college.

...

The poor boy had no one  
He was the only cuckoo  
and he had his hands open and the knots of the phalanges bent, pointed  
with the battered pile  
probably hits, hit walls, boards.  
in hard materials.

When I awoke a little I took them and comforted them slightly.  
She felt everything - in a thousandth of a second.

...te iubesc Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai. Dulcele și Doritul meu Puișor...

Te iubesc Mihai, Dragostea mea, Piat meu. Te doresc.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.  
But he looked at Mihai  
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body  
Thinking about who knows where ...

...  
There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

--  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...  
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile  
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first hint of the beard -  
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

--  
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alain?  
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed  
Winking at her.

...  
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...  
I wanted to ask him something ...  
Let's talk about books.

...  
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared  
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

--  
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face  
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...  
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,  
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

--  
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.  
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months  
After their last date.  
Wash your face

Then it is supported by a recess of the wall  
Lost in thoughts.

--  
When Mihai suddenly enters.  
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret  
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached  
Her silky wavy hair  
Like a spiral.

...  
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused  
Not knowing what to say.  
Then he handed her a note from Alin.  
Baby, today is coming ...  
Michele needs me  
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..  
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.  
The red-eyed young man reads.

...  
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!  
I know. "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something  
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body  
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms  
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years  
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.  
Cathy shivered, then chained her  
and she tightened her breast tightly.

--  
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically  
As if he had really met  
After a thousand years  
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...  
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once  
A tiger with feline movements  
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...  
Mihai. Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love  
We are lost ...

...  
--  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
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Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puil meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor. Puil meu.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea,  
Mistretul cu colți de argint

În ziua aceea ne dusesem după vaci  
Eu și Silvia, verișoara mea primară.  
Trecusem de vârful Preluca și găsiserăm vacile  
Păscând poate pe muntele Bou  
Mai sus de coliba lui Gălățan.

Ne întoarcem acasă. Dar pe lungă sa ce despărțea vârful  
Preluca de muntele Bou  
Era o turmă de mistreți cu poi.  
Se auzeau forțăturile și sunetele ciudate

Ce le făceau și era o turmă de zece-treisprezece mistreți.  
Mari și mici.  
Silvia, vara mea, se speriasă rău  
Și tremura ca varga

Se gândea că acolo ne vom găsi moartea.  
Dar eu știam de la tata  
Că animalele sălbatice nu-ți fac nimic  
Dacă nu le atacă

Ș dacă nu le încalci teritoriul, ci îți vezi liniștit  
De drum.  
Cu tot cu sângele rece de care eram în stare  
i-am șoptit Silviei

să nu urmărim șaua după mistreți  
că ei din spate nu ne puteau simți... ci numai din vântul  
care le bătea din față.  
Și-am tăiat muntele Prelucii drept în două

Întorcându-ne acasă.  
Silvia era nespus de recunoscătoare  
Că scăpasem cu viață, iar eu eram fericită  
Că fusesem curajoasă.

...  
Mai târziu m-am gândit că mistreții au simțit...  
Că sunt una de-a lor  
Eufemistic spus...  
Căci aveam ascendentul în Mistreț

După zodiacul chinezesc.  
Era și este o scumpă amintire, cea din vremea  
Copilăriei noastre  
Când muntele, codrul, ba chiar și mistrețul

Râmuitor, era frate cu noi.  
Dintr-o pictură în ulei, cu vopselele scurse  
În care se mai deslușese chipurile a trei copii,  
A două fete, al meu și al Silviei  
Verisoara mea primară, și al fratelui meu  
Bujor.

te doresc, Soțul meu iubit, te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu.  
Wild hoar with silver thistles



That day we had gone after the cattle  
I and Silvia, my primary cousin  
we had passed by the Preluca Peak and we had found  
the cattle, grazing maybe on the  
Ox Mountain  
above the wooden lodge of Gălățan

We come back home.  
But on the long saddle which

separated the Peak Preluca by the Ox mountain  
It was a herd of boars with chickens  
There were hearing the strange sounds  
they were making

and there was a herd of ten-thirteen wild boars  
big and small.  
Silvia, my cousin, had been scared badly  
and she was shuddering  
she was thinking that there is our end.

But I knew from my father that the wild animals  
don't do to you any harm  
if you don't attack them and you do not break  
their territory  
but you are quietly on the road.

with all my cold blood I was capable I whispered to Silvia  
not to follow the saddle after the wild boars  
for they from behind couldn't feel us...  
but only from the wind which was blowing from  
the front

and we cut the mountain of Preluca straight in two  
coming back home.  
Silvia was thankful, with tears in her eyes  
that we had escaped alive  
and I was happy that I was courageous.

..  
Later I thought that the wild boars  
had the feeling that I am one of them  
Euphemistically spoken  
Because I had the ascendancy in the Wild Boar  
after the Chinese zodiac.

It was also a dear remembrance, that one from  
the time of our childhood  
When the mountain, the forest, even the ruthless  
wild boar, was our brother.

From an oil canvas, with the draining paintings  
where in there can be still discerned  
the faces of three kids, of two girls, mine, and Silvia's  
and of my brother, Bujor.  
Te iubesc...

Te iubesc, dulceața mea.  
Mit, ritual și simbol

E dimineață devreme. Ne-am strâns lângă clăile din fundul ogrăzii.  
Tata bate coasa.

Așezat pe iarbă, pe platoul ce se scurbează apoi  
Foarte abrupt în groapa din fundul ogrăzii  
Tata bate coasa.

Își scoase gresia de la brâu, din ghioce, o înmuie bine în apă  
Apoi ținând coasa cu mâna stângă  
Cu mișcări precise și iuți, îi ascuți tăișul  
Alternând mișcările de pe oparte pe alta, până ajunse  
la vârful coasei.

Apoi luă o mână de iarbă verde,moale, o șterse  
Dintr-o singură mișcare.  
Na, iuți-o îi spuse el lui Bujor, și-i dădu coasa.

Apoi începu s-o bată, cu luare-amine  
Tacticos, absorbit, pe-a lui.

O coasă veche, franțuzească  
Cu tăișul de oțel ca o sclipire de lumină în soarele dimineții.  
Pe nicovală, așeză cu grijă marginea  
zimțuită a coasei  
Aăpoi dinspre interior spre exterior  
Începu s-o bată cu ciocanul din mișcări fine, precise  
Nici prea apăsate, nici prea ușoare.

Era o întreagă artă. Precizia, îndemânarea și știința  
De a nu o bate decât cât trebuie –  
și unde trebuie.

Ascuțișul nu trebuia zdrobit, nici mărit, nici micșorat.  
Bujor se apucase de coasă.  
Încordându-și tendoanele picioarelor, cobora la vale  
Luptându-se cu forța gravitațională  
și în genere cu forța de frecare,  
și din mișcări largi  
culeând iarbă la pământ, într-un culoar aval  
care se mărea se lărgea se extindea...

apoi porni tata în urma lui,  
Cu mișcări precise și scurte, tăia tufele de iarbă rămase, oprindu-se  
la răstimpuri, apoi din mișcări largi, iuți, ritmice  
curba iarbă la pământ.

Ajunși lângă gardul de deasupra cărării de jos, dintre ogrăzi  
se opriră să răsuflă.  
Apoi Bujor o luă din nou în sus  
Iar tata rămase să cosească pâlcurile de iarbă  
De lângă gard.

Total trebuia făcut fără cusur –  
și în genere nu era lucru frumos să lași iarbă netăiată  
sau tăiată de jumătate sau trei sferti.  
Locul trebuia ras ca-o palmă -

și în genere după sîbțire  
nu era bine să cămîină șire uscate de paie.  
fîn uscat neadunat

locul arăta rău, se da apoi rău la cosit și în general era rușine  
numai oamenii angajați la lucru  
mai făceau uneori așa – dar noi niciodată.

...

Erau legile nescrise ale pămîntului – care cereau  
Ca lucrurile să fie făcute cum trebuie  
și nu de mîntuială.

și în genere claia să fie călcată bine, să aibă vîrf  
și să i se pună pauze  
eventual peste celofanul găurit și strecurat pe par  
ca să nu între ploaia.

...

Cum era claia, așa era mirele.  
Dacă claia era înaltă și frumoasă rotundă, egală,  
Cu gâtul prelung și bine arcuit  
Pre vîrf  
Mirele era frumos.  
Dacă nu, nu.

și mama trebuia să facă clăile fără cusur  
altfel tata o repezea  
și-i vorbea aspru, poticnindu-se cu pala uriașă de fîn  
în vîrfurile prului, deasupra capului.

...

mai puțin, dă-mi mai puțin, Lazăre  
Nu vezi că sunt aproape de vîrf?!...

..

În arșița verii, alegam cu picioarele-mi tinere  
Să aduc apă.  
Apoi după ce beam, îi turnam apă lui Bujor să se spele  
Pe mâini, pe brațe, pe față, pe gât.  
Aoi Bujor lua sticla  
și-și turna de-a dreptul apă în cap.

...

și mic!... strigă mama. Adu-mi și mic apă!...

..

În ăldura arzătoare a soarelui, în acea zi caniculară de august  
Aerul se curba ca mii de particule colorate

Ca o eternă fată morgana -  
Eternă iluzie vizuală.

Eram fericită. Priveam printre gene aerul curbându-se  
Sticlind  
Ca o apă colorată  
Ca o perdea de stropi diafani, inefabili, irziând în mii de fațete colorate  
Scânteietoare.

...

Soarele era mitic. Fânul era mitic. Roșia era mitică.  
Mă gândeam la romanul corintic  
al lui Manolescu  
și eugetam că probabil așa trebuie să arate o pagină de roman:  
minul Sorelui, al apei și al Oglinzii  
în muntele fără istorie  
intrând pe o poartă din august  
în trupul căld, de aer, de paie și de lut  
al Eternității.

...

Tema irecognoscibilității miracolului” este echivalentă cu a spune că miracolul ia formele cele mai  
neseemnificative, și este ilustrată de numeroase opere literare, dintre care amintim ”La țigănci”, ”Pe strada  
Mântuleasa”, ”Noaptea de Sânziene”. A fi prezent fără să te faci cunoscut este, probabil, ecoul paradoxului  
budist al prezenței-absență...  
Te iubesc și te doresc dulcele meu Victor.

Myth, ritual and symbol

It's early morning. We gathered near the fences at the bottom of the yard.  
Dad is sewing.  
Sitting on the grass, on the plateau which then flows  
Very steep in the pit at the bottom of the yard  
Dad is sewing.

She removed her tiles from her waistband, soaking them in the water  
Then holding the knife with his left hand  
With precise movements and sharp, you sharpen its edge  
Alternating the movements from one side to another, until it came  
at the tip of the seam.

Then he took a hand of soft green grass, wiped it  
In one move.  
No, take it, he told Bujor, and he sewed his tail.

Then he began to beat her, remembering  
Tactically, absorbed, his.

An old, French stitch  
With steel cut as a gleam of light in the morning sun.

On the niche, he carefully placed the edge  
stitched on the seam  
Then from the inside to the outside  
He began to strike her with the hammer of fine, precise movements  
Neither too pressed nor too light.

It was a whole art. Accuracy, skill and science  
Not to beat her properly -  
and where to go.

The sharpener was not to be crushed, enlarged or diminished.  
Peony began to sew.  
Tightening the tendons of his feet, he descended to the valley  
Fighting with the gravitational force

and generally with frictional force,  
and from large movements  
lying on the ground, down a corridor  
which enlarged it widened it expanded ...

then started dad behind him.  
With precise, short movements, he cut the remaining bushes, stopping  
at times, then from wide, fast, rhythmic movements  
bend the grass to the ground.

You come near the fence above the lower path, between the groves  
they stopped to breathe.  
Then Bojor took her up again  
And my dad had to mow the grass clippings  
Near the fence.

Everything had to be done seamlessly -  
and in general it was not a good thing to leave the grass untouched  
or cut in half or three quarters.  
The place had to be shaved -  
and generally after bullying  
it was not good to keep the straw dry,  
unused dry hay

the place looked bad, then it went bad in the meadow and generally it was shameful  
only people employed at work  
sometimes they did so - but we never did.  
...

It was the unwritten laws of the earth - they demanded  
That things should be done properly  
not salvation.

and in general the key should be ironed well, it should be tipped  
and put cloths on it  
possibly over the cellophane drilled and slipped on the hair  
not to enter the ruin.



...

As was the key, so was the groom.  
If the clouse was tall and beautiful round, equal,  
With long neck and well arched  
Towards peak  
The groom was beautiful.  
If not, no.

and my mother had to make the seams seamless  
otherwise my father would hurry her  
and he spoke harshly to her, stumbling over the huge hay shovel  
at the tip of the head above the head.

...

.less, give me less, Lazare  
Don't you see I'm near the top ?? ...

--

In the heat of summer, I chose with my feet young  
Bring water.  
Then after we drank, we pouted Bujor water to wash  
On the hands, on the arms, on the face, on the neck.  
Then Bujor took the bottle  
and he poured water right into his head.

...

and me! ... my mother cried. Bring me some water too!

..

In the scorching heat of the sun, on that hot August day  
The air curves like thousands of colored particles  
Like an eternal morgan girl -  
Eternal visual illusion.

I was happy. I was looking at printers, the air bending  
glass  
Like a colored water  
Like a curtain of translucent, ineffable splashes, irritating thousands of colorful facets  
Fire.

...

The sun was legendary. The hay was legendary. The redness was mythical.  
I was thinking about the Corinthian novel  
of Manolescu  
and I thought that probably this is how a novel page  
should look like:

the myth of the Sister, the water and the Mirror

in the mountain without history  
entering a gate in august  
in cudd, air, straw and clay  
of Eternity.

---

The theme of the unrecognizableness of the miracle "is equivalent to saying that the miracle takes the most insignificant forms, and is illustrated by numerous literary works, of which we mention" At Gypsies ", " On Mântuleasa Street ", " Sânziene Night ". Being present without making yourself known is probably the echo of the Buddhist paradox of presence-absence ...

I love you and I wish you my sweetheart Victor the Sun.

Moarte la Venetia

Zări tulburate de valuri decenușă se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare  
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

Norii albi devneau roș  
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare  
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

---

Treceam pe podul de lavă încinsă  
Ce coleăia frenetic în măruntaie de pământ  
Pe când co adierile-i fierbinte caldul vânt  
Mă clătina peste scânduri, scobite-arare

---

De-o parte și de alta păduri virgine  
Care priveau cu ochiul imobil al lui Crist  
Cum încercam pe valuri de magmă să mă țin mai bine  
Cum încercam din totă ființa să rezist...

--

Zări tulburate de valuri de cenușă  
Se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare  
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune  
cum izvorăsc în ceruri reci senine  
țâșniri de magmă și cărbune.

--

Norii albi devneau roș  
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare  
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune

---

Afară frunzele metalice se mișcă, suflate de vânt  
Totul respiră un aer de nevinovăție virgină  
De căldură și răceală boreală  
De lumină albă, sepulcrală...

--

Mă întorc pe dunele măturate de vânt  
În inima pustiei, acolo unde mi-am ascuns inima

Sub șirul pierdut de sălcii plângătoare  
Pe care lucesc ca nestemate  
Soleii trecutelor noastre întâlniri...

Sunt albastru și singur  
Atât cât un om poate să fie...  
Pescuiesc seara-n usfințit  
Lostrite albastre  
Cu trupul miraculos de știmă ale apelor...

...

Vântul atârna pe portativă cerului  
Mișcate de un vânt celest  
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt  
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

... Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate  
pusc pe pânza unui pictor  
o ciudată străbateră și îngemănare de realități  
dintre immanent și transcendent.

Vârfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare  
Ca o maree, ca o mare  
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului  
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină  
în uriașă, misterioasă, ciudată, labirintică  
a Domnului grădină.

....

În iureșul meu am întâlnit pe toți profetii celeilalte lumi  
Pe toști sfinții, arhanghelii și serafimii

Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii  
ca într-o mare tulburată tâlăzuindu-și valurile  
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și cruzime,  
de război.

Sărutându-ți piciorul...  
Ure în lumea mea de visuri și durere  
De plăcere, fum și miere  
De indescribibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul  
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine  
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală  
De gingașa ei liniște letală....

...

Vocile se-amestecă, gunurale, sorâzătoare  
Lătrătoare  
Oamenii negri de cărbune  
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Total e o atmosferă între negru și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

..

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Death in Venice

He saw the waves of decay  
They are lost in the clearing of the solar rains  
Me, back on the sea floor  
I target the expanding volcano from a distance.

The white clouds turned red  
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky  
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance.

...  
I was crossing the lava bridge  
What was lying frantically in the depths of the earth  
While with the hot expresses, the hot wind  
He shook me over planks, hollowed-out

On both sides virgin forests  
Who looked with the immobile eye of Christ  
How I was trying on magma waves to keep me better  
As I was trying my hardest to resist ...

--  
He saw ashes of ash waves  
They are lost in the light of the solar rains  
Me, you turned around on the high tide  
I target the expanding volcano from a distance  
how they spring into clear skies  
magma and coal spills.

..

The white clouds turned red  
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky  
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance

...

Outside the metallic leaves move, blown by the wind  
Everything breathes an air of virgin innocence  
Boreal heat and cold  
White light, burial ...

--

I return to the dunes swept by the wind  
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the line lost by the weeping willows  
On which I work as unskilled  
The scales of our past meetings ...

I'm blue and alone  
As much as a man can be ...  
I fish at dusk  
Blue glitter  
With the miraculous body of water spurts ...

...  
The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a heavenly wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

... The world is just an impression of delicate colors  
put on the canvas of a painter  
a strange crossing and twisting of realities  
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky  
Like a tide, like a tide  
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth  
and with the trunk stuck in the light  
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world  
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim  
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world  
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves  
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty  
of war.

Kissing your leg ...  
I climb into my world of dreams and pain  
Pleasure, smoke and honey  
The indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm  
I listen to the call for milk from me  
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry  
From her throat lethal silence.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

..

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

Moonlight

O lume de impresiuni colorate, gingașe  
Zvârlite din paleta unui pictor  
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor  
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării, încet  
Tot mai încet, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...

Pe străzi de lumină și-ntuneric pășeam în zbor....  
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor  
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării, încet  
Ușor, tot mai ușor...

Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei  
Fronze macerându-se încet pe jos  
Plutind frumos...  
Ca niște mâini carbonizate peste artere

Pline de lumere

Ca niște otrăvuri lente macerându-se în vin  
În vinul crud al toamnei, umed și înviorat pelin.  
Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei  
Frunze macerându-se încet pe jos  
Plutind frumos...  
Ca un neasemuit de gingaș covor, ca cel mai fraged și gingaș omor...

---

Înnegurați pașii ei trec dinspre o arteră spre alta  
Pe-al lumii suspendat în aer portativ  
Cu tot parfumul lui nociv...  
Risipit pe umerii tineri ai acestei toamnei...

---

Te doresc.  
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani  
Decor uitat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor '80  
Pe lângă mine parcă treci  
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani...

---

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani  
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...  
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână  
Sărim dalele-nbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei  
Irezistibil calvar...

---

Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă  
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...  
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește  
și noi sărim, prin goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...

---

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani  
Decor uitat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor '80  
Pe lângă mine parcă treci  
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani...  
...te iubesc dalele mele.

Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă  
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...  
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește  
și noi sărim, prin goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...

---

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani  
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...  
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână  
Prin dalele-nbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei  
Irezistibil calvar...

---

O toamnă spălată de ploaie



și-ntinde larg aripile peste noi... pe străzi pustii  
frunzele moarte călătoresc, călătoresc...  
mi-adun fruntea-o palme  
și zâmbesc...

cu-amărăciune, dar blând, cu gândul dus  
la răsărit și la apus  
în grădini dovlecii galbeni se strâng unul în altul  
ca niște copii  
și bruma a dat peste vii...

pe străzi  
pustii mâinile-mi moarte le risipește vântul  
tăcut absoarbe ploaia doar  
pământul...

te iubesc și te doresc, puilul meu,

Străzi alb-negre,  
Decor de sfârșit de lume,

Care de ce orașele mari  
Sunt atât de anonime?...

....

Mă pierdeam în anonim  
Mă cofundam în masa  
Întunecată a inconștientului,

..

frunze. Cădeau frunzele  
copacii erau alb-negri  
ca niște umbrele uriașe deschise în ploaie  
în vânt

mergeam repede  
pe străzile umplute de frunze

.....

Creierul meu prinsese 4 dimensiuni  
Mă mișcam pe axa  
Trecut – prezent – viitor  
într-un singur continuum  
și flux al conștiinței.

.....

o stradă,  
Decupată dintr-o amintire din viitor

Dintr-un vis

Sentimentul cosmic  
Al călătoriei prin spațiu și timp

.....

strada plină de frunze  
devenise o punte spre infinit

galben și verde  
pictate într-un alb-negru nesfârșit.

Îmi zâmbești, îți zâmbesc,  
Afară peisajul lunar se schimba cu re poziționarea vântului  
Care sufla printre frunzele galbene ale cipacilor  
Alcătuind un decor lunar  
Un decor sideral, părea, de atâta strălucire  
Se face brusc noapte...

...

Trăiam în boaba e strugure suspendat  
În care lumina intra ca într-o prismă de culori violet  
Pentru a ieși de cealaltă parte  
Într-o simfonie de culori și de poeme.

...

Noi ieșiserăm din timp  
și ne priveam c-un aer de recunoaștere tainică pe chip.  
Eram doi bolnavi absoluți...

Afară, mestecenii șopteau irecul, fremătându-și frunzele argintii  
Păreau un peisaj oniric, lunar  
Cu frunzele plutind ușor, ca într-un vis, într-un vals  
Spre pământ, covor de argint,  
de aur și brumă.

Noi trăiam în clepsidra timpului  
Într-o boabă de strugure suspendat  
Îrăzându-și luminile atemporale, scânteietoare  
Îrăzând infinit lumini...  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu.

Moonlight

A world of colorful prints, cheeks  
Flushed from the painter's palette  
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor  
I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly  
Slower, lighter, lighter ...

...

On the streets of light and darkness I was walking in flight.  
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor  
I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly  
Easy, ever easier ...

Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall  
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor  
Beautiful floating ...  
Like hands carbonized over the arteries  
Plenty of chimeras

Like slow poisons soaking in wine  
In the raw autumn wine, moist and invigorated pelin.  
Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall  
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor  
Beautiful floating ...  
Like an asshole of rug lace, like the earliest and luscious kill ...

----

Blackened her steps go from one artery to another  
The world suspended in portable air  
With all its harmful scent ...  
Scattered on the young shoulders of this fall ...

...

I want you.  
Through dark gangs, rats  
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s  
It's just passing by me  
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats  
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...  
It's been raining for a week  
We skip the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it  
Irresistibly bald ...

...

There are many leaves and streams of water  
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...  
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows  
and we jump, leaving empty goals  
on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats  
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s  
It's just passing by me  
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...  
... I love you my sweet.  
There are many leaves and streams of water  
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...

and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows  
and we jump, through empty holes on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats  
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...  
It's been raining for a week  
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it  
Irresistibly bald ...

--

A rain-washed autumn  
and it spreads its wings over us ... on deserted streets  
dead leaves travel, travel ...  
I gather my forehead on my palms  
and I smile ...

bitter, but gentle, with a thought  
at sunrise and sunset  
In the gardens the yellow pumpkins gather together  
like children  
and the haze came alive ...

on the streets  
your dead hands desert my wind  
quietly absorbs rain only  
earth ...

I love you and I wish you, my baby.

Black and white streets.  
End of the world decoration.

Why big cities  
Are they so anonymous?

....

I was lost in anonymity  
I plunged into the table  
Dark of the unconscious.

--

leaves. The leaves were falling  
the trees were black and white  
like huge umbrellas open in the rain  
in the wind

I was going fast  
on the streets filled with leaves

.....  
My brain had caught 4 dimensions  
I was moving on the axis  
Past - present - future  
in a single continuum  
and flow of consciousness.

.....  
a street.  
Cut from a memory of the future  
From a dream

The cosmic feeling  
Of the journey through space and time

.....  
leafy street  
it had become a bridge to infinity

yellow and green  
painted in endless black and white.

You smile at me, I'm smiling.  
Outside the lunar landscape it changes with the speed of the wind  
That blows among the yellow leaves of the onions  
Making a monthly decoration  
A sidereal decoration, it seemed, so bright  
It is suddenly night ...

...  
I was living in grains and grapes suspended  
Where the light came in like a prism of purple  
To get out of the other side  
In a symphony of colors and poems.

...  
We were out of time  
and we were looking at an air of secret recognition on the face.  
We were two absolute patients ...

Outside, the birch trees whispered unreally, shaking their silver leaves  
They seemed like a dreamlike, monthly landscape  
With the leaves floating slightly, as in a dream, in a waltz  
To the earth, silver carpet,  
gold and mist.

We were living in the hourglass

In a grain of suspended ostrich  
Ironing his timeless, sparkling lights  
Irisizing the lights infinitely ...

Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor,  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.  
Biata mea inimă e însângerață, totuși... te iubesc din tot sufletul meu.  
O poezie

În grădina verde, plină până la refuz  
Cu pădăii galbene  
Lăptuci înflorite, și trifoi înflorit  
Te iubesc.  
cum le spuneam noi  
Mă retrăsesem în acea zi de primăvară  
De mai

Să-mi scriu compunerile  
Așezată-n iarbă.  
Poate aveam vreo cinci, șase ani  
Poate mai puțin, mai mult  
Nu știu

-----

Dar eu cercam cu vârful bont de la creion  
Să scriu, micile-mi poeme  
Copilărești,  
Sigur că nu știam pe-atunci

Ce să scriu și despre ce să scriu  
Și cum să scriu  
Aveam doar un caietel, cu pătrățele  
Și vârful bont de la creion.

----

Îmi făcusem o coroană din pădăii galbene  
Și scriam despre flori  
Și fluturi  
Mă-ncercam doruri ne-nțelese  
Și în caiet mai așterneam un rând  
Sau două.

---

Cuvinte disperate, fără noimă  
Dar cât de-adânc mă-ncerca fiorul  
Inspirației  
Gândul fără noimă  
Anima Mundi, sufletul lumii  
Se pleca asupra-mi..

....

Admirația mea cea mai mare era pentru  
Scriitori.  
Îi iubeam din tot sufletul  
Și mă fascinau poveștile pe care le citeam  
Basme

Și chiar romane.  
Mă gândeam că voi fi un mare prozator.  
Un mare scriitor.  
Dar totuși... în acea zi, cu coroana pusă pe frunte  
Zâmbeam inconștientă, fericită  
Unei poezii...

....

My dear baby, my sweet Victor,  
I love you and I love you, my dear baby.  
My poor heart is bleeding, yet ... I love you with all my soul.  
A poem

In the green garden, full to the brim  
With yellow woods  
Flowered lettuce, and flowering clover  
I love you,  
as we said  
I had retired on that spring day  
May

Let me write my compositions  
Lying on the grass.  
Maybe I was about five, six  
Maybe less, more  
I do not know

.....

But I was aiming for the pencil tip  
Let me write, my little poems  
Childish.  
Of course I didn't know back then

What to write and what to write  
And how to write  
I only had one puppy, with the squares  
And the tip of the pencil.

....

I had made myself a crown from the yellow woods

And I was writing about flowers  
And butterflies  
They were trying to get me misunderstood  
And in the notebook, I was putting down another row  
Or two,

...

Missing words, no fear  
But how deep the thrill was trying to get me  
inspiration  
The thought with no fear  
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world  
He was leaving on me ...

....

My biggest admiration was for  
Writers.  
I loved them wholeheartedly  
And I was fascinated by the stories I was reading  
Fairy tales

And even Romanians.  
I thought I was going to be a great pro.  
A great writer.  
But still ... that day, with the crown on his forehead  
I was smiling unconscious, happy  
Some poetry ...

...te iubesc, puilul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor. Puilul meu. Dulcele meu.  
Te hesc, Dragostea mea.  
Outsectieie  
Pe negre-î vîtele de pîr, ceoroioana alrde pre  
El vine rupt într-adevăr  
Din foc de stea, din foc de soare  
Arzând îi crește arip de abanos  
Peste care îi cade părul ebein  
Sub raza cerului serin  
Fierbinte-cald, cumpit de dulce!..

..

Ô plerînă de flăcări îi cade pe umeri—  
E cerul învrăstt cu accimi roș  
Ce îi coboară lin pe piept  
Se pierd într-al sfîrcului lui roz cloș

..

Soarele tremură pe-a luiorbiță  
În cerul negru de vîpaie —  
Aromită de a ei ursită  
O fată tînără în față îi apare...



..

Cu ochii dulci, o trage către sine  
Se culcă în umbra părului ei blond  
Când raze ale lunii, blândeși senine  
Îi deupează pe umeri un alb rond.

...

Săruturi dulci îi curg din buze  
Precum e muerea din faguri, vinul din pocule  
Se-amestecă cu-a gurii ei dulce și rece apă  
Coboară-neet pe păr de aur moale  
Cuprind e-un dulce sughiț a sânului ei rodii  
Pe când năstrușnic Eros  
Îi intră-n fluture alb ursit de sodii  
Ca un șarpe de aur ca un șerpe de-argint  
Alucecă umed și cald și bate-n grind  
Cu mișcări iuți și sacadae  
Cu mișcări moi, ușoare, oarfumate...

...

Săruturi dulci îi curg din buze  
Precum e muerea din faguri, vinul din pocule  
Se-amestecă cu-a gurii ei dulce și rece apă  
Coboară-neet pe păr de aur moale  
Cuprind e-un dulce sughiț a sânului ei rodii  
Pe când năstrușnic Eros  
Îi intră-n fluture alb ursit de sodii

..

Cu ochii dulci, o trage către sine  
Se culcă în umbra părului ei blond  
Când raze ale lunii, blândeși senine  
Îi deupează pe umeri un alb rond.

...

Outsectionie  
On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems  
He really is broken  
From star fire, from sun fire  
By burning it they grow ebony wings  
Above that falls ebony hair  
Under the clear sky  
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—  
re inbesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky  
What goes down his chest gently  
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit  
In the black one -  
The aroma of her bear  
A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde

Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly  
Like a golden snake-like a silver snake  
Wet wet and warm and beat  
With fast movements and sarhythmicallycadac  
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips  
Like honey bees, wine from beehives  
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water  
Slowly descend on soft golden hair  
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate  
While the eager Eros  
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

--

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself  
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde  
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear  
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, Dulcele și Doritul meu Pușor.  
Te ddoresc, Puțul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..

Dragostea mea Victor, Dulcele meu Animus, te iubesc nespun.Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor,  
dulcele meu, iubitul meu pușor,  
phantasm



That night I had a reve-eveille with you, my baby  
Very pregnant and strong  
Cut out suddenly from the ocean of impressions  
and feelings is the world  
imprinted on your cerebral cortex ...

I imagined you leaving you in my arms  
without power  
scared and helpless  
kissing us in a flood of kisses

feeling your body, vulnerable, lacking in strength and will  
in my embrace.

---

See, my dear, your femininity has come to light  
In a very intense revelation  
While the masculinity in me  
Model your body as a piece of clay

....

The sorrows joined us in our deepest core  
Deep feminin ...

and then I knew, my baby  
that I love you forever.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

...

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

You hold me up when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcișorul meu. Animusul meu dulce. I desire you and I love you, sweetheart.

Self-portrait in a state of waking



Te iubesc, Victor, dulceata mea.  
In the empty room  
A woman like about 46 years old  
She laughs in one laugh.  
Just what she wrote a literary commentary, full of mistakes  
of spelling  
Which she gave the publication.

....

The room is a sordid mess.  
Plain and food plates lie on top of each other

in a corner of the table  
Next to the blossoming flowers in the stool  
Received March 1 and 8.

....

Empty cups of coffee  
Dirty cups, just dirty mugs  
Cube Tubes Stylish Tube, next to the monitor, next door  
The tobacco bag, half dry  
A square glass ashtray  
Where the ash of cigarettes  
He made a thick bed

Three holes in,  
Salty-washed meal with traces of snuffed tobacco  
and ash of cigarettes  
a pen  
a comb  
a church-shaped candle with a rosette.

.....

The Sambo lock chamber is very welcoming  
It once belonged to her brother Bujor,  
The parquet, broken, swollen, dry  
She is red and she pulls the welcoming chair beside the table  
To be able to write.

.....

A welcoming mess,  
The room is green.  
Her corners at the top,  
are brown, like dampness  
Because of cigarette smoke.

On the back wall, icons.  
A little icon with Mother with baby, she recently bought  
In which Mother, with crown on her head  
She's comforted on her cheek  
Of her holy son.

A dishonor and a hidden humor  
Skein in all these scattered things  
Claire over the pile, washed, on an armchair by the window.

.....

The most humorous is She  
A woman between two ages  
Artificially fertilized on small spaces  
With molds between voluptuous and overflowing

backy, pantagruelic

With her hair tight in a tail, behind her  
and with eyes in two café, tabacist circles  
die-hard.

----

No doubt what she writes is interesting.  
But she as a human being  
It's a combination of ridiculous, derisory  
and sublime.

She sighs, after he laughed at all of the combatants  
Drowning in a tobacco cough.

She still feels guilty  
When she laughs, when she smiles  
When she laughed at an ironic start  
As to what she writes about herself.

----

Double-meaning words  
Ingenuous blending of meanings  
Possible by spelling mistakes  
I bring him a smile on his face  
Converted into huge laughter of laughter.

..

She's ugly.  
she knows it's ugly.  
All that remains is writing  
Out of the way  
A mysterious, pure being  
An intelligent being and sex appeal.

--

The eroticism of her poems is overwhelming.  
The being in the deep is very erotic  
and enigmatic  
has everything they lack.

---

Her impenetrable face  
Lack of excitement  
Do not let it see  
All the heat of thoughts and passions  
Of a real being  
Made of flesh and bones, from deep.

...

With time the gap between the two dug  
has become overwhelming,  
Aunt Pink  
Imagine fantastic, worlds drifting  
Build and tear  
with a smile  
endless inner universes.

...

Concomitant living  
Washed by convulsions and illnesses  
It has not yet become possible,

Mrs Pink is a prince Maxentius of the disease  
and deep dreams.

Recording with maximum voluptuousness  
The stages of the disease, its nuances  
Like an incurable sick ally  
Allows to slip, fully healthy, normal  
In a poetry.

.....

Her mind is a paradigm grin  
A cornfield looked ordered.

Like a pyramid overlaps with meanings and senses.  
Feeling is playing it though  
and exalts her on a pain of pain  
from which they became feasible  
all the worlds imagined with intelligence  
but full of a primitive feeling  
and an infantile sensation.

....

Thinking intuition  
Feeling sensation  
Or sensation feeling, thinking intuition? ...

.....

The concern of psychological types  
She's been paroxysed in the last month.  
Everywhere she sees only patterns, prototypes and archetypes.

.....



Leaving to slip  
Like a hallucinatory, Buddhist song  
In the mysteries of her being  
She had agony and sublime.

----

Getting no longer seeing types  
People  
Unique individual beings.

---

For what else is art  
If not a pattern  
and a concurrent output of the print? ...

hunted and conqueror  
victorious and defeated  
it's nothing but an endless focus  
on the weight of one's own person.

----

Of which, lately  
she woke up with huge neck pains  
because of the immobile stiffness in the armchair  
following the intermittent run of thoughts  
sublime, abject and demoniac  
the polyphonic monologue.

.....

Swinging between dizzying highs  
and inner voids  
of which only the sleep stolen one morning  
price of two clocks  
has saved her from total, absolute and overwhelming teaching  
her paroxysmal mental states.

As a tide they came and washed their souls.  
Like a bath of fire  
From which it came to an end  
an ash taste  
and its ashes scattered over the four winds.

----

Dismantling the sublime  
You do not stay for nothing  
Than a poor Grail  
In which the very forces of the world, dismantled to derisory  
They are the carriers of a desecralized world

Of which the meaning fled  
Not having the hermeneutic act  
The only one who endows life with meaning

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires  
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...  
Contained with the ornate eyes  
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then  
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves  
In their light which descends gravely  
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest  
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight  
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way  
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight  
the passing of the soul, love  
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet  
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise  
What has been since then, what is before  
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown  
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns  
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine  
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest  
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us  
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness  
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-  
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself  
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter  
Through a dark labyrinth of fields  
Until I touch with the lips the Earth  
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter  
To me the lobster on my chest

your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.  
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.  
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind  
I cannot think and mirror it...  
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest  
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung  
Correction: Natalia Gălăţan

Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu, dulcele meu,  
te iubesc, dragul meu soţior,  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceaţa mea.  
Te doresc, Puiul meu. T iubesc.

Te iubesc dulceaţa mea.  
Splendoare în alba, pură iarnă a obrajilor tăi

În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi  
Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare  
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare  
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc,aur şi miere  
Din care pierdută, nou viaţă  
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc  
şi se străluminează în minte, inimă,gând.

---

ţi-s buzele ca două petale de-azur  
muiate în albastrul ochilor pur  
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare  
legust parfumullor învult de floare.

---

ţi-s buzele ca doi lenşi îmbobociţi  
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul  
albastru, plin de sete cer  
răsuflet de gheaţă şi mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

---

ţi-s buzele ca doi nuferi îmbobociţi  
uşorînfloriţi, tresăltând sub misterul buzelor mele  
atunci când se îndreaptă bvertiginoase  
necuprinse spre stele.

---

În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi

Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare  
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare  
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc,aur și miere  
Din care pierdută, nou viață  
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc  
și se străluminează în minte, inimă,gând.

--

ți-s ochii ca două întrebări calde, pure, prinși de ai ei  
din care forță dă necuprinșilor zei  
să vină în ape de foc și smirnă să scalde  
tot viforul cald-rece al albastrelor lor scânteii.

..

Ca două virgi târzie, prinse într-un op de poezie  
Ca două tăceri înelungi, lana pe câmpie  
Ca doi ascunși, verzi ciorchini de viță de vie  
Ca tot ce n-a gost șiare să fie.

...

ți-s buzele ca două petale de-azur  
mulate în albastrul ochilor pur  
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare  
legust parfumurilor învolt de floare.

...

ți-s buzele ca doi lotuși îmbobociți  
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul  
albastru, plin de sete cer  
răsuflet de gheață și mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes  
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor  
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle  
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons  
From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep  
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals  
soaked in the blue of pure eyes  
that I kiss with with disturbance and thrill  
odoured fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses  
like two water lilies ready for flying  
blue, full of thirst for heaven  
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies  
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips  
when they turn vertiginous  
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes  
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor  
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle  
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons  
From that lost, new life  
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep  
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine  
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods  
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe  
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op  
Like two long silences, the snow on the plain  
Like two hidden, green vine clusters  
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals  
soaked in the blue of pure eyes  
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill  
desired fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses  
like two water lilies ready for flying  
blue, full of thirst for heaven  
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweetheart.

### Moarte la Veneția

Zări tulburate de valuri decenușă se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare  
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

Norii albi devneau roș  
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare  
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare,  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

...

Treceam pe podul de lavă încinsă  
Ce colcăia frenetic în măruntaie de pământ  
Pe când cu adierile-i fierbinte caldul vânt  
Mă clătina peste scânduri, scobite-arare

De-o parte și de alta păduri virgine  
Care priveau cu ochiul imobil al lui Crist  
Cum încercam pe valuri de magmă să mă țin mai bine  
Cum încercam din totă ființa să rezist...

..

Zări tulburate de valuri de cenușă  
Se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare  
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune  
cum izvorăse în ceruri reci senine  
țâșniri de magmă și cărbune.

..

Norii albi devneau roș  
și valori de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare  
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,  
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune  
...

Afară frunzele metalice se mișcă, suflate de vânt  
Totul respiră uun aer de nevinovăție virginală  
De căldură și răceală boreală  
De lumină albă, sepulcrală...

..

Mă întorc pe dunele măturate de vânt  
În inima pustiei, acolo unde mi-am ascuns inima

Sub șirul pierdut de sălcii plângătoare  
Pe care lucește ca nestemate  
Solezii trecutelor noastre întâlniri...

Sunt albastru și singur  
Atât cât un om poate să fie...  
Pescuiește seara-n asfințit  
Lostrife albastre  
Cu trupul miraculos de știme ale apelor...

...

Vântul atârână pe portativa cerului  
Mișcate de un vânt celest  
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt  
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

... Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate  
puse pe pânza unui pictor  
o ciudată străbateră și îngemănare de realități  
dintre imanenț și transcendenț.

Vărfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare  
Ca o maree, ca o mare  
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului  
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină  
în uriașă, misterioasă, ciudată, labirintică  
a Domnului grădină.

...

În iureșul mea am întâlnit pe toți profeții celeilalte lumi  
Pe toți sfinții, arhanghelii și serafimii  
Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii  
ca într-o mare tulburată tâlăzuindu-și valurile  
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și cruzime,  
de război.

Sărutându-ți piciorul...  
Ure în lumea mea de visuri și durere  
De plăcere, fum și miere  
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul  
Ascult de chemarea lăptelui din mine  
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală  
De gingașa ei liniște letală....

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare  
Lătrătoare  
Oamenii negri de cărbune  
Își zâmbesc cu în Germinal...

Totul e o atmosferă între negru și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușul de cenușă al cerului...

..

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci



Cu tâmplă lipită de stele

...

Death in Venice

He saw the waves of decay  
They are lost in the clearing of the solar rains  
Me, back on the sea floor  
I target the expanding volcano from a distance.

The white clouds turned red  
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky  
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance.

...

I was crossing the lava bridge  
What was lying frantically in the depths of the earth  
While with the hot expresses, the hot wind  
He shook me over plunks, hollowed-out

On both sides virgin forests  
Who looked with the immobile eye of Christ  
How I was trying on magma waves to keep me better  
As I was trying my hardest to resist ...

..

He saw ashes of ash waves  
They are lost in the light of the solar rains  
Me, you turned around on the high tide  
I target the expanding volcano from a distance  
how they spring into clear skies  
magma and coal spills.

..

The white clouds turned red  
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky  
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance

...

Outside the metallic leaves move, blown by the wind  
Everything breathes an air of virgin innocence  
Boreal heat and cold  
White light, burial ...

..

I return to the dunes swept by the wind  
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the line lost by the weeping willows  
On which I work as unskilled  
The scales of our past meetings ...

I'm blue and alone  
As much as a man can be ...  
I fish at dusk  
Blue glitter  
With the miraculous body of water spurts ...

...  
The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a heavenly wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish hank, like a sperm cavalcade

... The world is just an impression of delicate colors  
put on the canvas of a painter  
a strange crossing and twisting of realities  
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky  
Like a tide, like a tide  
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth  
and with the trunk stuck in the light  
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world  
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim  
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world  
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves  
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty  
of war.

Kissing your leg ...  
I climb into my world of dreams and pain  
Pleasure, smoke and honey  
The indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm  
I listen to the call for milk from me  
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry  
From her throat lethal silence.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

--

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

....

Te iubesc, dulcele meu, dulceata mea, poitul meu.  
Moonlight Sonata

Printre razele tremurătoare ale lunii, se strevăd vârfurile argintii  
Ale copacilor –  
O vatră albă, argintie de jeratic  
Ce clocoțește cu razele ei tremurătoare, valsânde  
Peste crânguri...

Luna cu chipul ei de Fecioara Maria – de profundis –  
Pare oglinda în care cerul se aruncă-n mare  
Printre snopi de grâu și tufăriș de iută

și de stuf

pe-oglinda lacului cea lucitoare  
pe care lucioli de diamante și de aer zboară...

...

Cratere pe fața ei rotundă, de lapte  
Gropi săpate în carnea obrazului fraged-  
Închipuind doi ochi tandri, duiosi  
și-o gură maternă zâmbitoare  
așa iese luna ca o vatră de jăratie din apele zâmbitoare  
în verdea înspumata, calda mare!..

...

Gropițe în obraji ei rotunzi de lapte  
și gură ce din surâsul morții se adapă – al morții și întunecimii  
alchasoului negru, frăgezimii!...  
să sorbi amara, dulcea-i apă!...

...

Luna cu chipul ei de Fecioara Maria – de profundis –  
Pare oglinda în care cerul se aruncă-n mare  
Printre snopi de grâu și tufăriș de iută  
și de stuf

pe-oglinda lacului cea lucitoare  
pe care lucioli de diamante și de aer zboară...

...

Printre razele tremurătoare ale lunii, se strevăd vârfulile argintii  
Ale copacilor  
O vatră albă, argintie de jeric  
Ce clocotește cu razele ei tremurătoare, valsânde  
Peste crânguri...

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare  
Lătrătoare  
Oamenii negri de cărbune  
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotele o atmosferă între negri și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Oamenii se mișcă ca într-un vis, își vorbesc, își zâmbesc

Cu fruntea de foningine  
Cu mâinile pline de pământ  
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

...  
Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surzătoare  
Lătrătoare  
Oamenii negri de cărbune  
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotele o atmosferă între negri și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...  
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului  
Mișcate de un vânt celest  
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt  
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

Clanța ușii se mișcă încet ca în vis  
Eu iarăși, într-o teribilă spaimă, îmi las sufletul  
Eternității vide, totuși temporale  
În tăcerea noțuu, aspre, guturale  
Ucis, renăscut, neantului emis....

E noapte târziu, galbenă și atemporală  
Adorm cu mâna la tâmplă  
Totul se petrece ca-ntr-un vis real, nievu  
Se întâmplă și nu se întâmplă...  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu... te doresc.

#### Moonlight Sonata

Among the trembling rays of the moon are the silver peaks  
Aleopacilor  
A white fireplace, silver jeratic  
What blows her shivering beams, waltzing  
Over the woods ...

The moon with its image of the Virgin Mary - by profundis -  
It looks like the mirror where the sky is high  
Among the chunks of wheat and jute bush  
and reed

on the mirror of the shining lake  
on diamond tiles and air flies ...

...

Craters on her round face, milk  
Gropisâpaye in the flesh of the cheek  
Imagining two octopuses, sweet  
and a smiling mother's mouth  
this is how the moon comes out like a fire pit from the smiling faces  
in the green foam, warming! ...

...

Pits in her round cheeks of milk  
and gur who from the smiling death adapts - of death and darkness  
of the black alphasoul, the brotherhood! ...  
suck the hitier, sweet water!

...

The moon with its image of the Virgin Mary - by profundis -  
It looks like the mirror where the sky is high  
Among the chunks of wheat and jute bush  
and reed

on the mirror of the shining lake  
on diamond tiles and air flies ...

--

Among the trembling rays of the moon are the silver peaks  
Aleopacilor  
A white fireplace, silver jeratic  
What blows her shivering beams, waltzing  
Over the woods ...

..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking

Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Every is atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade  
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream  
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul  
Eternity is empty, yet temporary  
In our silence, harsh, guttural  
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short  
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple  
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had  
It's happening and it's not happening ...

Te iubesc, Puil emu,  
O ploaie de stele visătoare  
O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri  
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri  
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi  
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri amine...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră înbrăcată-n roz –  
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –  
Împrăștiate peste piept  
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave și a sicriu  
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu  
Afrăa stele-albastre, stele albe  
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...  
Cerule albastre se ascunsese printre albi nori  
Raze mov-roz-galbene la a sfînți  
Înbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăii.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră înbrăcată-n roz –  
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –

Împrăștiate peste piept  
Într-un surâs desuet...

--

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri  
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri  
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi  
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

--

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--

The smell of the corpse and the coffin  
He seemed to be dead alive  
It had blue stars, white stars  
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

--

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...  
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds  
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it  
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

--

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor, Tudor, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Te iubesc, Fiul meu Dulce și iubit,

Serve the servants

Un cer de stele dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele  
Părea un fulger ne'nterupt  
Rătăcitor prin ele



Cu brațul lui când o cuprinde fata  
El rar privindde săptămâni  
Îi cade dragă draga....

---

Deasupr cer de filemele  
Printredumbrăvile verzi l dragăimele  
Cu stuțăriș înalt și mătăsos  
Princare trec egrete c penaj de abanos.

..

Un cer de stle dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele  
Părea un fulger ne'nterupt  
Rătăcitor prin ele

Când brațu-i o cuprinde lin  
Iubita să și-o culce  
Sub raza ichiului senin - și negrăit de dulce

--

Printre lunci cu flori de argint  
În vârf cu rubin  
Sub raza cerului senin  
și negrăit de dulce!...

..

Dezniciara alba lor ninsoare  
Se pierede- strălucirea lor ca într-o mare  
Zvârlind spre țărături valuri de argint  
Cu brațele amândouă sănii îi cuprind.

--

Luncând e albul derdeluș  
Intră tot mai adânc, asudat de fericire  
În cenrul lacului de-argint  
Înconjurat de alebe coviltire

...

Se-anncă lunecnd răzând  
Cu lacrimi de-argint  
În galben și palid dtufăriș  
Cu gust de lute, cu gust de măcriș.

---

Un cer de stle dededesubt, deaupra-i cerde stele  
Părea un fulger ne'nterupt  
Rătăcitor prin ele

Când brațu-i o cuprinde lin  
Iubita să și-o culce  
Sub raza ichiului senin - și negrăit de dulce

----

Printre lunci cu flori de argint  
În vârf cu rubin  
Sub raza cerului senin  
și negrăit de dulce!...

--

Dezmăta alba lor ninsoare  
Se pierde- strălucirea lor ca într-o mare  
Zvârlind spre ţărmuri valuri de argint  
Cu braţele amândouă sânii îi cuprind.

--

Luncând e albul derdeluş  
Intră tot mai adânc, asudat de fericire  
În cenrul lacului de-argint  
Înconjurat de alege coviltirete iubesc, Puiul meu Drag, Dragostea mea.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them

With his arm when the girl covers it  
And looking at the weeks  
He falls, dear darling ...

...

Task for the films  
Through the dark shadows the darling  
With the tall and silky stew  
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

--

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

--

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

--

Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

--

At sunrise, it is the white blue  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing  
With tears of silver  
In yellow and pale reed  
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

---

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars  
It seemed like a lightning break  
Wandering through them  
When his arm grasps her smoothly  
Loved to sleep  
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

----

Among the meadows with silver flowers  
Top with ruby  
Under the clear sky  
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts  
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea  
Silver waves fluttering to shore  
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion  
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness  
Inside the silver lake  
Surrounded by white coves I love, my baby Chick, my love, te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc  
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor. Dulceața mea. Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Puișor iubit. Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.  
Pădurea Arsă

La întoarcerea din Vârful Bou în acea zi însorită de vară  
Ne-am gândit pe unde ar fi mai bun drumul  
Pentru mașină.  
Așa că am cărmui spre stânga, pe cealaltă șa a muntelui  
li-apoi am început s-o luăm ușor în jos.

Am trecut printr-o pădure, pe drum încă  
Destul de bun pentru mașină  
Apoi am vârmui mai jos prin Pădurea arsă.  
Era o pădure carbonizată de flămele ucigătoare  
ale focului  
De curând.

..

Cât vedeai cu ochii, numai cinturi carbonizate, de brazi, de fagi  
D arini, de mesteceni, de pini.  
Trunchiuri tăiate,  
arse și carbonizate. Er o imagine cutremurătoare aceasta.

Părea că inconștientul, inconștientul Naturii  
dăduse e dinafară

și carbonizase totul în jur cu flacăra lui ucigătoare  
pârjolitoare.  
Ea o imagine dezolantă: âe coasta ce pe altădată  
Se înălța o pădure verde  
Erau numai trupuri contorsionate, carbonizate de copaci

Trunchiuri tăiate  
De pădurari sau de proprietari și arse.  
Imaginea m-a cutremurat: am scris chiar o povestire  
Despre asta, o compoziție literară  
Pe care mai târziu am șters-o.

Coborâni, mai jos, împărțându-n impresii dezolate,  
În zig-zag.  
Mai jos ne aștepta un drum la dreapta  
Printr-o pădure vie, cu trunchiuri bizr de înalte  
De brazi și pini.

...

Când deodtă, stupeare: un brad înalt căzuse de-a lungul  
și ne astupase drumul, care era un fel  
de drumag ca o mlaștină, un drum îngust și anevoios.  
Ne privim consternați. Nu-mi luasem medicamentele  
La plecare.

Totuși privesc cum tata și Bujor luaseră mica toporișcă  
Adată în caz de nevoie în mașină  
și începuseră să sape trunchiul  
puțin mai jos de mijloc.  
Coadă toporiștii se uscuse, și tăișul juca în coadă  
Au trebuit în mai multe rânduri să-l fixeze  
Cu ieuri de lșem, bătute în orificiul în care tăișul

Întra în coadă. Obosiseră. Făceau cu rândul. Măinil li se umflaseră  
și aproape sângerau, toporișca era mică  
nu destul de eficace pentru o asemenea  
grea sarcină.  
Umbrele înserării coborau.  
Eu stăteam lângă trunchi, pe o buturugă de lemn

Privind mișcările lor îndemânaticе, disperarea lor tăcută  
și neinvazivă. Eram aboslut sigură  
că abeam să ieșim  
de acolo, că Bujor și tata vor elibera calea.  
Tata era deja bătrân. Încerca cu greu să-și ascundă

Tulbuarea, pe când Bujor preluase greul pe umerii lui.  
Mama se învârtea e o hăburuză  
De launul la altul, probabil incomplet conștientă

De gravitatea ituației.

...

Când deodată trunchiul pocnește și tresaltă în aer  
Apăsă deasupra de Bujor.  
Trunchiul îl crumă la o parte, cu greutate  
Pentru a face loc mașinii să treacă.

...

Mai jos, prin mlaștina care înfundase roțile mașinii  
Mașina se înclină periculos la dreapta.  
Credând că mașina o să se răstoarne cu noi  
Sar din mașină, din locul meu din față

De lângă șofer. Pe dată și mama, care era în spatele meu  
Face la fel. În sfârșit, Bujor trece de hop  
și ne așteaptă ceva mi încoale. Curând, când întinericul  
începea deja să se aștearnă peste aceste locuro sălbatice

ieșim pe drumul principal, ce ducea la Lunca Florii.  
O cărmim spre Taia, pe drumul asfaltat, plin de nisip  
Pe care copiii se jucau, nepăsători  
În mijlocul lor, și-urpoi, ajunși în Petrila, o cărmim  
spre Petroșani.

...

... A trăi o baie de foc, a simți jocul unei călduri interioare, plină de flăcări, nu este a atinge o puritate  
imaterială în viață, o imaterialitate asemănătoare cu dansul flăcărilor? Emanciparea de sub greutate, de sub  
forțele atracționale, ce se întâmplă în această baie de foc, nu fac viața o iluzie sau un vis? Decât și aceasta e  
prea puțin față de senzația finală, care este una dintre cele mai paradoxale și mai ciudate, când din sentimentul  
acelei irealități de vis ajungi la sentimentul prefacerii în cenușă. Nu există baie interioară de foc al cărei  
rezultat final să nu fie învolburarea stranie din sentimentul acestei prefaceri în cenușă, când într-adevăr poți  
vorbi de imaterialitate. Atunci când flăcările lăuntrice au ars tot din tine, când nu mai rămâne nimic din  
existența ta individuală, când numai cenușa a mai rămas, ce senzație de viață mai poți avea? Am o voluptate  
ne bună și de o infinită ironie când mă gândesc că cineva ar sufla cenușa mea în cele patru colțuri ale lumii, că  
vântul ar împrăști-a-o cu o iuteală frenetică, risipindu-mă în spațiu ca pe o eternă mustrare pentru această lume.

....

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea  
Te doresc, Poilu meu.

Burnt Forest

On the return from Bou Peak on that sunny summer day  
We thought about where the road would be better  
For the car.  
So I rode to the left, across the other side of the mountain  
then we started to take it slightly down.

I passed through a forest, still on the road  
Pretty good for the car

Then I wandered down through the Burning Forest.  
It was a forest charred by the deadly flames of fire  
Recently.

--

As you can see with your eyes, only charred stains, fir trees, beech trees  
Of alders, birch trees, pine trees. Cut logs.  
burnt and charred. This was a terrifying picture.  
It seemed that the unconscious, the unconscious of Nature  
it had turned out to be outside

and had carbonized everything around him with his killer flame  
searing.  
It's a bleak picture; it's the coast that once  
A green forest rose  
They were only contorted bodies, charred by trees

Cut logs  
Of forests or of owners and burns.  
The image shook me: I even wrote a story  
About it, a literary composition  
Which I later deleted.

We descend below, sharing in the desolate impressions.  
In the zigzag.  
A road to the right was waiting for us below  
Through a living forest, with bizarre tall logs  
Of firs and pines.

...

When suddenly, astonishment: a tall fir had fallen along  
and had blocked our way, which was a kind  
like a swamp, a narrow and winding road.  
We look dismayed. I hadn't taken my medication  
On departure.

However, I look at how Dad and Bijor had taken the little bullfighter  
Suitable in case of need in the car  
and they had begun to dig the trunk  
just below the middle.  
The tail of the bulls had dried, and the edge played in the tail  
They had to fix it several times  
With lemongrass, beaten into the hole in which the cut

Get in the queue. Weary. They did it in a row. Their hands had swollen  
and they were almost bleeding, the minstrel was small  
not quite effective for such a heavy task.  
The shadows of the sunset were coming down.  
I was sitting near the trunk, on a log

Looking at their skillful movements, their silent despair

and non-invasive, I was pretty sure we were going out  
from there. Bujor and dad will clear the way.  
Dad was already old. She was trying hard to hide

The confusion, while Bujor had taken the hard on his shoulders.  
My mother was spinning like a butterfly  
From one to the other, probably incomplete conscious  
The seriousness of the situation.

...  
When suddenly the truffle bursts into air  
Pressed above Bujor.  
The trunk is chromed to one side, with weight  
To make room for the car to pass.

...  
Below, through the swamp that clogged the wheels of the car  
The car bends dangerously to the right.  
Believing the car will overtake us  
I jumped out of the car, from my front seat

By the driver's side. Once upon a time, my mother,  
who was behind me  
He does the same. Finally, Bujor goes hop  
and something awaits me. Soon when the darkness  
these wild places were already beginning to be expected

take the main road, which led to the Lunca Florii.  
We drive it to Taia, on the paved road,  
full of sand  
The children were playing, careless  
In the middle of them, and then, you arrive in Petrila  
We make it to Petroșani.

..

... To live a bath of fire, to feel the play of an inner heat, full of flames, is not to attain an immaterial purity in life, an immateriality similar to the dance of flames? Does not emancipation under the weight, under the attractive forces, what happens in this bath of fire, make life an illusion or a dream? But this too is little compared to the final sensation, which is one of the most paradoxical and strange, when from the feeling of that dream unreality you reach the feeling of the ash-gray preface. There is no inner fire bath whose final result is not the strange wrapping of the feeling of this preface in ash, when you can really speak of immateriality. When the inner flames burned all over you, when nothing left of your individual existence, when only the ashes remained, what sense of life can you have? I have crazy voluptuousness and infinite irony when I think that someone would blow my ash in the four corners of the world, that the wind would spread it with a frenetic jolt, scattering me in space as an eternal rebuke to this world.

...te iubesc, dulcele meu, puilul meu.  
te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, puilul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceța mea, ppuilul meu.  
Sărutul tău

Cărlionții blonzi își tremură răvășiți  
De briza dulce a-nserării –  
Plimbându-ne pețărurile mării  
Ne sărtăm până la buze, până la dinți...

...

Ochii tăi calmi, sunt înfundați n-orbite  
și cearcăne vinete îi înfășor –  
buzele roșii-roz ca floarea cea de măr  
îmi dănuiește sărutul lor, dulce ispită.

...

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dăb - și cald  
Precum culcușul de feioară  
e-o-nserare atât de amară –  
și dulce, prin floriledepădăie.

...

De-atța dragoste, uitare de sine ai slăbit  
și pantaloni-mracă trupul zvelt  
din care parcă e rănit  
piciorul alb de gândul meu dement.

...

Te-aplecă n-uitare deplină  
Chipulflutură-n vânt - săruți gingaș  
Mireasa pământ  
Cu părul ei negru, uscat de cărbune.

...

Privindu-ne-n ochio veșnicie –  
Uităm toate câte-au fost și câte-ors să mai fie  
Printre sărutări gingașe  
Precum corole albi de pădăie.  
Precum e creanga roz de vișni și de măr –  
Ălăcutăsimțurilor com minții devăr.

...

Dulce ți-egura ca uncireș dat în copt  
Învara ce-ncepe cuo friză de culori delicate, scânteietoare  
Recistropiai mării albastre dulce briză.

...

Te—aplei în vis  
Puiun picior peste-a mele coaste – din care tulburați în calda noapte  
Bre strângem la piept tot muiaproape  
Mai aproape....



..

Cămaşa-mbracă trupul dalb - şi cald  
Precum culcuşul de feioară  
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –  
şi dulce, prin floriledepădăie.....

Your kiss...

Your blond hair loops are trembling, devastated  
By the sweet breeze of the nightfall –  
Walking ourselves, on the shores of the sea  
We kiss each other, to the lips, to the teeth...

...

Your calm, wandering eyes are sunken in the orbits  
And bruise circles are wrapping them –  
Your red-rosy lips as the apple flower  
Are giving me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm  
As if it was a virgin bed  
It is a nightfalling so bitter –  
Amnd sweet, through dandelion flowers.

..

For so much love, and forgetting of self, you lost weight  
And your pants are dressing the feeble, slim your tender body  
Wherefrom it is seemingly hurt  
Your white foot, by my demented thought.

..

You are bending yourself in full hypnosis  
You shape is fluttering in the wind –you kiss tenderly  
The Earth bride  
With her black hair, dry of black coal.

Looking in our eyes an Eternity  
We forget about what they were, and what they will be  
Through tender, vibrant kisses  
Likewise the white crowns of dandelion.  
Likewise the rosy branch of cherry and of apple tree  
Pleasant to senses as to the mind truth.

You bend in your dream  
Thou put a white leg over my ribs – whrefrom tormented in the warm night  
We stretch together closer and closer...

..

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm  
As if it was a virgin bed  
It is a nightfalling so bitter –  
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.....

Te iubesc, puin! meu dulce, dulce! mea.  
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Your kiss

The blond haters are shaking you up  
The sweet breeze of the sunset -  
Walking the shores of the sea  
We kiss to the lips, to the teeth ...

...

Your eyes are calm, they are not blinded  
and eggplant circles I wrap them -  
red-pink lips like the apple flower  
give me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The shirt bears the white body - and warm  
Like the pillowcase  
it's such a bitter evening -  
and sweet, through the flower bud.

...

For so much love, forgetfulness you have weakened  
and slim body pants  
of which he is injured  
the white leg of my demented thought.

...

You bend over in complete oblivion  
Clips fluttering in the wind - kissing hips  
Earth bride  
With her black hair, dried from coal.

...

Looking at us eternally -  
We forget all that was and how many bears there are  
Among the kissing kisses  
Like white dandelions.  
As is the pink cherry and apple branch -  
Praise to the senses as the mind goes down.

...

The sweetness makes you like a baker  
Spring begins with a frieze of delicate, sparkling colors  
You rewatched the sweet blue sea breeze.

...

I called you in a dream  
Chicken leg over my ribs - from which you disturb in the hot night  
We tighten the chest even closer  
Closer....

--

The shirt bears the white body - and warm  
Like the pillowcase  
it's such a bitter evening -  
and sweet, through the flower-dandelion .....

Translation Carl Gustav Jung

Dulceața mea, dragostea mea, Animusul meu. Tudor, puilul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu  
dulce  
Silent, still decay

Notion of blacks which surrounds me  
Emotions extinguished in powerless words  
I look behind me, beforehand  
And future like a green stained glass puilul meu drag,  
ducele meu,  
Te doresc nespus și te iubesc nespus.

Full of sparkling ore  
Which floats in rosy shawls, fluttering, caught  
By the low sky, green and small.

....

Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial  
Likewise is your sweet manhood -  
Unique violin  
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream  
Bewildered and dunderhead.

....

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers  
Look forward bewildered, silly  
The rain to wet them  
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm  
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay

...  
If I will die, I have only one longing  
To die embracing you  
From the lust of desire smoothly carried

----

Silent, ivory, the mate hours of the morning fly away  
Carried on white strings of sweet violin  
Whereon the lord was playing like  
A goat stabbed, the sweetheart suffers  
In my book.

...

...  
Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial  
Likewise is your sweet manhood –  
Unique violin  
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream  
Bewildered and dunderhead.

----

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers  
Look forward bewildered, silly  
The rain to wet them  
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm  
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay

...

Translation Natalia Gălăţan

Soşul meu Drag şi Dulce şi Iubit, Te iubesc nespus. Puiul meu, Draostea mea, Dulceaşa mea. Te iubesc, dulceaţa mea, puiul meu. Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea, Te dorese şi Te iubesc.  
Animus

Doi ochi albaştri o priveau ţintuţi dintr-un  
Nor de foc  
Cu-acea privire plină de un elan tăcut,  
Introvertit a tinereţii

Întregul lui chip transmitea un limbaj non-verbal  
Fără cuvinte, dar cu atât mai pregnant....

Deşi erau şi câteva cuvinte  
Scrise pe-un pliant, în spate

Iniţiativă, sugativă, curaj, sevrăj...  
şi-o sticlă mică de apă minerală borsec pe masă  
din care se vedea doar sec  
şi din care deduceai că tânărului personaj

îi place vinul sec.

Haina de costum în cloş, oprindu-se puţin mai jos pe piept...

și-un surâs, abia schițat, cu buze pline,  
un surâs senin și neforțat  
lăsând să se vadă splendoarea buzelor, arcuirea lor tragică  
într-o dăruire totală, covârșitoare  
precum privirea... puțin cruciș  
gata să-și ia zborul, undeva deasupra capului tău  
un efect coriolis straniu, al privirii deviate puțin la dreapta –  
de razele solare  
de n-ar fi cea mai îndrăzneță, mai grea și mai illogică concluzie...  
corelându-se cu numinozitatea imaginii

făcută să stoarcă fărâme de sublim  
din fiecare amănunt...

...  
Izbindu-te cercurile albastre  
Pe-un caiet alăturat, precum cele din proiectele de lecții  
Haina îmbrăcată plin, dar lăsând spații în mâneci  
De brațe primăvăratice

și neformate  
picioarele ascunse sub masă  
precum tot ce-ar însemna în mod fizic bărbăție  
dar chipul vorbind de la sine  
pentru această bărbăție  
care n-are nevoie de amănunte fizice  
ci de imponderabile sufletești, și de trăsuri ale feței  
blânde, netezi, drepte, adânci

precum bridele în carnea obrazului fraged.  
O, Adonis!...  
m-am îndrăgostit fulgerător  
de moarte la Veneția

ignorând tinerețea trușă, orgolioasă a acestui Youngman  
sau poate tocmai de aceea...  
cămașă descheiată la gât  
păr castaniu cu șuvițe blonde căzându-i de o parte și de alta a feței  
un gât imberb  
un surâs bărbătesc și deplin  
o caracterizare făcută prin înfățișare, expresie, gestică  
limbaj non-verbal  
o potență ținută în zbor, ca o imagine dinamică  
surprinsă static

....  
Valori regresive de memorie, trăgându-se în inconștientul colectiv  
și cam în tot ce am scris  
și am citit  
o amintire de temeliiile ființei  
și de forța surprinzătoare a Animusului  
care te privea zâmbind

cu ochii într-o dimensiune ideală  
de mire încins cu brâul dragostei  
într-o dăruire totală și covârșitoare.  
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Dragostea mea Tudor.

Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, puilul meu, Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc  
nespus, puilul meu, Te iubesc, Puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc, dulcele meu Animus

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle,  
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ...  
Although there were a few words  
Written on a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...  
and a small bottle of horsec mineral water  
on the table  
of which only a sec  
and from which you deduced that the young character  
he likes dry wine.  
Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
a serene and unforgiving smile

leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication  
like the look ... little crucifix  
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head  
a strange Coriolis effect, the look deviated slightly to the right -  
by the sun's rays,  
it would not be the boldest, heavier and  
most illogical conclusion ...  
correlating with image numbness  
made to squeeze sublime shreds  
from every detail ...

...  
Smash the blue circles  
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects  
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces  
in his sleeves  
By spring arms  
and unformed  
legs are hidden under the table  
like everything that would physically mean manhood  
but the face speaks for itself

for this man  
who does not need physical details  
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face  
gentle, smooth, straight, deep  
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.  
O, Adonis! ...  
I fell in love instantly to death in Venice  
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man  
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck  
brown hair with blond hair falling down on one side of her face  
an imberbant neck  
a manly and full smile  
a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture  
non-verbal language  
a flying force, as a dynamic image  
statically surprised

----

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious  
and about everything I wrote  
and I read  
a memory of the foundations of being  
and the surprising force of the Animus  
who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size  
the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.  
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, Tudor, puilul meu. Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te  
doresc nespui, puilul meu. Te iubesc, Puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one  
Cloud fire  
With that look full of a silent eagle,  
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language  
No words, but the more so ....  
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Clothes Clothes Clothes. Standing Away Below ...  
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,  
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leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible  
in total overwhelming dedication  
like the look ... little crucifix  
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who does not need physical details  
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and the surprising force of the Animus  
who was looking at you smiling  
with eyes in an ideal size  
the bridegroom with the girdle of love  
in total and overwhelming dedication.  
I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.  
Animus

Te iubesc Victor-Tudor. Puiul meu, Dragostea mea

Sotul meu dulce  
Puiul meu dulce, Lia se simte bineșor.  
Te iubesc  
Victor, puiul meu dulce  
Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.  
Sus, pe Jară

În ziua aceea bunica Lucretia, bunica din Roșia  
Ne făcuse muiată, ca de obicei  
Adică balmoș, bun de să te lingi  
Pe degete.... cu smântână, lapte, poate că și brânză  
Și mătai.

...

Eram eu cu Bujor. Terminasem de muls vacuțele  
Și trebuia să urcăm cu ele  
Pe Jară, ograda înaltă  
Pe care ncai piepțiș, până-n Ciocan.

.....

Am mâncat cu poftă și ne-am săturat, noi și bunicii  
Apoi ne-am loat muielușele  
de salcie  
Și-am pornit să dăm după vaci.  
Le-am dus mai întâi, pe niște cărări bătătorite  
Paralele și întretăiate

La fântânile făcute de tata, sub coama dealului  
Să le adăpăm.  
Apoi am pornit cu ele piepțiș  
Să urcăm dealul, o creastă povârnită care urca  
Aproape drept în sus.

.....

Gâfăiam, roșie în obraji, cu jorđița într-o mână  
Alergând după vacuțe  
Și le mânam drept la deal.  
Ele se orânduiau cuminți, roșii, florane, negre  
pe lângă gardul  
Din uliță, și curând ajunserăm la poarta de sus.  
Pe ciocan răsufălăm mai ușurați  
Și ne uitam după pitoance, cum le spuneam noi  
Hribi, crescuți de la o zi la alta.

....

Când mai găseam câte unul  
Și mai ales mici pușori, abia mișiți din iarbă  
Exclamam fericiți.  
Bujor mă chema: Lia, hai să vezi!...

Și alergam să văd pitoanca uriașă  
Cu-o pălărie mare, crudă  
Pe care bunica avea să ne-o pregătească cu ceapă  
Și cu brânză.

---

Urcăm domol.  
Din dreapta, se aude căteaua lui Mardea  
Băbuța singuratică și rea de gură  
Care-și avea coliba în văioagă, sub poula muntelui  
Lătrând sălbatic, asmuțită

Funest, ca o prevestire, pe sub coroanele  
Pădurii de fagi ce da în Fața Prelucii.  
În stânga se-ntindea pădurea de brazi și de fagi  
De sub Frunți

O pădure deasă, unde știam că sălășluiește ursul.  
Curând, tot dând după vaci  
Ajungem sus.  
Un drum drept, bătătorit, între cele două păduri.

.....

Dincolo de care, drept în fața noastră, se înălța Preluca,  
primul vârf de munte.  
Acolo, la stânga pe-o cărare  
Mai porneau vacile setoase să se-adape

La o mică fântână din lemn  
Apoi apucau pe cărările bătătorite, din dreapta  
Pe lângă pădure,  
Urcând încet muntele, la pășunat.

----

Fagiți, verzi, cu coroanele lor umbroase  
De-un verde metalic  
De-un verde crud, braziți nespui de înalți  
Aerul tare de înălțime, atât de curat

Punându-te cu capul jos, pe spate  
Admirai cerul  
Pe care alergau fără oprire norii  
Și te simțeai fericit, atât cât inima ta de copil  
O putea cuprinde.

.....

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc.

Soțul meu Dulce, iartă-mă, Te rog, Puiul meu, Te iubesc.

Dragostea mea, Iubitul meu, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu dulce, dragul meu soțior, te iubesc.  
Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia  
has been making ourselves the dipped, like usually  
that is, "balmaş",  
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.

....  
I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows  
and we had to climb with them  
on Jară, the high gradient, where on you were climbing up  
hardly  
until the Hammer.

....  
We have eaten with appetite until we were tired,  
we and our grandparents  
then we took the thin branches of willow  
and we started to handle the cows.  
We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths  
parallel and intersected  
to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement  
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill  
to drink them.  
then we started to climb with them abruptly  
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up  
almost right upward.

...  
I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks  
with the little branch in one hand  
and we were handling them up to the hill.  
they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black  
besides the fence  
which was giving in the unstoned alley,  
and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.  
On the hammer, we are lighter  
and we look after "pitoance", how we were calling them  
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day  
to another.

...  
When we were finding one of them  
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up  
from the grass and ground  
We were exclaiming happily.  
Bujor was calling me: "Lia, come to see!..."  
and I was running to see the large boletus  
with a large hat, unripe  
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us  
with onion and cheese.

....  
We climb up softly.  
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea  
The old woman lonely and mouth disease  
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley

under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,  
whet

fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns  
of the beech forest which was giving  
in The Face of Preluca.

To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees  
and beeches  
underneath the Foreheads

a dense forest, where we were knowing  
that has its place the bear.  
soon, still handling the cattle  
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.

.....  
Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca,  
the first Peak of Mountain.  
there, to the left on a path  
the cows were still starting to drink water  
at a little wooden fountain  
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right  
besides the forest  
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.

.....  
The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns  
of a metallic green  
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall  
the heaviness of height, with clean air  
putting yourself with the head down, on your back  
you were admiring the sky  
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds  
and you were feeling happy, as much as your  
child's heart could compress it.

~~Alfred Lord Tennyson~~ ~~Capa~~ ~~http://www.bizidus.com/one/~~ Nirvana here: <https://Nirvana.tk.tw/Essentials> Read the story behind  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu. Sunt așa de obosită, cu inima frântă. Dragul meu Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu, dulcele  
meu.  
Surăsul tău...

Pe cărările pustii dunele le mătura vântul  
Un alt cu de-nceput de lume  
Pictat într-un tablou cam suprarealist...  
Veneam, prin răscruci ascunse de drumuri, pustii și trist.

....  
Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament  
Surăde puțin trist, puțin adus  
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri.

...  
Mâna ta gîngășă, precum e visul palid de poet  
Așvrea s-o duc la gurășis-o gust

În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri  
Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara  
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde  
În sânul depărtării verde  
Cum poașimeii răsunăși ascult.

---

Te caut la margine de ape și pădure  
Mâna gîngășă să-ți privesc  
Ce se-aplecă în neștiută armonie  
Asupra gândului dulce și-omenesc.

---

Mâna ta gîngășă, precum e visul palid de poet  
Așvrea s-oduc la gurăși-o gust  
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri

---

Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara  
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde  
În sânul depărtării verde  
Cum poașimeii răsunăși ascult.

----

Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament  
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus  
În aer plutește parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri.....

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, dragostea mea nespusă a sufletului meu.  
Te iubesc, puilul meu, dulcele meu.  
Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind  
Another I from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting  
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

---

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops of green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

--

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest  
Your sweet tender hand to look at it  
Which bent in unknown harmony  
Over the sweet human thought...

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees  
With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops of green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puil meu.  
Translation: Natalia Gálăţan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths  
Another self from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.  
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

----

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries  
With great tears it leaves the evening  
Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

---

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest  
Hands down to look at you  
What bends in unknown harmony  
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

---

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it

In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

---

With great tears it leaves the evening  
Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

----

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ..... te iubesc, puilul meu, cu toate acestea...  
Te doresc, puilul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Tranlation: Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, dulceața mea, puilul meu.

Te Doresc, Puilul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu dulce.  
Anima

Sufletul este ceva divin  
Suflarea de dumnezeire pe care a pus-o  
Dumnezeu  
În tine

Jumătatea din tine care lipsește...  
Dar este acolo  
În adânc.

.....

Sufletul e cel care dă viață  
Suflare vie  
Lucrurilor neînsuflețite  
Le așază în grădina primitoare  
a Domnului  
Printre lacrimi și sfinți.  
Te iubesc.

Dulcele meu Dulce și Drag, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puilul meu, din tot sufletul meu.  
Anima

The soul is something divine.  
The breath of divinity which God put it into you  
The half from you which is missing  
But it is there  
In the deep.

.....

The soul is that which gives life  
Lively breathing  
To the inanimated things  
Lies them down in the welcoming garden  
Of God  
Between teardrops and saints.

TeDoresc, Tudor, Dragostea mea, Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce;fiul meu iubi, Victor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Dulceața mea, Te doresc și T iubesc, Dulcișorul meu, Victor, Puiul meu, Animusul meu.

Anima

În dormitorul cu patul spre est, tinrerii se întâniră  
în după-amiaza aceea de iarnă caldă, plăcută  
în care ploaia se amesteca cu zăpada  
și ninsoarea, într-un vălmpșag de visuri ciudate,înețite.

--

Picurii mulți cădeu în dans ciudat  
Într-o ploaie deasă, mărunță, mocănească  
Într-o ploaieudă, cu s-ar spune  
Precum erauși ei în acea după-amiază de oanarie  
Uzi de dorință, de proisune de făgăduință.

--

Se aplecă cald de pasiune peste ea  
Sărutând-o cu buzele lui ca un șerbet de trandafiri  
Ca un roz-roșuînmiresmat zefir  
Dorian se aplecă cald de pasiune peste ea...

--

și buzele lui întredeschise cu un "A" dete iubesc mirare  
se aplecau în sărutri peste fața eiîntoarsă  
cu părullung și negru, de abanos  
strălucitor și uns cu eleiuri parfumate  
în timp ce brații ei stâng îl cuprindea de după cap  
arcuindu-se ca corzile unei violine  
și trăgându-l ușor spre ea.

---

Cathy, șopti el, cu buzele lui pline și învoalte  
Ca sărutate de vântul dimineții  
Cu părul lui blond și buclay tăiat scurt și rsfirându-se pe gât  
și în doi mici perciubmi, două suvițe de păr mătăsos șiblond.  
Ciborând ușor pe obraz.

---

Dorian, femu ea, te doresc Puiul meu, Puișorul meu...  
Anima mea șopti el  
Sărutând-o pe buzele ei dulci, ca o ciocolată fină  
Cao fremă de frăgi  
Ca un zmeuriș sălbatic, două fructe de pădure  
Pline de dulceață și savoare.

---

Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce  
El se apleca în ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă  
Afară picurii mulți cădeu în dans ciudat  
Într-o ploaie deasă, mărunță, mocănească  
Într-o ploaieudă, cu s-ar spune  
Precum erauși ei în acea după-amiază de oanarie  
Uzi de dorință, de proisune de făgăduință



...

Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce  
El se apleca în ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă –  
și Mihai clipi din ochi, rușinat, și apoi se plecă  
într-o nouă flotare spre podea  
cu umerii lui atletici coborând ritmic  
fără oprire, cu trupul ca un arc gata săplesnească  
ca o oală sub presine.

...

și buzele lui întredeschise ca un "A" deta iubesc mirare  
se aplecau în sărutri peste fața ei întoarsă  
cu părul lung și negru, de abanos  
strălucitor și uns cu eleiuri parfumate  
în timp ce brațul ei stâng îl cuprindea de după cap  
arcuindu-se ca corzile unei violine  
și trăgându-l ușor spre ea.

...

Cathy, șopti el, cu buzele lui pline și învoalte  
Ca sărutate de vântul dimineții  
Cu părul lui blond și buclay tăiat scurt și rsfirându-se pe gât  
și în doi mici perciubmi, două șuvițe de păr mătăsos și blond.  
Coborând ușor pe obraz.

...

Brațul ei se arcuia din ce în ce  
El se apleca în ce în ce mai tare, cu buzele deschise să o soarbă –  
și Mihai se șterse la ochi, rușinat, și apoi se plecă  
într-o nouă flotare spre podea  
cu umerii lui atletici coborând ritmic

#### Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered  
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day  
where in the rain was mixing with the snow  
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

--

Many drips fall into the strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In a wet rain, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
Wet od desire, of promise, of covenant.

--

She bent warm passion fishes it  
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses  
Like a red-marbled zephyr  
Dorian wantly leans passion over her ...

--

and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned face  
with her hair long and black, ebony

shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm comprised his head from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

---

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair,  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

---

Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...  
My soul whispered to him  
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate  
Like a strawberry cream  
Like a wild raspberry, two berries  
Full of sweetness and flavor.

---

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck  
Out of the drippings many fall into strange dance  
In a heavy, small, mottled rain  
In a shower, it would be said  
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery  
You use a desire, a promise of promise

---

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -  
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow  
like a pot under the presses.

---

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder  
they leaned in kisses over her turned face  
with her hair long and black, ebony  
shiny and greased with scented oil  
while her left arm covered him from behind  
bowing like the strings of a violin  
and gently pulling it towards her.

---

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide  
As if kissed by the morning wind  
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck  
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair,  
Gently twisting on the cheek.

---

Her arm was arching more and more  
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -

and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left  
in a new float to the floor  
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically  
T iubesc, Dragul meu Pușor, Victor.

Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.  
Your eyes...



From myself to yourself, only blue smooth waters  
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes  
Gentle, little, precious pearls  
That are lifting up in the sky a thousand...  
Your gentle, dark blue eyes...

Te iubesc, puțul meu, dulcele meu.

It's late in stones...

It's late in stones and branches  
In the clearing it reverberates sadly the song of whirling  
Now, when it is rising the Moon and the stars in the sky  
To leave, my grave Love, between us?...

----

It's sad my soul, for he found a way  
To flow the whole misery wherefrom he is comprised...

He looks the Paríng Mountain, in the distance  
He's white, as if the Sky would have snowed him...

...

Through cold cucumbers of waters the swans are floating smoothly  
On the covering of blue and of coldness full  
To lie their majestic body in the Self, through reed  
Then when the Night is quincing slowly of the sky light...

...

The wicks of the candle has quincied...  
In the night they are heard warm whisperings  
Of the Earth, like a warm living creature, which slowly is whispering, quincied...

..

The silence is heating slowly from the copper top of a Tower  
And the heavy, liquid drops of water are penetrating me  
Taking slowly, slower and slower, my hands downwards...

..

I am looking for you when light is interfering with the dark  
when yellow water lillies  
are floating on the translucent surface of the water  
the silence is heating like a bronze bell  
On the top of a tower, and the heavy water drops go through me  
and carry like a river your hands flowing slowly  
downwards -  
your delicate and fragile hands  
slowly and slowly into a torrent flowing  
downwards

An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly  
The candle's bowl has quenced.  
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats  
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught  
As into a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.  
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven  
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...  
Into the glade has gathered a hedgelsog, in a clew  
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven  
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Translation Natalia Gálájan

It's too late ...

It's late in stones and branches  
In the light, the song of whirling sounded sad  
Now, when the Moon and the stars rise in the sky  
Are you leaving, serious love, between us?

...

It is sad to my soul, because I found the way  
To reverse the whole grief that is contained ...

Look at Parang Mountain in the distance  
It's white as if the Snow had snowed it ...

...

Through cold forests of the Lebede period, I float smoothly.  
On the stretch of blue and cold full  
To lay his majestic body in the reeds, through reeds  
When the Night slowly goes out of the sky the light ...

...

The candle light went out ...  
At night there are warm whispers  
Of the Earth as a warm life, which slowly whispers, extinguished ...

--

Silence beats nectar from the gong of a tower  
and the heavy fluid streams of water penetrate me  
moving slowly, slowly, my hands flutter.

...

I seek you when the light blends with the darkness  
when yellow water lilies  
float on the translucent water canvas  
silence is like a brass gong  
at the top of a tower, and heavy splashes of water penetrate me  
they become fluid

and I carry your hands - delicate yellow flowers ...  
in a stream flowing down the valley...  
always flowing  
downhill...

--

An old picture on the wall, a slowly burning icon  
the candle juice went out ...  
there is a crying butterfly at night  
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking  
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a  
cage...

.....

the walls weep and fall to the ground, a century of  
loneliness lies open on page seven,  
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...  
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a mean  
of illusions - they are broken ...

like the shards of a mirror,  
an age of loneliness lies open on the page  
seven, on page seven, on page seven ... te iubesc, puoiul meu drag, Te doresc, puoiul meu.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

E târziu înpietre...

E târziu în pietre și în ramuri  
În lumină răsună trist cântecul de pițigoi

Acum, când răsce Luna și sielele pe cer  
Să pleci, dragoste gravă, dintre noi?...

...

E trist sufletu-mi, căci găsi cu cale  
Să reverse întreaga jale de care e cuprins...  
Privește muntele Parâng în depărare  
E alb ca și cum Ceul l-ar fi nins...

...

Prin vaduri reci de ape Lebede, plutesc lin,  
Pe-ntinderea de-albastru și răceală plină  
Să-și culce trupul maiestos în ine, printre trestii  
Atunci când Noaptea stinge-neet a cerului lumină...

...

Sfeștila lumânării s-a stins...  
În noapte se-aud calde șoapte  
Ale Pământului ca o caldă victate, ce-neet șoptește, stins...

..

Tăcerea bate-neei din gongul de aramă-al unui Turn  
și stropii greii fluiți de apă mă pătrund  
ducând încet , tot mai încet, mâinile-mi l vale....

...

te caut când lumina se-mbină cu întunericul  
când nufeni galbeni  
plutesc pe pânza apei translucidă  
tăcerea bate ca un gong de-aramă  
în vârful unui turn, și stropii grei de apă mă pătrund  
devin fluidă

și port mâinile tale – flori galbene și delicate...  
într-un torent curgând la vale...  
curgând mereu-mereu  
la vale...

..

O imagine veche pe perete, o icoană arde-neei  
mucul lumânării s-a stins...  
se aude un plâns de fluturi de noapte  
lovind în bălți scurte și repezi gândul meu  
ascuns în hăuri de-ntuneric, prins ca într-o  
cușcă...

.....

zidurile plâng și cad pe pământ, un veac de  
singurătate zace deschis la pagina șapte,  
peste bălți se fugăresc lișite-n noapte...  
în luminiș s-a strâns un ariei, într-un ghem  
de iluzii – cad sfărâmate...

ca cioburile unei oglinzi,  
un veac de singurătate zace deschis la pagina  
șapte, la pagina șapte, la pagina șapte...

te iubesc, te doresc, priul meu.

It's late in the rock.

It's late in stones and branches  
In the light, the song of whirling sounded sad  
Now, when the Moon rises and the stars in the sky  
Depart, serious love, from us? ...

...  
It is sad to my soul, because I found the way  
To reverse the whole grief that is contained ...  
Look at Parang Mountain in the distance  
It's white as if the Snow had snowed it ...

...  
Through the cold forests of the Lebede period, I float smoothly,  
On the stretch of blue and cold full  
To lay his majestic body in the reeds, through reeds  
When the Night slowly goes out of the sky the light ...

...  
The candle light went out ...  
In the night there are warm whispers  
Of the Earth as a warm life, which slowly whispers, extinguished ...

--  
Silence beats nectar from the gong of a tower  
and the heavy fluid streams of water penetrate me  
moving slowly, slowly, my hands flutter.

...  
I seek you when the light blends with the darkness  
when yellow water lilies  
float on the translucent water canvas  
silence is like a brass gong  
at the top of a tower, and heavy splashes of water penetrate me  
they become fluid  
and I carry your hands - delicate yellow flowers ...  
in a stream flowing down the valley...  
always flowing  
downhill...

--  
An old picture on the wall, a slow-burning icon  
the candle light went out ...  
there is a crying butterfly at night  
hitting in short strokes and quickening my thinking  
hidden in holes of darkness, trapped as in a  
cage...

\*\*\*\*\*  
the walls weep and fall to the ground, a century of  
loneliness lies open on page seven.  
over the puddles can be spotted running at night ...  
a hedgehog squeezed into the luminaire, into a moan  
of illusions - they are broken ...  
like the shards of a mirror.

an age of loneliness lies open on the page  
seven, on page seven, on page seven ...

Dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puțul meu.

About hunger

My confrontation with the unconscious  
Has arrived at an end,

...

The difference between archetypes  
The split products of schizophrenia  
Consists in that the first are significant structures  
of the consciousness  
The others are just waste  
Fragments endowed with remains of sense.

....

Probably  
This was a characteristic not to be neglected  
of a good part of the poems...  
Fragments endowed with remains of sense.

....

Or a sense so encrypted, so hidden than it was forming a new poem from its decipher.

...

A deambulatory pleasure and a ludic instinct  
urges me to still write poems, to approach Jung to myself  
To decipher him...

...

So, for instance, the pulsion of hunger that dresses forms  
from the most different...

.....

Hunger of love, of people, of the world  
Hunger of you...  
hunger of knowledge  
and to be known...

Hunger of death and of nothingness....  
Hunger of sense and significance  
Hunger of word, of Logos and of reading...

.....

Hunger of writing  
Of the fleshless body of the past poems  
that are trembling over me  
With their waste of sense, which are asking  
to be complete...

....

Hunger of time and hunger of space  
Hunger of your hands, embracing my shoulders,  
and of the dance of silvery egret of your footsteps  
on my iris...

....

Hunger of the sense of love



The only one that can save anyone the world  
the world from myself.

te iubesc. Puiul meu. Victor. Dulcele meu.

Te iubesc. Puiul meu.

O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri

Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri

Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi

Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăca în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –

Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –

Împrăstiate peste piept

Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadavre și a sierin

Părea că murise tot ceeste viu

Afrăa stele-albastre, stele albe

Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe și dalbe,

..

Afară era o simfonie de culori...

Cerul albastru se ascunsese printre albi nori

Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfințit

Îmbrăcau cerul și lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăca în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –

Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –

Împrăstiate peste piept

Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri

Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri

Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stele dau înapoi

Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders

It was the holy day coming - Friday

It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back

Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -

Only white stars, only small flower buds -

Spread over the chest

In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin  
He seemed to be dead alive  
It had blue stars, white stars  
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

--

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...  
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds  
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it  
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

--

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -  
Only white stars, only small flower buds -  
Spread over the chest  
In an old-fashioned smile ...

--

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders  
It was the holy day coming - Friday  
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back  
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puul meu.  
Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Oul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, puul meu.  
Sărutul tău

Cărlionții blonzi îți tremură răvășiți  
De briza dulce a-nsărării -  
Plimbându-ne petărmurile mării  
Ne sărtăm până la buze, până la dinți ...

---

Ochii tăi calmi, sunt infundați n-orbite  
și ceacăne vinete îi înfășor -  
buzele roșii-roz ca floarea cea de măr  
îmi dătoiește sărutul lor, dulce ispită.

---

Cătușă-tubracă trupul dalb - și cald  
Precum culcușul de feioară  
e-o-nserare atât de-amară -  
și dulce, prin floriledepădăie.

---

De-atția dragoste, uitare de sine ai slăbit  
și pantaloni-mracă trupul zvult  
din care parecă e rănit  
piciorul alb de gândul meu dement.

---

Te-apleci n-uitare deplină  
Clipoflutară-n vânt - săruți gingaș  
Mireasa pământ  
Cu părul ei negru, uscat de cărbune.

...

Privindu-ne-n ochio veşnicie –  
Uităm toate câte-au fost şi câte-ors să mai fie  
Printre sărutări gingaşe  
Precum corole albi de păpădie.  
Precum e creanga roz de vişin şi de măr –  
Ălăcutăsimţurilor cum minţi devăr.

...

Dulce ţi-egura ca uncireş dat în copt  
Învara ce-ncepe cuo friză de culori delicate, scânteietoare  
Recistropiai mării albastre dulce briză.

...

Te—aptei în vis  
Puiun picior peste-a mele coaste – din care tulburaţi în calda noapte  
Bne strângem la piept tot muiaproape  
Mai aproape....

..

Cămaşa-mbracă trupul dalb - şi cald  
Precum culcuşul de feioară  
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –  
şi dulce,prin floriledepăpădie.....

Your kiss...

Your blond hair loops are trembling, devastated  
By the sweet breeze of the nightfall –  
Walking ourselves, on the shores of the sea  
We kiss each other, to the lips, to the teeth...

...

Your calm, wandering eyes are sunken in the orbits  
And bruise circles are wrapping them –  
Your red-rosy lips as the apple flower  
Are giving me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm  
As if it was a virgin bed  
It is a night falling so bitter –  
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.

..

For so much love, and forgetting of self, you lost weight  
And your pants are dressing the feeble, slim your tender body  
Where from it is seemingly hurt  
Your white foot, by my demented thought.

--

You are bending yourself in full hypnosis  
Your shape is fluttering in the wind –you kiss tenderly  
The Earth bride  
With her black hair, dry of black coal.

Looking in our eyes an Eternity  
We forget about what they were, and what they will be

Through tender, vibrant kisses  
Likewise the white crowns of dandelion.  
Likewise the rosy branch of cherry and of apple tree  
Pleasant to senses as to the mind truth.

You bend in your dream  
Thou put a white leg over my ribs – where from tormented in the warm night  
We stretch together closer and closer...

..

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm  
As if it was a virgin bed  
It is a night falling so bitter –  
And sweet, through dandelion flowers....

Te iubesc, puilul meu dulce, dulceața mea.  
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your kiss

The blond haters are shaking you up  
The sweet breeze of the sunset -  
Walking the shores of the sea  
We kiss to the lips, to the teeth ...

---

Your eyes are calm, they are not blinded  
and eggplant circles I wrap them -  
red-pink lips like the apple flower  
give me their kiss, sweet temptation.

---

The shirt bears the white body - and warm  
Like the pillowcase  
it's such a bitter evening -  
and sweet, through the flower bud.

---

For so much love, forgetfulness you have weakened  
and slim body pants  
of which he is injured  
the white leg of my demermed thought.

---

You bend over in complete oblivion  
Chips fluttering in the wind - kissing hips  
Earth bride  
With her black hair, dried from coal.

---

Looking at us eternally -  
We forget all that was and how many bears there are  
Among the kissing kisses  
Like white dandelions.  
As is the pink cherry and apple branch -  
Praise to the senses as the mind goes down.

...  
The sweetness makes you like a baker  
Spring begins with a frieze of delicate, sparkling colors  
You rewatched the sweet blue sea breeze.

...  
I called you in a dream  
Chicken leg over my ribs - from which you disturb in the hot night  
Bne we tighten the chest even closer  
Closer,...

--  
The shirt bears the white body - and warm  
Like the pillowcase  
it's such a bitter evening -  
and sweet, through the flower-dandelion .....

Translation Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, Victor, priul meu.

Te iubesc, priul meu, dulcele meu,  
Surşul tău...

Pe cărările pustite dunele le mătura vântul  
Un alt eu de-nnceput de lume  
Pictat într-un tablou cam suprarealsit...  
Veneam, prin răseruci ascunse de drumuri,pustiit şi trist.

....  
Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament  
Surăde puţin trist, puţin adus  
În aer pluteşte parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vişinişi de meri.

...  
Mâna ta ginguşă, precum e visul palid de poet  
Aşvrea s-oduc la gurăşiş-o gust  
În aer pluteşte parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vişinişi de meri

Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara  
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde  
În sânul depărtării verde  
Cum pouşimeci răsunăii ascult.

...  
Te caut la margine de ape şi pădure  
Mâna ginguşă să-ţi privesc  
Ce se-aplecă în neştiută armonie  
Asiupra gândului dulce şi-omenesc.

...  
Mâna ta ginguşă, precum e visul palid de poet  
Aşvrea s-oduc la gurăşiş-o gust  
În aer pluteşte parfumul vaf vetust  
Al livezilor uitate de vişinişi de meri

...  
Cu lacrimi mari se lasă seara  
Picuri grei e-ntunecime verde  
În sânul depărtării verde  
Cum poaștimei răsunăți ascult.

....  
Chipul tău pal, precum e coala galbenă de pergament  
Surâde puțin trist, puțin adus  
În aer plutește parfumul vaf venusi  
Al livezilor uitate de vișiniși de meri.....

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, dragostea mea nespusă a sufletului meu.

Te iubesc, puțul meu, dulcele meu.  
Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind  
Another I from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting  
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

--  
Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchemnt  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...  
Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops of green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

--  
I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest  
Your sweet tender hand to look at it  
Which bent in unknown harmony  
Over the sweet human thought...

...  
Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet  
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall  
Heavy drops of green darkness  
In the breast of the distance green  
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment  
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back  
In the air it is floating the vague obsolete fragrance  
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puilul meu.

Translation: Natalia Gálăţan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths  
Another self from the beginning of the world  
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.  
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

----

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

---

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries  
With great tears it leaves the evening  
Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

---

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest  
Hands down to look at you  
What bends in unknown harmony  
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

---

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream  
I would love to taste it  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

---

With great tears it leaves the evening  
Heavy peaks and dark green  
Inside the green distance  
As the poem rang, I listened.

----

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet  
Smile a little sad, a little worn  
In the air floats the scent of old wafers  
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries ..... te iubesc, puilul meu, cu toate acestea...  
Te doresc, puilul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, dulceața mea, puilul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulceața mea.

Te doresc, Puilul meu.

Vanilie

Iarnă cu gust de vanilie

îmi strecoți în suflet doruri ne-nțelese... copacii tăi  
s-au transformat în pocale de vin cu aromă de  
scorțișoară

pașii-mi trosnesc prin pădurea de pini  
chitare uriașe ce suspină-n vântul ce corzile le mișcă  
ca un cântăreț venit de pe meleag  
străin

.....

iarnă cu gust de vanilie

îmi îngrop obrajii în bulgării tăi – delicate mâini  
ce obrajii-mi cuprind  
într-un ne-nțeles, ne-nțeles  
alint...

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Puilul meu.

Dragostea mea Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla

You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...  
your trees

Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine  
with cinnamon flavor...

my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through  
the pine tree forest

Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that  
is moving out the strings...

Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away  
realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla

I bury my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands  
which comprise my face  
into a misunderstood, misunderstood  
caress...

Dulceața inimii mele, Te doresc, Victor, puilul meu, Te iubesc, Puilul meu, dragostea mea.

Where's the world ...

Te doresc, puilul meu dulce.

Slowly shines the day ...

The sun penetrates into the hall with trembling light

Light yellow horns

and my sad soul enlightens me



burdened with sadness, past loneliness  
and future.

....

If it's sensible, show him  
The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

...

The mysterious mystery of the heart will escape it  
Whatever the world is  
Other than a huge hero  
The meaning of love show him ...

From hieroglyphs and pagan writings  
Check to create the foam wave  
You will draw my heart  
When the sun is over the sky

The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
The meaning of love show him ...

Squeeze my heart in my fist  
What is a blue star  
It's her and maybe she's not ....  
What caress the trunk of it

She is ... and maybe she is not,  
A music, a heavy sphere  
Or a blue peruse  
A small, cowardly cow baby  
A step that is painted down  
Of thoughts and red light

What's more than a blue star  
What cares about it?  
If I go or stay  
On words of diaphan  
If I go or stay

What cares about it?

...

If it's sensible, show him  
The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dulcele meu Victor, Puișorul meu.Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor,Dragostea mea,  
Soțul meu iubit, Dragostea vieții mele

Sexus

His white body, half-naked  
With the tasseled shirt comb. hanging half removed  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
Easily touch the lotus flower lips  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

...

He shivered to tremble with a passion... he looked like a young man in the rainy rain...  
At the entrance to the gate of heaven  
With the crumpled clothes, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body  
Supporting his long, slim legs by the bed...

...

The virgin is trembling in orgasm  
She grabbed him and pulled him towards her, biting her lips, kissing her chest.  
While he completely gave himself away inside of her  
Shivering, shaking, rhythmically,  
His eyes have bloodstreams, his throats are breaking.

...

Catherine ... a loud voice was heard ...  
The young Dorian may be hungry ...  
Do I prepare an omelet and bring it with some salad?  
Yes ... mother ... the girl's throaty voice was heard ... breathing wildly ...  
In about half an hour ...

....

Their bodies collapsed like wet, wet animals on the bed  
The young man grabbed her hair  
he drew her but power towards him ...  
knotted like two iron flowers, crumpled of flowers  
they were looking for bed sheets  
whispering with a passion ...

...

The young man was moving quickly inside her  
It seemed like an engine excited  
With water boiling, in gearbox, hot, like a steam engine ...

...

He shivered in horror ... he seemed young on the catalyst  
Entering the gate of heaven

With the clothes on, with a grin like in a dream  
He was trembling on the gates of heaven, through the members of his body

...

Supporting her long bed legs ...  
His white body, half-naked  
With the shirt fluttered on his chest, hanging half out  
Out of pants  
It turned white, virgin  
Like a white, shy virgin bed ...

...

His penis shattered, shaking with pleasure, sweat  
In waves of orgasm  
Gently touching the lips of the lotus flower  
As if to test their moisture and softness  
Rose petals ...

..

I woke up early in the morning, suddenly, looking at the city lights  
I get out of bed slowly  
and lifting my cigarettes, I go to the smoker.

...

In my nightgown  
Received at the entrance  
With thick stockings and blue, synthetic, spine  
They really look like a show .....

.

.

I walk slowly down the corridor with the lights on  
To the borderline smoker  
From a high metal door  
I open it slowly and enter...

....

It's full darkness. I turn on the yellow light  
and I light a cigarette.  
Then I lay down on the low oak bench with iron legs  
Consisting of small wooden panels arranged horizontally  
I pull the canned fish next to me  
and I lean to write a few lyrics  
abruptly inspired.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking  
Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

...

Every atmosphere between black and green  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass  
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky  
Moved by a celestial wind  
My suits are moving in the wind  
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade  
I wish you and I love you, Victor, my love.  
Te iubesc. Victor, dragostea vieții mele.

Victor, puilul meu, Te doresc, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc, puilul mei, pușorul meu dulce, dragul meu.  
Deus absconditus

Era amiază, trecut de ora prânzului, Dusesesem vâcuțele eu și Bujor  
Din ocolul mare din spatele grajdurilor  
Spre cele două fântâni, apoi urcând curmăturile don Jară  
Mai păscând, mai dând după ele  
Pe Ciocan și apoi în muntele Preluca.

..

Mâncasem de amiază, Trecusem poarta mare de lemn  
Pe arcuți, în școlul vitelor,  
Acolo, cu o lopată plată, folosită pentru scos  
Sau dus gunoiul

și cu o mică săpăligă, curățam baligile vitelor.  
Trăgându-le pe lopată  
și apoi aruncându-le peste movila înaltă de gunoi, uscată  
năpădită de buruieni, de brusturi și ștevie.

...

Era o vară frămoasă, și eu eram liceană  
Sau poate eram deja studentă.  
Liniștea era atât de mare și de intensă, s-o tai cu cuțitul  
O liniște grea

Ca o picătuă de aer dens, greu, translucid  
Atrnând pe pământ.  
Îmi plăcea ce făceam. Adică nu mă supăram  
Prea tare  
Era o muncă pe care trebuia s-p făcă cineva  
și care trebuia făcută.

...

Când am terminat, atentă să nu rămână nimic  
și locul prăfos, ca podeaua unei case de lut, bătătorit  
era curat ca-n palmă.  
Am oftat mulțumită, și m-am dus spre fundul ogrăzii  
Mânată de curiozitate.

Acolo, la umbra înalților brazi, era răcoare.

Creștea iarbă și buruieni de mlaștină  
Ochiul boului și mici margarete care semănau cu mușetelul.

...

Fără îndoială, Roșia mă fermeca.  
Dar era un tărâm periculos, încărcat de presimțiri funeste  
Care nu se dezvăluiau pe dată sufletului  
Ci te ghiceai numai, pândind în încordare

În dimensiunea nepăsătoare, banală a realității.  
Am rămas privind ochiului boului, făcând fel de fel de asociații  
Toate învârtindu-se în jurul unui miez neștiut.  
Apoi movila uscată de gunoi

Parcea din dos a grajdurilor arse de soare, de o culoare gri-cenușie  
Pe alocuri albă mă făcea să mă încordez.  
Era un loc frumos Roșia  
Plin de liniște, plin de amărăciune  
Plin de seninătate

Ca o crimă care s-a petrecut cu mulți ani în urmă acolo  
și totul a fost îngropat sub gunoiul uscat...  
ca amintire din alte vremi, din alte țărâmburi,  
cu alți zei.

...

Liniștea era atât de mare și de intensă, s-o tăi cu cuțitul  
O liniște grea  
Ca o picătuă de aer dens, greu, translucid  
Atrânând pe pământ.

--

Realul este un concept totalizator, care înglobează toate celelalte concepte discutate până acum. Realul se referă la o realitate suprafirească sau la realitatea ultimă. Realul înseamnă trăirea sacrului, participarea la mit, la Timpul și Spațiul sacru. Realul înseamnă hierofanie, manifestare a sacrului în lume. "Orice-ar face, el (omul profan) este un moștenitor. El nu poate aboli în totalitate trecutul, întrucât este el însuși un rezultat al trecutului său. El se formează dintr-o serie de negații și refuzuri, dar continuă să fie hăituit de realitățile pe care le-a refuzat sau negat; pentru a cuceri o lume a sa proprie, el a desacralizat lumea în care au trăit strămoșii săi; dar ca să facă aceasta, el a fost obligat să adopte un tipar anterior de comportament, și acel comportament este încă prezent în el, din punct de vedere emoțional, într-o formă sau alta, gata să fie reactualizat în finta sa cea mai adâncă." (Mircea Eliade).

Te iubesc, dragul meu pușor.

I love you, my love.  
I love you, my baby, my sweet baby, my dear.  
God absconditus

It was noon, past noon. I had taken the cakes me and Bujor  
From the large bypass behind the stables  
Towards the two fountains, then climbing the end of Don Jara  
More grazing, more giving after them  
On the Hammer and then on Mount Preluca.

..

Leat noon. We had passed the large wooden gate  
On the arches, in the herd of cattle.  
There, with a flat shovel, used for removal  
Or took the garbage

and with a small flask, we cleaned the calves of the cattle.  
Pulling them on the shovel  
and then throwing them over the high pile of dry garbage  
crushed by weeds, chests and sap.

...

It was a beautiful summer, and I was in high school  
Or maybe I was already a student.  
The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife  
A heavy silence

Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip  
Hanging on the ground.  
I liked what I was doing. I mean, I wasn't upset  
Too loud  
It was a job that someone had to do  
and that had to be done.

...

When I'm done, be careful that there's nothing left  
and the dusty place, like the floor of a clay house, beaten  
it was clean as a slap.  
I sighed gratefully, and went to the bottom of the fence  
Handled with curiosity.

There, in the shadow of the tall trees, it was cool.  
Growing grass and marsh weeds  
The eyes of the ox and the small caress daisies resembled the camomile.

...

No doubt Rosia was enchanting me.  
But it was a dangerous land, laden with deadly presences  
Which were not revealed to the soul at once  
You were just guessing them, bending over

In the careless, trivial dimension of reality.  
I kept my eyes on the bulls eye, making all kinds of associations  
All spinning around an unknown core.  
Then the mash dried by the garbage

The back part of the stables sun-burnt, gray-gray  
At times white made me tense.  
It was a beautiful Rosia place

Full of peace, full of bitterness  
Full of serenity

Like a crime that happened many years ago there  
and everything was buried under the dry garbage ...  
as a memory of other times, of other realms,  
with other gods.

...

The silence was so great and intense, you cut it with a knife  
A heavy silence  
Like a thick, heavy, translucent air drip  
Hanging on the ground.  
Te iubesc. Te doresc, puil omu,

..

1. Real is a totalizing concept, which includes all the other concepts discussed so far. Real refers to a superficial reality or the ultimate reality. Real means living the sacred, participating in the myth, the sacred time and space. Real means hierophany, manifestation of the sacred in the world. "Whatever he does, he (the profane man) is an heir. He cannot completely abolish the past, for he is himself a result of his past. It is formed by a series of denials and denials, but continues to be harassed by the realities it has denied or denied; in order to conquer a world of his own, he desacralized the world in which his ancestors lived; but in order to do this, he was forced to adopt a previous pattern of behavior, and that behavior is still present in him, from an emotional point of view, in one form or another, ready to be updated in his deepest being. . "(Mircea Eliade).  
I love you, my dear baby.

Dulcele meu Soț, Te iubesc nespus, tudor, Dulcele meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ndrei, Puilul meu, Mihai, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc. Te ubsc. Dulcele meu,

Dus pe gânduri și-n visuri ca un prunc  
ye iubesc, Victor,Dulceața mea, Puilul meu.

Pe buze roșii de rubin – schișezi surâs, dulce venin  
și plenpale tale îți cad greu  
ca-n pîstiuri de gheață semizeu.

Pe-obrazul alb și smead  
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –  
Unele scrise, poate escrise  
șiochii cu-a lor tăiunică și neagră-albastră vâpaie  
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiehințeală  
o-ntretaie.

--

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolji  
și-n praful drumului și-a colbte iubesc, Tudor, Puilul meu Dulce,  
îmi înec palide surăsuri  
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană  
palidele visuri  
și-n zvor mai trece croncănind un corb.

--

Tot cerul e o flămă de vâpaie  
De culori calde, strălucitoare  
și șerpuieste precum neagra mare  
și-aruncă-ncet valorile către țărni

o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie  
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort  
doar dorul trului ți-l port  
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

--

Calme cirezile agreste  
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit  
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit  
să înconjoare fața ta bălaie.

--

Dus pe visuri și-n gânduri ca un prunc  
Născute sub fruntea albă de cleștar  
ți-neci tânăr poet visările-ți-amar  
și dulce în trecutu-ți crînt  
ascuns sub cei tăciuni de piatră-n jar.

--

Tot cerul e o flamă de vâpaie  
De culori calde, strălucitoare  
și serpuiește precum neagra mare  
și-aruncă-necet valurile către țarm  
o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie  
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort  
doar dorul trului ți-l port  
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

--

Calme cirezile agreste  
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și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit  
să înconjoare fața ta bălaie.

--

Pe-obrazul alb și smead  
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –  
Unele scrise, poate eserise  
șiochii cu-a lor tăiunică și neagră-albastră vâpaie  
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebințeală  
o-ntretaie.

--

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți  
și-n praful drumului șin colb  
îmi înec palide surăsuri  
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană  
palidele visuri  
te iubesc Dulce Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor..

Taken into thoughts and dreams like a child  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.



Her ruby red lips - you smile, sweet venom  
and your eyelids fall hard  
as in semi-icy ice tracks.

On the white cheek and smooth  
Your dream virgins are coming -  
Some written, maybe written  
their secret and black-and-blue cheeks ring  
the cold of the air with their insanity  
they trouble it.

--

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches  
and in the dust of the cork track  
I drown pale smiles  
and the linden trees sift their crown  
pale dreams  
and the crow goes on crunching.

--

The whole sky is a flame of mist  
Warm, bright colors  
and it snakes like big black  
he slowly waves down to the shore  
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame  
it shines in the distance like a dying eye  
only the longing for your shape I wear it  
O, young Adonai born from the sea.

--

Calm down the sour cherries  
It is denied in the distance to the zenith  
and the sweetness of an easter awaits  
to surround your blond, smooth face.

--

Taken on dreams and thoughts as a child  
Born under the white forehead of a clown  
you-young-poet-your-dreams-biner  
and sweet in your crude past  
hidden beneath those stone silks in the jar.

--

The whole sky is a flame of mist  
Warm, bright colors  
and it snakes like big black  
he slowly waves down to the shore  
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame  
it shines in the distance like a dying eye  
only the longing for your hands I wear it  
Oh, young Adonai born from the sea.

--

Calm down the sour cherries  
It is denied in the distance to the zenith  
and the sweetness of an easter awaits  
to surround your face dunderhead.

--

On the white cheek and smooth  
Your dream virgins are coming -  
Some written, maybe written  
their mystery and black-and-blue cheeks ring  
the cold of the air with their insanity  
they disturb it.

--

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches  
and in the dust of the cork track  
I drown pale smiles  
and the linden trees sift their crown  
pale dreams  
I love you Sweet Tudor-Mihai, my Chick.  
I want you.  
Te iubesc, Andrei, Dulcele meu. Te doresc.

Dragul meu Mihai, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu drag, Tudor, puilul meu dulce.  
Soțiorul meu iubit, Victor, dragostea mea, te iubesc, dragul meu.  
The grandpa from Rosia

I was with my grandpa Nicolae, from Rosia  
I and my brother  
We had gone to make a fence  
At the forest of Jiru....

O, what places of a complete silence, of a great solitude and  
greatness!...

The fence was thought to separate  
the Forest of Jiru  
by our orchards...

Our grandpa has taken in his green bag  
from our father, from the mine of coal  
many long nails, some of them hooked  
or rusted

but in the grandpa's opinion  
still good of something.  
He has taken also his little ax, and a barbed wire rod,  
brought also by my father  
from the coal mine.

He has been doing there, at the scene  
stamps mill  
thick beams of wood  
cut by the branches, with a sharp top

where on he was laying in the ground  
at 2-3 metres distance one of another  
in holes specially made.

Our grandpa wasn't yet so old  
We were children  
probably at the gymnasium  
And grandpa was facing from the rocks  
and he was putting the thick pales  
in the ground.

then he was hammering the nails, at  
12-15 mm one of another.  
and I with Bujor were stretching the barbed wires  
of iron by the right of each nail

when the beams were ready-made  
and our Grandpa was bending them  
from short and precise hits  
over the barbed wire.

...  
So we spent an entire day till the evening  
in that silent, peaceful wilderness  
Making the fence, making, that is, a thing good  
and proper at the house of man.

I was impressed by the mission I had  
and our Grandpa was smiling waggish  
with his bruise lips, and from the large, green eyes  
Seemingly a little sad, although joyful  
and I was finding time for jokes too  
to sneak behind the fence  
and to play in the orchard.

Our Grandparents from Rosia were some deities  
likewise the parents, too  
working people until the deep old age  
who were standing at our cattle in Rosia  
for milk and curd, where on they were salting well  
and then put it in large barrels with circles  
whereon we were bringing at home  
too...

....  
Grandpa Niculaie, as our Grandma was calling him  
Has taken milk to the town,  
over the mountains of Petrita, in the large wallets  
on the horse  
maybe even curd or cheese  
until the old man with white hair at the temples.  
On Saturday, on the Day of Rest  
he was getting down with our grandma  
beautifully dressed  
and they were going to the church, to the preach

in their velvet dresses, with clean and ironed  
shirt and skirt of muslin

clothes of holiday, with the clean and new boots  
they were going to listen to the Holy Scripture  
these old man, with plain, smooth faces  
in their velvet, beautiful clothes,

te doresc.

translation: natalia gălățan

Te iubesc, pușorul dulce al sufletului meu. Te doresc.

Anima și Animusul meu, jumătatea mea dulce, Soțiorul meu iubit, Puiul meu Dule Victor, Te iubesc nespus,  
nespus...

The sea of Atlas

Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the own sin  
Being with the others  
passing through my own Self  
Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which snows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky  
Like the Flower on the cheek...

---

To be sweet is a tender state  
Because only mothers feel it in the soul  
When by the sky which snows what is crying  
I hung my scared eyes  
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state  
Deep down, fervor continues  
Being with you passing through the prop sin  
Being with the others  
passing through my own Self  
Where the World opens, like a flower  
White, tenderly,  
at the meeting with his immortal God,

...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky  
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea  
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable  
They open to me, soft, smoky  
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.

But he looked at Mihai

He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body

Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library

On that rainy March day

In the sun, the sun had barely come out

Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles

Lightning and lightning

Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front

Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.

... his smile was jealous, just sketched

On his cold lips

Like two rose petals

Rain kiss

and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses

They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile

Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared

By the pallor of the thin cheek

Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -

Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man

Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..

Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching, Haven't you seen Alin?

Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed

Winking at her.

...

Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...

I wanted to ask him something ...

Let's talk about books.

...

You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared

Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..

Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face

It was a terrible job ... now in March ...

Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,

As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..

In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.  
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months  
After their last date.  
Wash your face  
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall  
Lost in thoughts.

--  
When Mihai suddenly enters.  
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret  
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached  
Her silky wavy hair  
Like a spiral.

---  
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused  
Not knowing what to say.  
Then he handed her a note from Alin.  
Baby, today is coming ...  
Michele needs me  
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..  
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.  
The red-eyed young man reads.

---  
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!  
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something  
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body  
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms  
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years  
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.  
Cathy shivered, then chained her  
and she tightened her breast tightly.

--  
My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically  
As if he had really met  
After a thousand years  
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

---  
The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once  
A tiger with feline movements  
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

---  
Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love  
We are lost ...

--  
Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front  
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.  
... his smile was jealous, just sketched  
On his cold lips  
Like two rose petals  
Rain kiss  
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses  
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile  
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared  
By the pallor of the thin cheek  
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -  
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man  
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

--

There wasn't much in the library  
On that rainy March day  
In the sun, the sun had barely come out  
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles  
Lightning and lightning  
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu.  
I love you and I want you unspeakable. Victor, my dear chick.  
The sweet fruits of thought

I love you, my baby.  
Slowly things settled in their sockets  
Natural.  
Beings, people ..  
Without you in me: my sweet sweetheart  
That would not have been  
Possible.

Sure, the possibility and necessity of discrimination remains.  
Do those things  
Which you have not done in the past  
To give thought to her natural credit.

----

In all our illness and madness  
In all the notions of sensations and feelings that  
We're stalking  
The option remains.

Which means  
Do not, do not think about the evil they have done  
Others  
Do not say it.

Deconstruct explosive situations  
Allow Time to Work  
In you and in others.

..

Of course, the limit situations say something of ourselves.  
To touch delicately with the thought  
and not irreversibly destroy the deed  
that's what life, our history, teaches us  
personal  
and universal.

...

Surely I learned something from Kant:  
Let's look at the starry sky  
Above me, and listen  
The moral law in me.

...

Maybe here comes my enigma  
reader  
From the fact that they touch delicately, easily with the thought  
and do not kill with the mind  
with the deed  
te iubesc și te doresc, dragostea mea.  
which give birth to our thoughts  
on wet graves.

...

With time  
I fell in love with myself  
of that creature  
which I'm reverberating back  
Absolutely  
the mirror of the self. Te iubesc. Te doresc.

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box, with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.



Is opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--  
His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...

...  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
The darkness of their patrots sipping the sweetness  
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy.  
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
Leaving my mouth as a prey  
To your lips, so sweet ...

--  
Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your shy breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--  
and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet tones  
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

--  
Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your low, low voice  
At your warm breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--  
His rosy-red lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

....  
Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...  
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world  
Up to its core.

...  
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy  
The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...  
With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower

This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tulle of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...  
With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canats  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...  
I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy  
The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking at her...

...  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of the young man  
Ready to enter the flood door of the world  
In the rare, ideal of Love

...  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur

Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...

te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.

translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Without Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the hook, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks like ....

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure  
Over which he discovered the turbid blue  
Of the eyes, so pure ...  
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires  
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

--

One neck a lotus huge, slightly arched.  
It was opened his shirt open  
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

--

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching  
Like a little frightened little lady  
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves  
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears  
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories  
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes  
Or it would have come back from the hook, from somewhere  
His eyes were looking at her.  
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

--

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer  
One night gives the same night  
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness  
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,  
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest  
Leaving my mouth as a prey  
To your lips, so sweet ...

--

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low  
Still warm, vibrant, melodious  
His chest arched like a bow  
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

---

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your shy breast call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

--

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls  
over the beloved lovers  
while the moon gives sweet flames  
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

--

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago  
With your shy, low voice  
At your warm chest call me ...  
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes  
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

--

Secretly his lips opened softly  
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses  
By the glow of the night burning blur  
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

Eyes in the chest help memories

From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.  
With a look, full of love, yet sad  
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of the memories, in the photo box  
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry  
He looked ... in a dimension full of bitterness  
of the world  
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness  
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar  
Maybe he'll be alive again  
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird? te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piel meu,

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy  
The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster  
With arms of flower and of milk  
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers  
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it  
Ready to pass into Immortality for it  
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower  
This chosen youngster  
On the cheek whereon they were rising up  
The first tulle of Manhood  
This beautiful Youngster  
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk  
The World was expecting for him, at her open Canals  
To give him drink the cup  
Of the innocent sins  
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...  
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver  
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth  
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable  
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life  
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves  
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds  
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills  
Love?...

...  
His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice  
Thin and silky  
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man  
Curious...  
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world  
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...  
At the Heaven door  
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter  
His immortal, white, Canats?...  
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs  
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry  
He was looking at her...

....  
What can it be more thrilling for a mother  
Than the moment when her young Son  
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant  
When he becomes a man?...  
...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating  
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery  
On his innocent shape, of the young man  
Ready to enter the flood door of the world

In the rare, ideal of Love  
True, pure, absolute  
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse  
As a promise and a legacy  
At the door of love

...  
The baby's lips opened in a murmur  
Over the azure sea  
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes  
Where you cease to exist  
and only you are ...

...  
Eyes-bent over a mystery  
Frost peeterps from the snow of roses  
Where you cease to exist  
and you start to be ...  
to be...  
te iubesc, Alin, puilul meu dulce, dragostea mea.  
Iartă-mă, puilul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.  
translation: Natalia Gălăţan  
Without Google translate  
The last two strophs are translated by Carl Gustav Jung  
te iubesc, Dulceata mea, Puilul meu Victor  
Te doresc, Puilul meu.

Anima mea, Animusul eu, Arhetipul meu iubit, Te iubesc nespus,  
Te o iubesc și Te doresc, Puiul meu,  
Te iubesc, puiul meu, dragostea mea.

Two tears of azure, pure gold

Cargt prive prin tuele de trandafiri mirositori  
Roșii, albi, cățărători  
Un tânăr apropiindu-se,

...

Cu ochi de safire albastre – u degrade interminabil  
Dă lumină și strălucire –  
Ochi lui păreau două lacrimi de-azur, de aur pur  
Smulse din albastrul cerului.

...

Cu buzele roșii pline ca două păsări apropiindu-se  
Depărtându-se....  
Ca două flori înbobocite  
Puse pe pieptul unei iubite.

...

Cathy privea printre tufele de trandafiri mirositori  
Albi, cățărători  
Un tânăr apropiindu-se.

Brațele lui o cuprinsesă și o lipiră de piept  
Aplecând buzele asupra părului ei  
Cu miros de apă de trandafiri –  
Buzele lui roșii și pline ca doi zefiri.

E târziu în cîntîr...  
Seara se-nibină cu ziua, e clarobscur...  
E liniște și pace, nici șipenie de om, nici zumzet de glas  
Împrejur...

...

Am ieșut visătoare printre castranii înfloriți  
și trandafirii curgători  
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului  
în numele trandafirului...

...

Pășesc visătoare printre morminte, înănușite de trandafiri  
Roșii și roz curgători  
Printre morminte albe cu cruci



și prin miros îmbătător de flori...

Privesc chipuri de tineri, cu zâmbete nostalgice, visătoare pe chip  
Chipuri de bătrâni cuminți  
Împreunați într-oîmbrățișare peste timp  
În același paroxistic, crud anotimp  
Pe când păsările susură cu îmbătătărul lor ciripit.

...

Chipul tău suav cu bucle blonde  
Îmi zâmbeste de pe un frontispiciu, cu îngeri înaripați  
Cămașa descheiată la gât  
Surâsul trist...  
Mă fac să uit pentru-o clipă, că încă mai exist...

...

Deodată te văd lângă mine  
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept  
Cămașa albastră flutură-nvânt  
Născută din stânci și pământ...  
Îmi întinzi brațele și mă strângi la piept  
Clipsea orbită, de dulcele-ți surâs...  
Îmi iei mâinile...șimă strângi la piept...

...

E târziu în cîntir...  
Seara se-nvîină cu ziua, e clarobscur...  
E liniște și pace, nici fiolenie de om, nici zumzet de glas  
Împrejur...

...

Am ieșit visătoare printre castanii înfloriți  
și trandafirii curgători  
ce mărginesc orașul, la marginea cimitirului  
în numele trandafirului...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine  
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine  
Mă gădesc pe crestele unui munte înalt  
Înconjurat de zăpezi,

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Iau pistolul și mă împuşc  
Cad cu înecătorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pământul

Din care m-am împiedicat  
...  
Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele  
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

## Memory

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
Reds, whites, climbers  
A young man approaching.

...

With blue sapphire eyes - a never-ending degree  
Light and Shine -  
His eyes seemed like two tears of azure, pure gold  
It was taken from the blue of the sky.

...

With red lips full like two birds approaching  
Moving away ...  
Like two blooming flowers  
He put on the belly of a girlfriend.

...

Cathy looked through the bushes of smelling roses  
White, climbers  
A young man approaching.

His arms clutched and clutched her chest  
Applying lipsticks to the hairline  
With the smell of rose water -  
His lips red and full like two zephyrs.

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I was dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

...

I dream of dreaming among the tombs, strung with roses  
Flowing reds and pinks  
Among the white tombs with crosses  
and by the intoxicating smell of flowers ...

They look at faces of young people, with nostalgic, dreamy smiles on their faces  
Faces of good old men  
Get together in a hug over time  
In the same paroxysm, cruel season  
While the birds whisper with their chirping duck.

...

Your face soft with blond curls  
He smiles at me from a frontispiece, with winged angels  
Slit shirt at the neck  
The sad smile ...  
They make me forget for a moment, that it still exists ...

...

Suddenly, I see you near me  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blue shirt butterfly-wind  
Born of rocks and earth ...  
You extend my arms and hold me tight to my chest  
Blinking orbit, your sweet smiles ...  
You take my hands ... you tighten your chest ...

...

It's late in the cemetery ...  
The evening blends in with the day, it's clear dark ...  
It is peace and quiet, not a hint of a man, nor a buzz of voice  
Around ...

...

I went out dreaming among the flowering chestnuts  
and flowing roses  
which border the city, on the edge of the cemetery  
in the name of the rose ...

Trying to recover from loneliness  
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude  
I stand on the crests of a high mountain  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself

I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape

Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, my love,

Upside, on Jara orchard

That day our grandma Lucretia, the grandma from Rosia  
Made us a delicious dish, "măiută", that is, "balmos",  
a dish with cream, milk, cheese, and cornflour.

....

I was with Bujor. We had finished milking the cows

and we had to climb with them

on Jară, the high gradient, whereon you were climbing up  
hardly

until the Hammer.

....

We have eaten with appetite until we were tired.

we and our grandparents

then we took the thin branches of willow

and we started to handle the cows.

We brought, first of all, on some beaten paths  
parallel and intersected

to the fountains, one of wood, another one of cement  
made by our father, under the ridge of the hill  
to drink them.

then we started to climb with them abruptly  
the hill, a sloped ridge which was getting up  
almost right upward.

...

I was breathing in pain, red in cheeks

with the little branch in one hand

and we were handling them up to the hill.

they were aligning mellow, red, flowery, black  
besides the fence

which was giving in the unstoned alley.

and soon we had arrived at the upside gate.

On the hammer, we are lighter

and we look after "pitance", how we were calling them  
mushrooms, boletus, rising up from a day  
to another.

....

When we were finding one of them  
and especially little mushrooms, hardly risen up  
from the grass and ground  
We were exclaiming happily.  
Bujor was calling me: "Lia, come to see!..."  
and I was running to see the large boletus  
with a large hat, unripe  
whereon our grandma was going to prepare for us  
with onion and cheese.

....

We climb up softly.  
From the right, it is hearing the bitch of Mardea  
The old woman lonely and mouth disease  
who was having the lodge in the abrupt valley  
under the lap of the mountain, barking savagely,  
whet  
fateful, like a premonition, under the crowns  
of the beech forest which was giving  
in The Face of Preluca.  
To the left, there was stretching the forest of pine-trees  
and beeches  
underneath the Foreheads  
a dense forest, where we were knowing  
that has its place the bear.  
soon, still handling the cattle  
we arrive upwards. A plain road, beaten, between the two forests.

....

Beyond which, straight in front of us, it was rising up Preluca.  
the first Peak of Mountain.  
there, to the left on a path  
the cows were still starting to drink water  
at a little wooden fountain  
then they were starting on the beaten paths, from the right  
besides the forest  
climbing slowly the mountain, grazing it.

....

The green beaches, with their shadowy crowns  
of a metallic green  
of light green, the pine trees unspeakable tall  
the heaviness of height, with clean air  
putting yourself with the head down, on your back  
you were admiring the sky  
whereon they were running ceaselessly the clouds  
and you were feeling happy, as much as your  
child's heart could compress it.

....

As heard in Captain Marvel! Listen to more Nirvana here: <https://Nirvana.lnk.to/Essentials> Read the story  
behind 'Nevermind' here: <https://www.4discovermusic...>

Te iubesc, Victor. Puilul meu  
Te dorese, Puilul meu Drag, Dulceata mea. Te dorese si Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai, dragostea mea.  
Te iubesc, dragul meu dulce. Te iubesc si Te dorese, Victor, puilul meu. Te iubesc, dulcele meu  
Te dorese, Puilul meu.

Veneam tăcut pe drum...

Veneam tăcut pe drum  
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum  
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara  
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para...

...

Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână  
Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână  
Privind printre gene stelele  
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...

...

Mă gândeam la tine mergând încet pe drum –mice ciudată e totuși clipa asta de-acum –  
Pe cer apuneau încet stelele  
În părul tău se joacă, umezi dedor, visele...

Meregeam cu capul aplecat în pământ  
Ăurtat de un indescritibil, inefabil, vânt stelar...  
... mâinile-mi călătoreau departe de trup  
Încercând să ducă la inimă  
Un tandru, înfiorător de dulce, săprut...

...

Văbram, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână  
Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână  
Privind printre gene stelele  
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...  
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Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum  
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara  
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare  
Lătrătoare  
Oamenii negri de cărbune  
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotele o atmosferă între negri și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Oamenii se mișcă ca într-un vis, își vorbesc, își zâmbesc

Cu fruntea de foină  
Cu mâinile pline de pământ  
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

~  
Iau pistolul și mă împuşc  
Cad cu înecătorul printr-un fel de chaos  
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Până ating cu buzele pământul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mişca  
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Cu tâmplă lipită de stele

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

I was silent on the road ....

I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening  
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -  
The stars were slowly setting in the sky  
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground  
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...  
... my hands traveled far from my body  
Trying to wash leads to the heart  
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing ....

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold  
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand  
Looking between the stars stars  
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...  
I was silent on the road  
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash  
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening

My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling  
barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

--

I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.  
.. Veneam tăcut pe drum...

Veneam tăcut pe drum  
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n serm  
Sunete guturale înecă cu vocea lor seara  
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para...

...

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Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână  
Privind printre gene stelele  
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...

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Pe cer apuneau încet stelele  
În părul tău se joacă, umezi dedor, visele...

Mergeam cu capul aplecat în pământ  
Âurtat de un indescribibil, inefabil, vânt stelar...  
... mâinile-mi călătoreau departe de trup  
Încercând să ducă la inimă  
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Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara  
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca pară

...  
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Lătrătoare  
Camenii negri de cărbune  
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...  
Oamenii se mișcă ca într-un vis, își vorbesc, își zâmbesc  
Cu fruntea de tuningine  
Cu mâinile pline de pământ  
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

...  
Iau pistolul și mă împușc  
Căd cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos  
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Black coal people  
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black  
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile

With the forehead of soot  
With hands full of earth  
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

~  
I take the pill and shoot myself  
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the lips of the earth  
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move  
I cannot understand the landscape  
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep dreams and dreams  
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

Copacii negri, copaci albi  
Stai goi în parcul solitar  
Trec printre ei, bolnav de visuri  
Cu pasul meu din ce în ce mai rar...

...

Păsări albe, păsări negre

Fac larmă, se scutură  
Pe vârful unui stâlp, printre antene –  
P ciudată și neagră ciutură...

...

Voci guturale...

Voci guturale pierdute-n depărtare  
Ochii îmi însoată ca ochii de hering în sos  
Cu salată de ceapă și icre dintr-un vapor  
Din care mameleții sar răsând jos  
și pun cu mulțumire piciorul pe pământ.

...

Sentimente, șaluri, vânturi, valuri  
Voci pierdute în clareobscurul  
ploii stelare  
Solare  
Scaun pământiu pus de-a curmezișul...

...

Ploaia de stele și de soare se revarsă în încăpere  
Ca un val, ca o maree  
Ca o tornadă, ca un taifun  
Vă spun singura-i clipă-i acum  
Clipa de miere și de fum...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez  
din solitudine  
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine  
Mă găsesc pe crestele unui munte înalt  
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele  
Toatul e o atmosferă între negru și verde  
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație  
Cu numere iraționale  
și vânturile frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Vântul atârână pe portativul cerului  
Mișcate de un vânt celest  
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt  
Ca un banc de pești, cu o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi.

....

Iau pistolul și mă împușc  
Cad cu încetătorul printr-un fel de chaos  
întunecat  
Până ating cu buzele pământul  
Din care m-am împiedicat

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca  
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul  
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga  
Altul decât universul interior  
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci  
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Germinal

Voices năngle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Gunral Voices ...

Gunral voices lost in the distance  
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce  
With onion salad and caviar from a boat  
Of which the mothers are laughing down  
and I thank the foot on the ground.

...

Feelings, shawls, winds, waves  
Lost voices in the clearobseur  
stellar rain  
solar  
The earthly chair ...

...

The rain and sunshine flow into the room  
Like a wave like a tide  
Like a tornado, like a typhoon  
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now  
Honey and smoke ...

...

Trying to get back  
from solitude  
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude  
I find myself on the high hillsides  
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green  
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky  
Driven by a celestial wind  
My knees are moving in the wind  
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade

----

I get the gun and shoot myself  
It slows down some sort of chaos  
dark  
Until I touch the ground with my lips  
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move  
I can not cover the landscape  
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga  
Other than the inner universe  
Known from deep reveries and dreams  
With the stick stuck to the stars

----

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful  
barking  
The black coal people  
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white  
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation  
With irrational numbers  
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

I love you, Victor, my love.

Dulceața inimii mele, Te doresc, Victor, puilul meu, Te iubesc, Puilul meu, dragostea mea.  
Where's the world ...

Te doresc, puilul meu dulce,  
Slowly shines the day ...  
The sun penetrates into the hall with trembling light  
Light yellow horns  
and my sad soul enlightens me  
burdened with sadness, past loneliness  
and future.

....

If it's sensible, show him  
The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

...

The mysterious mystery of the heart will escape it  
Whatever the world is  
Other than a huge hero  
The meaning of love show him ...

From hieroglyphs and pagan writings  
Check to create the foam wave  
You will draw my heart  
When the sun is over the sky

The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
The meaning of love show him ...

Squeeze my heart in my fist  
What is a blue star  
It's her and maybe she's not ....  
What caress the trunk of it

She is ... and maybe she is not,  
A music, a heavy sphere  
Or a blue peruse  
A small, cowardly cow baby  
A step that is painted down  
Of thoughts and red light

What's more than a blue star  
What cares about it?  
If I go or stay  
On words of diaphan  
If I go or stay

What cares about it?

...

If it's sensible, show him  
The world is understandable  
Other than a huge hero  
If it's the world, I'll show him ...

Te iubesc și Te doreșc, Tudor, piul meu.

Zori de zi

Dimineți târziu...

Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...

Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi  
și în păr

cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...

...

ți-am căutat în trup

misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh

ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur

pe buze moi ca dulce făgur

...

Soție mamă iubită o străină

Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină,...

E amorală-mi existența

Din care eu extrag esența.

.....

Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți

Albi, dulci senini

Ai stinsei dimineți

Înclin capul pătornic în al meu vis

Căutând în sine-mi tainicu-ți surăs.

.....

Tristețe?... nebulie?... un strop de apatie?...

Nu e nimic apatie și trist

În al tău surăs

Din care caut visul meu ucis

În alte kali-linga ce-au fost

și-au să mai fie..

...

Un dor de moarte mă cuprinse

De un luceafăr ce sub frunte

Preumblă universul în degetul lui mic

Doar o părere e acum, un vis zadarnic

și umarnic

iubit deopotrivă eu amic.

.....

ți-am căutat în trup



misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh  
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur  
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea,  
Dawn

Te iubesc, Tiudor, Puiul meu, nespus, nespus...

Late in the morning ...  
I wake up with you in your arms, looking at dawn ...  
In the morning, it shines in your eyes  
and in hair

with a serafic, translucent truth ...

...  
I searched for you in the body  
the mystery as an unknown innocent spirit  
what comes out of your mouth like a steam  
on soft lips like sweet honey

...

Mother's wife loved a stranger  
Strange...  
I only feel in the soul ...

It's my amoral existence  
From which I extract the essence.

....

Astute Eros pantyhose walks through the hooks  
White, sweet sweet  
You have gone out in the morning

Tilt my head in my dream  
Seeking my own smile.

....

Sadness? ... madness? ... a drop of apathy? ...  
There is nothing apathetic and sad  
In your smile

From which I seek my dream killed  
In other kali-iuga what they were  
and they will be ..

...

A longing for death has covered me  
By a star under the head  
The universe wanders in his little finger

Only one opinion is now, a dream in vain  
and bleak  
loved both with your buddy.

-----

I searched for you in the body  
the mystery as an unknown innocent spirit  
what comes out of your mouth like a steam  
on soft lips like sweet honey

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.

### The Book of Anime 13 Painting one

T doresc, Puiul meu Victor, e iubesc Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Mihai, Carl Gustav Jung.  
Albastre fuloare ale nopții...

Albastre fuloare ale nopții  
Se întrevăd curgând în vale  
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunecet.

---

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

„E-un tânăr chipesh cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu  
Cu un surâs pe buze lui roșii, de caise  
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri  
În care se înfor, strălucitoare vise...

---

Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara  
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigat  
Cu brațele lui molecule domoale, suflecate în cămașa-albastră pal  
Venea tânărul Domn, purtat de-al domului  
Un dulce val.

..

Neguri albe strălucite  
De argint sfeștile fine  
Ce letoarnă cerul negru  
De albastre stele pline

Se-nfășor și se desfac  
Se dezmiardă, se cuprind  
Ca un dulce viu colind  
Cele toarnă seara-n prag.

Dulce cornul mai departe sună  
și adună oile în stână  
sub lumina stelei-albastre  
dulce și suferitoare

--

Sub a cidrului umbră deasă și umbroasă  
Oile par ca stelele o albastră  
Dulce mare  
Văturind ca ochi de grangur

--

Ca ochi de sită  
În stâna largă și-ngrădită  
Adunându-se se-nurnă  
și-nurnându-se se-adună  
...cerul negru durerea-și curmă  
Cea dintâi și de pe urmă  
Cerule negru dulce tună  
Peste turma cea-ngrădită.

--

Cu părul blond străluminând ca câmpul primăvara  
Când toarnă aur între spice soarele gigat  
Cu brațele lui molecule domoale, suflecate în cămașă-albastră pal  
Venea tânărul Dorn, purtat de-al donului  
Un dulce val.

E-un tânăr chipeș cu fața albă ca spicul cel de grâu  
Cu un surâs pe buze lui roșii, de caise  
Străluminat de dulceața din ochii lui cei puri  
În care se înfor, străkucitoare vise...

...

Albastre fuioare ale nopții  
Se întrevăd curgând în vale  
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...

...

Trandafiri roșii, roz, mov-pal  
Cad de pe micul foșor de-alături  
Tăcerea nopții îi adună  
Ca mici steluțe de argint și lună.

--

și trandafiri roșii în curtea casei văruită în albastru  
sărută gherbere dulci cu fruntea-nvală  
și tânărul bate lin și-nec în partă  
i luna îi străluminează fecioreștile lui vise.

--

O umbră se desprinde lin din poartă  
și vine înspre el cu brațele-ntinse  
și pletele-i de-aur și argint sunt ninse  
și ochii verzi și părul ca miezul de narcise.

...

Tânărul cuprinde în dulce arătarea de gemeie –  
O tânără cu sânul de alabastru  
și o sărută sub razele viătelui astru  
ce toarnă peste ei dulce văpaie..

...

Buzele lui se deschid ca doi lotuși îmbobociți  
Ca flacăra roșă-rubinie de zefir  
Ca flăcările roșii din trandafirii rișii cei loviți de ploaie  
Ca două petale de lumină ce se-ndoaie

--

și cuprind buzele ei fragede ca un șerbet de trandafiri  
într-un sărut cald, pasionat, dulce  
precum e apa cea de trandafiri  
și pune capul ei pe piept să-l culce

...

Albastre furioare ale nopții  
Se întrevăd curgând în vale  
Acoperind totul cu-o mantie de dulce întunec.

...

La poarta grea ce sta să cadă  
În miez de noapte oare cine bate?...  
Te iubesc. Priul meu Dulce Victor, Tudor, Mihai.  
The dark blue of the night ...  
The dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

...

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who beats?  
... He's a handsome young man with a white face like a wheatear  
With a smile on his red apricot lips  
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes  
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

...

With blond hair shining like the spring field  
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes  
With the arms of his soft mollusks, blown into his pale blue shirt  
The young Lord came, worn by longing  
A sweet wave.

--

Bright white slits  
Silver fine tips  
What a black sky  
The full blue stars

Wrap and undo  
They decay, they come together  
Like a living sweet carol  
Those pour in the evening at the threshold.

Sweet horn goes on  
and gather the sheep in the sheepfold  
under the light of the blue star  
sweet and suffering

--

Beneath the cider a thick, shadowy shade  
The sheep look like blue stars  
Great sweet  
Flying like a giant's eye

"

Like a sieve  
In the wide and deep sheep  
Gathering he turns around  
and turning around they gather  
... the black sky the pain stops  
The first and the last  
The sweet black sky tunes  
Over the herd.

--

With blond hair shining like the spring field  
When the golden sun spills between the giant spikes  
With the arms of his soft mollusks, blown into his pale blue shirt  
The young Lord came, worn by longing  
A sweet wave.

He is a handsome young man  
With a white face like a grain of wheat  
With a smile on his red apricot lips  
Enlightened by the sweetness of his pure eyes  
In which they grow, bright dreams ...

---

The dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

---

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who beats?

---

Red, pink, purple-pink roses  
I fall from the small ledge next to it  
The silence of the night gathers them  
Like little stars of silver and smoke.

--

and red roses in the courtyard of the blue-painted house  
kiss the sweet gerberas with the whip  
and the young man beats smoothly and slowly  
and the moon shines on his fanciful dreams.

--

A shadow slips out of the door  
and comes to him with outstretched arms  
and the gold and silver pleats are nested  
and blue eyes and hair like daffodil core.

...

The body is gently sweet with the appearance of a gem -  
A young woman with an alabaster breast  
and a kiss under the rays of the stump  
what spills over them sweet ruby flame...

---

His lips open like two embattled lotuses  
Like the red-ruby ruby of zephyr  
Like the red flames in the rose roses, those hit by rain  
Like two light petals that bend

--

and they enclose her lips like a sherbet of roses  
in a warm, passionate, sweet kiss  
as is the water of roses  
and put her head on her chest to lay him down

..

The dark blue of the night  
He glimpsed into the valley  
Covering everything with a cloak of sweet darkness.

---

At the heavy gate that is about to fall  
In the middle of the night, who beats? Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce, Tudor, Dragostea mea.

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce, Te doresc.  
I love you, My Dear Darling.  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puilul meu, Dulceața mea.

Cathy ...

În soarele fierbinte de iulie  
Cathy sorbea liniștită din suc de portocale cugeață  
Cu o mic umbreluță prinsă de buza paharului.  
Cathy se jucă cu ea, prinsă în gânduri  
Parcă mohorâtă, apoi o aruncă...

..

--

Ău! era atât de dor de Mihai!..  
Ceasurile treceau grele, zilele și mai greu, săptămânile cumplic!..  
Sea amicalaseu totul în cursori, foi și hârtii



Cu prozatori români și străini  
Cu critici și citate sifuistice  
Cu filozofie mai mult sau mai puțin bine articulată  
Mai mult sau mai puțin profundă...

--

După ceplăți, se ridică.  
O porni în neștire pe străzile Bucureștiului  
Privind curios trecătorii, cercetător și neinvaziv  
Făcându-și portretul interior în câteva secunde  
Ca un bun observator.

--

Cathy era îmbrăcată într-o fuscă deasupra genunchiului  
Neagră de lycrași bumbac  
Înșegeindu-se pe talie cu un cordon din același material  
În formă de V  
Și cu un tricou negru fără mâneci  
mulat pe gât, înconjurat de perle aurii.

...

Picioarele erau goale, suple, frumoase  
Încălțate în balerini.  
Pând castanii închis era buclat, bogat și des, ca o coamă elonină  
Oprindu-se pe umerii ei arțuși  
Și peste spatele sunjire.

--

Trecând pe lângă diverse magazine ce-și aruncau umbra răcoroasă  
Pe trotuar, cufundat în liniște și muțenie  
Cathy era tristă în suflet până la lacrimi.

Gândurile ei, născându-se unele din altele  
Într-un flux al gândurilor neîntrerupt  
Sărea ed la una la alta, ed la trecători, mâinile lor, ochii lor  
Surâsul  
Cuvinte prinse în zbor  
La cărți, trecutul ei misterios. Mihai.  
Întâlnirile lor...

--

Presărate cu impresii fulgurante și premoniții  
De observații adânci demne de pensul  
unui pictor  
Sauy e pana unui scriitor realist, balzacian.

...

Tristețea din suflet pălea în fața acestor observații  
Mai puternice decât ea  
Care-i guvernau întreg fluxul de gânduri  
și le ordona cuminte, liniștit, fără durere  
în creierul și inima ei.

--

Când deodată treări. În fața ei seoprise Mihai  
Înalt, cu trupu zvelt, îmbrăcuti în hanși albaștri închis

și cu triciul negru  
încălzit ed razele soarelui.

Ochii lui ironici,zîmbitori  
Cu acea privire plină ed perplexitate  
A celui care nu știe dacă într-adevăr iubește...  
Se opriseră asupra ei.

--

Mihai?... exclamă ea.  
Anne, spuse și el, dându-i curtenitor mîna, apoi trăgînd-o  
După el.  
Într-o cearinărieși cafenea  
Mihai căutînd atent două locuri libere.

--

Pivindu-i ochii lui albastru-gri, mari,umezi, umbriți de ochelari  
Anne simți dragostea cum îi înfioară  
Sufletul și trupul  
Trimîtîndu-i săgeți fierbinți în stomac.

--

Buzelelui roșii schițară un surâs  
În timp ce ochii luiîntrebători se opricîp asupra ei, calmi șimirați totodată.  
Cathy îl privi recunoscătoare  
Apoi strada  
Umbrită de cercurile rotuned ale copacilor  
Pierdută undeva în trecut sau în viitor  
Sau în prezentul etern.

--

Cathy...  
In the hot sun, the sunshine  
Cathy sipped quietly from the juicy of oranges with ice  
With a small umbrella caught by the lip of the glass.  
Cathy plays with her, trapped in her thoughts  
She looks grim, then throws her away.

--

--

You were so missed by Mihai!  
The clocks passed heavy, the days even harder, the weeks terrible!  
I was throwing everything in slips, sheets, and papers  
With Romanian and foreign writers  
With criticism and linguistic quotes  
With more or less well-articulated philosophy  
More or less profound ...

--

After calling, he gets up.  
She started it unknowingly on the streets of Bucharest  
Looking at the passers-by, the researchers and the non-invasive  
Doing the interior portrait in seconds  
Like a good servant.



--

Cathy was dressed in a tunic above her knee  
Black lycra cotton  
Fastening on the waist with a cord of the same material  
V-shaped  
and a sleeveless black T-shirt  
molded on the neck, surrounded by golden pearls.

...

Feet badly bare, supple, beautiful  
Clad in ballerinas,  
Dark brown hair was curly, rich and thick, like a heroine mane  
Staining stains to join her arched  
the sound spoilers scream.

--

Passing by the back of the store they cast their cool shadow  
On the sidewalk, plunge quietly and softly  
Anne was crumbling to tears.

Her thoughts, being born of each other  
In a stream of uninterrupted thoughts  
They jumped at each other, at the passers-by, their hands, their eyes  
smile  
Words caught in flight  
In books, her mysterious past, Mihai.  
Their meeting ...

--

Sprinkled with flashes and premonitions  
Deep observations worthy of the panel  
to a painter  
Saucy is up to a realistic, Balzacian writer.

...

The sadness of his soul was shattering before him  
More powerful than her  
Which governed his whole stream of thoughts  
and ordered them well, quietly, without pain  
in her brain and heart.

--

When suddenly you wake up, Mihai said in front of her  
Tall, with a slim body, dressed in dark blue jeans  
and with the black shirt  
heated sun's rays.

His eyes ironic, smiling  
With that full look and perplexity  
To the one who doesn't know if he really loves ...  
They stopped at her.

--

Mihai! ... she exclaimed.  
Cathy, he said, waving his hand, then pulling her away  
After him.

They went into the coffee shop and the coffee shop  
Mihai carefully looking for two vacant places.

--

His blue-gray eyes, large, moist, shaded by glasses  
Anne felt love sweep over her  
The soul and the body  
Sending them hot arrows in his stomach.

--

The red lip smiled  
As his questioning eyes stopped on her, she was calm as well.  
Cathy looked at him gratefully  
Then the road  
Shaded by the rotund circles of the tree  
Lost somewhere in the past or in the future  
Or in the eternal present.

--

From other times they were coming to me  
Echoes ...  
Nostalgia has made a nest in the wings from the forehead  
And my winged thoughts  
they were crying with their head on the ground,  
Strange and exalted it's the feeling  
That I have built my heart with cement  
and inside it it is you ...

Te iubesc. Puiul meu Dulce.

Christine...

Soarele, biruitoare, se înalță deasupra livezilor foșnitoare  
Cu iarba crescând vertiginos și înmbrăcându-le  
Trunchiurile vopsite în alb.  
Dorian se întâlnește cu micuța lui Christine  
Pe drumușorul ce ieșea din curte  
Drept pe platoul cu iarba cosită, înconjurat de pietre mici albe  
Ceda apoi în drumul coborând din sat  
Spr-oară.

--

Dorian, șopti Cristine, înconjurându-l cu brațele  
Este vară... n-am cursuri la facultate  
Suntem liberi, puiul meu, să facem tot ce ne dorim...

---

Oh, Christine, hai să urcăm lângă livada cu meri  
Să stăm în iarbă și să povestim...

---

Dar ce frumoasă ești azi, în rochiță aceasta albastră!...  
Rochia de bumbac, cu imprimeuri florale,  
Strânsă la mijloc într-un cordon lat  
Cădea peste trupul ei înalt și slab

Încercându-se la poale cu mătase și dantelă,  
Brațele ei subțiri și albe  
Îșeau din mânecile scurte și erau gingașe, pătate cu mici cercuri  
Deroșeajă.

...

Dorian zâmbi, gândindu-se și-o luă în buche  
șipindu-și gura de buzele ei grăde  
subțiri  
c gust de flori de câmp și miros de gherbere de grădină.

Se opriră în în mica vale cosită  
Cu un mur mare în mijloc, cu mre cnapte, și unele încă verzi  
La poala alunșului în care Chris  
Își încerca dinții ei fragezi și albi.

...

Vorbiră nimicuri, plini de fericire  
Apăsă și aerul cald care venea ca o boare fierbinte  
În umbra în care se ascinseseră.

Dorian se lăsă espate, privind norii  
Căr treceau fără oprire, pe cerul de-un albastru profund  
Întinecos, de august.  
Chris tăcu, privind ochii lui albaștri, ca doi licâni  
De lumină și somptuozitate

Părul blond răvășit pe frunte și asudat  
Lăsat în buce domoale deasupra gulerului cămășii lui  
În carouri, de-n albastru pastelat.

Dorian îi vâzu chipoul ei dulce, feminin și naiv  
Cu ochii albaștri și limpezi  
Cu cărlionții blonzi lăsându-se pe umeri  
și pe piept  
aplecat deasupra lui

..

și simți o fericire de neînchipuit.  
Apleacă-te, apleacă-te mai atre... spuse el îngrijorat, pasămăite  
Ai o boburoză de decoțeu...  
Apoi o trase brusc spre sine  
șea se prăbuși peste piftul lui cu mâinile ei subțiri  
Înconjurându-i capul lui blond.

Buzele lor se uniră parfumate și răcoroase  
În mirosul de fân ce le năpădea nările  
și orian îi simți sânii micășuși peste pieptul lui.

...

Era o zi de vară nesfârșită  
și Chri se ridică roșie în obraji și zbuciumată  
pentru a se prăvăli apoi ca nișe bestii umede  
în adâncul pământului  
pline de o fericire elementar, simplă și necomplicată  
În timp ce soarele de august își trui mitea razele lui  
fierbinți, pârjoliitoare

acâzându-le părul lor galben ca spicul de grâu  
jainele mototolite, trupurile lor  
ca două liane  
încolăcite, unite într-una și aceeași ființă.

--

Christine ...

The defeating sun rose above the vicious orchards  
With the grass growing vertiginous and covering them  
Trunks painted white.  
Dorian met Christine's little one

On the road coming out of the yard  
Right on the meadow plateau, surrounded by small white stones  
It then gave way down the village  
To the city.

--

Dorian, Christine heard, surrounding her with her arms  
It's summer ... I don't have college courses  
We are free, my baby, to do whatever we want.

---

Oh, Christine, let's climb next to the apple orchard  
Let's stay in the grass and plant ...

---

But how beautiful you are today, in this blue dress!  
Cotton dress, with floral prints,  
Tucked in the middle in a wide cord  
She was falling over her high and weak body  
Wrinkling at the bottom with silk and lace.  
Her slim and smooth bracelets  
They came out of their short sleeves and were hips, stained with small circles  
Of red.

---

Dorian smiled, thinking and took her in his arms  
licking her mouth with her gracious lips  
thin  
bouquet of field flowers and the smell of garden gerberas.

They stopped in the small meadow valley  
With a large blackberry in the cluster, with a lot of ripe, and some still green  
At the foot of the mole in which Chris  
She tried her teeth white and white.

---

Talk to the children, full of happiness  
Press the warm air that came like a hot drink  
In the shadow they had ascended.

Dorian glanced at the clouds  
Because they passed without stopping, in the sky of a deep blue  
Of course, from August.  
Chris was silent, looking into his blue eyes, like two flashes  
Light and sumptuous

Blond hair twisted on his forehead and asodado  
Left in the soft shell over the top of his shirt  
Checkered, pastel blue.

Dorian raised her sweet face, feminine and naive  
With blue and clear eyes  
With blond curls resting on his shoulders  
and on the chest  
bent over him

--

and you felt an unbelievable happiness.  
Bend over, lean over ... he said worriedly, frowning.  
You have a burgundy neckline ...  
Then he suddenly pulled it to himself  
and she collapsed over his face with her thin hands  
surrounding his blond head.

The lips came together perfumed and cool  
In the scent of hay that pierced their nostrils  
and the Dorian felt his small breasts spread over his chest.

---

It was a busy summer day  
and Chris rose red in her cheeks and shuddered  
then to collapse like wet animal niches  
in the depths of the earth  
full of elementary happiness, simple and uncomplicated  
while the setting sun was streaming its rays  
hot, flaky  
burning their yellow hair like a grain of wheat  
the mottled robes, their bodies  
like two lilies  
coiled, united in one and the same being.

--

Te iubesc, Puilul meu, Dragostea mea.  
T doresc.

Te iubesc..Soțul meu Dulce, Puilul meu Dulce, Dragostea me, Te iubesc, Tudor, Mihai, Puilul meu, Dragostea mea.

Iartă-mă, Te rog, Dragostea me.  
Te doresc, Puilul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, Puilul meu, Durerea fiecărui răsărit...

Durerea fiecărui răsărit  
s-oâmpovărezi cu tot ce-i via  
și tot ce poate ai iubit  
să pui în scuduri de sicriu

---

E grea -ntreprindere aceste  
E grea și fără de nomă  
Când din adâncuri nu îți urcă  
Împovărată nicio vin...



--

Căci m-ați trădat cu ale mele mâini  
și voi v-ați pus pe-la meu destin stăpâni  
căci m-ați trădat cu un surâs, cu tot ce n carte nu e pus  
dar în albastre stele este scris.

---

Ăci m-ați trimis la foc și ghenă  
La Focul cel ce arde veșnic n-lad  
La cele bune v-ți pus vad  
Cea cu surâsulde hienă.

--

Durerea fiecărui răsărit  
s-oâmpovărezi cu tot ce-î viu  
și tot ce poate ai iubit  
să pui în senduri de sicriu

---

E grea -ntreprindere aceste  
E grea și fără de nomă  
Când din adâncuri nu îți urcă  
Împovărată nicio vin...

---

The pain of every sunrise ...  
The pain of every sunrise  
you are burdened with everything alive  
and all you can love  
put in coffin boards

---

It's hard - this is an undertaking  
It's heavy and unnamed  
When you don't go deep down  
Weighed no wine ...

--

For you have betrayed me with my own hands  
and you have put my destiny on me  
for you have betrayed me with a smile, yet not a hundred books are laid  
but in blue stars, it is written.

---

Because you sent me to fire and hell  
At the Fire that burns forever eternal Hell  
At best I can see you  
The one with the hyena's smile.

--

The pain of every sunrise  
you are burdened with everything alive  
and all you can love  
put in coffin boards

--

It's hard - this is an undertaking  
It's heavy and unnamed  
When you don't go deep down  
Weighed no wine ...

Dulcele meu Soț, Te iubesc nespus, tudor, Dulcele meu.  
Te dorește, Dragostea mea, Ndreii, Puiul meu, Mihai, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Te ubsc, Dulcele meu.  
Dus pe gânduri și-n visuri ca un prunc  
yē iubesc, Victor, Dulceața mea inimii mele, Puiul meu.

Oe buze roșii de rubin – schișezi surâs, dulce venin  
și pleopale tale îți cad greu  
ca-n pîștiuri de gheață semizeu.

Pe-obrazul alb și smead  
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –  
Unele scrise, poate escrise  
șiochii cu-a lor taiunică și neagră-albastră vâpaie  
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebinjeală  
o-nțrețale.

--

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți  
și-n praful drumului și-n colbte iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu Dulce.  
îmi înec palide surâsuri  
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană  
palidele visuri  
și-n zvor mai trece croncănind un corb.

--

Tot cerul e o flantă de vâpaie  
De culori calde, strălucitoare  
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare  
și-aruncă-neut valurile către țărni  
o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie  
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort  
doar dorul trului ți-l port  
o tănăr Adonai născut din mare.

--

Calme cirezile agreste  
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit  
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit  
să înconjoare fața ta bălaie.

--

Dus pe visuri și-n gânduri ca un prunc  
Născute sub fruntea albă de cleștar  
ți-neci tănăr poet visările-ți-amar  
și dulce în trecutu-ți crunt  
ascuns sub cei tăciuni de piatră-n jur.

--

Tot cerul e o flămă de văpaie  
De culori calde, strălucitoare  
și serpuiește precum neagra mare  
și-aruncă-neet valurile către țărni  
o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie  
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort  
doar dorul trului ți-l port  
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

--

Calme cirezile agreste  
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit  
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit  
să înconjoare fata ta bălaie.

--

Pe-obrazul alb și smead  
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise --  
Unele scrise, poate escrise  
șiochii cu-a lor taiunică și neagră-albastră văpaie  
recaia aerului cu-a lor fiehințea  
o-ntretaie.

--

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolji  
și-n praful drumului șin colb  
îmi înec palide surăsuri  
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană  
palidele visuri  
te iubesc Dulce Tudor-Mihai. Puiul meu.  
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor..

Taken into thoughts and dreams like a child  
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Her ruby red lips - you smile, sweet venom  
and your eyelids fall hard  
as in semi-icy ice tracks.

On the white cheek and smooth  
Your dream virgins are coming -  
Some written, maybe written  
their secret and black-and-blue cheeks ring  
the cold of the air with their insanity  
they trouble it.

--

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches  
and in the dust of the cork track  
I drown pale smiles  
and the linden trees sift their crown  
pale dreams  
and the crow goes on crutching.

--



The whole sky is a flame of mist  
Warm, bright colors  
and it snakes like big black  
he slowly waves down to the shore  
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame  
it shines in the distance like a dying eye  
only the longing for your shape I wear it  
O, young Adonai born from the sea.

--

Calm down the sour cherries  
It is denied in the distance to the zenith  
and the sweetness of an easter awaits  
to surround your blond, smooth face.

--

Taken on dreams and thoughts as a child  
Born under the white forehead of a clown  
you-young-poet-your-dreams-bitter  
and sweet in your crude past  
hidden beneath those stone silks in the jar.

--

The whole sky is a flame of mist  
Warm, bright colors  
and it snakes like big black  
he slowly waves down to the shore  
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame  
it shines in the distance like a dying eye  
only the longing for your hands I wear it  
Oh, young Adonai born from the sea.

--

Calm down the sour cherries  
It is denied in the distance to the zenith  
and the sweetness of an easter awaits  
to surround your face dunderhead.

--

On the white cheek and smooth  
Your dream virgins are coming -  
Some written, maybe written  
their mystery and black-and-blue cheeks ring  
the cold of the air with their insanity  
they disturb it.

--

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches  
and in the dust of the cork track  
I drown pale smiles  
and the linden trees sift their crown  
pale dreams  
I love you Sweet Tudor-Mihai, my Chick.

I want you.  
Te iubesc. Andrei. Dulcele meu. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea Dulce.  
Te doresc, Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu Dulce.

O, primăvara-mi pare adevăr...  
Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr  
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr  
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru  
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

--

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae  
Miroiasca vanilie și-a fum o mare  
Miroase a miere și-a vanie  
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

--

mi-e cugetul împovărat de a naturii strălucire  
de flori vestede, crenguțe vestede, nori curgători  
la ora cândă i nopții blânzi fiori  
se întrevăd printre-argintii zori, zefiri dulci  
ai dimineții căpriori...  
lumina blândă se cerne printre ramuri  
purtând a sufletului tăcute, sfâșiate flămuri  
și arătate cu dulceață întâielor și pure zori...

---

Sufletul ca un abur alb și ddespărțit de trop  
Colindă prin naltul, purul, rozul văzdyh  
La margine de ape i pădure  
Mâna uscată să-ți privesc...  
Ce se-aplecă în neghiută armonie  
Asupra gândului-omenesc...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr  
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr  
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru  
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

--

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae  
Miroiasca vanilie și-a fum o mare  
Miroase a miere și-a vanie  
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

--

Pe banca scindăprintre tei suntdoi îndrăgostiți  
Ce se cuprind în brațe, cu dor

șoptindu-î cuvinte de amor  
ei își sunt lor, atât de dragi, atât iubiți...

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soare  
Miroiasca vanilie și-a fum o mare  
Miroase a miere și-a vanilie  
Printre-a naturii dulcea, atemporală omilie.

--

mi-e cogetul împovărat de a naturii strălucire  
de flori vestede, crenguțe vestede, nori curgători  
la ora cândă i nopții blânzi flori  
se întrevăd printre-argintii zori, zefiri dulci

ai dimineții căpriori...  
kumina blândă se cerne printre ramuri  
purțând a sufletului tăcute, sfâșiate flămuri  
și arătate cu dulceață întâielor și pure zori...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr  
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr  
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru  
îmi pare rupț dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastruTe iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea.Te doresc, Puiul  
meu.

Oh, spring seems to me true ...

Turning the rice branches into apple  
A spring seems true to me  
and the sky-high and clear, blue  
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

--

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun  
The vanilla smell smelled great  
It smells like honey  
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

--

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance  
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds  
at the time of the gentle gentle nights  
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen

you have morning deer ...  
the soft cumin sifted among the branches  
carrying the soul silent, flames burst  
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

---

The soul like white steam and separated from the body  
Carols through the tall, pure, pink sky  
At the edge of the water and the forest  
Dry hand to look at you ...

What bends in unknown harmony  
On human thought ...

Turning the rice branches into apple  
A spring seems true to me  
and the sky-high and clear, blue  
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

--

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun  
The vanilla smell smelled great  
It smells like honey  
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

--

On the short bench, the lime trees are both in love  
What is covered in the arms, with longing  
whispering words of love  
they are theirs, so dear, so beloved ...

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun  
The vanilla smell smelled great  
It smells like honey  
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

--

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance  
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds  
at the time of the gentle gentle nights  
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen

you have morning deer ...  
the soft cumin sifted among the branches  
carrying the soul silent, flames burst  
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

Turning the rice branches into apple  
A spring seems true to me  
and the sky-high and clear, blue  
I find myself torn from the old-fashioned castle I love you, my baby Victor, my love. I wish you, my baby.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung

Puiul meu Drag, Soțul meu Dulce, Ragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc. Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu.,  
Oîțe și un cobănaș...

Era o diineasă frumoasă de toamnă  
și Victor se trezi, someros, ca un mic ursuleț de pluș  
ca o vietate somnoroasă și întrebătoare  
cu părul lui blond răsfirându-se pe gât  
și mâinile lui blânde, calme, liniștite, ținând-o pe după cap  
pe Cathy, care dormea scâncind oprim sorun  
ca un prunc.

--

Vrând să se trezească, mâinile ei îi înlănuiră și îl traseră  
Din nou spre ea, cufcându-l lângă ea  
și ținându-l strâns.

- iubit,proiectești el moale, trebuie să mă trezesc,  
- să fac cafea, pentru tine, draga mea Cathy...

te-am visat spuiuse ea,încă scâncind prin somn.  
Am visat că era într-o apă mare, foarte tulbură  
și care aproape ne acoperea cu totul.  
Era să mă înec, dar tu ai tras o plută e lărmă aproape de tine  
și m-ai ajutat să mă uez pe ea.

Când să te urci tu, șopti ea, scâncind și frecându-se la ochi  
Un val te-a tras departe de ea.  
Am înotat cu mica lopățiță ce-o aveam  
Până aproape de tine  
și până a urmă te-ai ucat și tu.

O, Cathy, zâmbeai, sărutând-o pe frunte cu tandrețe  
A fost doar un vis!...

...  
Părea atât de adevărat totul...  
mi-era frică c-o să te pierd și că tu vei muri.

--  
Cathy, șopti șiel, și se cuibări mai bine în pat lângă ea  
și ținând-o pe pieptul lui.

Se sărutară, așa somnoroșicum erau  
și simțiră cum dorința îi ia în stăpânire cu totul.  
Victor îi mângâia bielele ei castanii, și-osărută  
Pe obraz, pe frunte,pe năsucul ei mic  
Cu nările fremătânde  
Pe buze, pe bărbie.

- Dragostea mea, șoptea, sărutându-i gâtul  
- Buclele lui blonde  
- Buzele lui ca o cochilie delicată de scoică  
- În care parcă se auzea vuietul mării.  
Îmbrățișați, își simțeau sângelecurgând aproape  
Învârtindu-se, tulburându-se  
Aamestecându-se, într-o simfonie de dorințe și culori  
De pasiune și voluptate.

Mișcările lor dulci,învâlmătoare, slăbiră în intensitate  
În vreme ce un val de senzații ritmice, calde  
Paroxistice, îi invada.

Gura lui îi acoperi un ochi,apoialtul  
Buzele lui se preinseră peste buzele ei, ca o adiere  
Aăpo ca o carapace e scoică  
Închizându-se brusc

...  
Picioarele lui albe,lungi, umedei le acopereau pe ale ei  
și pieptul lui îi acoperi sânii.  
Rămseră așa îmbrățișați, în timp ce razele dimineții se prelingeau  
Timide în încăpere  
și deodată soarele acoperi ca o pată galbenă  
lucioasă de culoare, tabloul din spatele lor



cu un peisaj câmpenesc, cu oițe și-un ciobănaș  
scăldat în lumina orbitoare a soarelui.

...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet Victor, my Chick ..  
Oils and a guinea pig ...

She was a beautiful autumn lady  
and Victor woke up, somber, like a little teddy bear  
like a sleepy and questioning living being  
with his blond hair brushing around his neck  
and his gentle, calm, peaceful hands, holding her head  
Cathy, who was asleep snoring  
like a baby.

--

Wanting to wake up, her hands clasped and pulled him  
Again to her, lying next to her  
and holding it tight.

- baby, he softly tests, I have to wake up.  
- to make coffee, for you, my dear Cathy ...

I dreamed she had told you, still sobbing in her sleep.  
I dreamed it was in great water, very cloudy  
and that almost covered us all.  
I was about to drown, but you pulled a cork that's wood near you  
and you helped me get on it.

When you get up, she whispered, grinning and rubbing her eyes  
A wave pulled you away from her.  
I swam with the little shovel I had  
Up close to you  
and eventually, you killed yourself.

Oh, Cathy, he smiled, kissing her forehead tenderly  
It was just a dream!...

...

Everything seemed so true ...  
I was afraid the bone would lose you and you would die.

--

Cathy whispered numb, and my hubby was nestled in bed next to her  
and holding it on his chest.

They kissed, so they were sleepy  
and they felt their desire completely take over.  
Victor stroked her chestnut bicycles and held her  
On the cheek, on the forehead, on her small nipple  
With nostrils fluttering  
On the lips, a chin.

- My love, he whispered, kissing her neck  
- His blond curls  
- His lips like a delicate shell of a shell  
- In which the sound of the sea was heard.  
Embraced, they felt their blood flowing close

Swirling, troubled  
Mixing in a symphony of desires and colors  
Of passion and lust.

Their sweet, enveloping movements weakened in intensity  
While a wave of rhythmic, warm sensations  
Paroxysmal, he invaded them.

His mouth covered one eye, the other  
His lips pressed against her lips like a farewell  
Then like a shell is a shell  
Closing abruptly

...

His long, wet white feet covered hers  
and his chest covered his breasts.  
They remained so embraced, while the morning rays were extinguishing  
Shy in the room  
and suddenly the sun flew like a yellow stain  
glossy colors, the chalkboard from their backs  
with a hilly landscape, with sheepskin and a shepherd  
bathed in the dazzling sunlight.

...

Rendez-vous with Rama

The sum of the digits of two figure of the same kind e.g. 5+ 5 plus a figure with a unit decreasing is the figure chosen, e.g.5, 8 or 2

$S(x + x + x - 1) = \{2, 5, 8\}$  when  $x < 10$ ,  $x = 10$

$S(x + x + x - 1) = \{5, 8, 2\}$  when  $x > 10$ ,  $x = 11$

$S 11 + 11 + 10 = 5$

$S 17 + 17 + 16 = 5$

$S 16 + 16 + 15 = 2$

$S 15 + 15 + 14 = 8$

$S 14 + 14 + 13 = 5$

$S 7 + 7 + 6 = 2$

$S 6 + 6 + 5 = 8$

$S 5 + 5 + 4 = 5$

$S 4 + 4 + 3 = 2$

$S 3 + 3 + 2 = 8$

$S 2 + 2 + 1 = 5$

$S 1 + 1 + 0 = 2$

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragoste mea, Priul meu.

Te doresc, Dulce, Te iubesc, Puiul meu,  
Te doresc, Dragostea mea,  
Sărmanul Dionis

Raze argintii se prevăd ca dulci visuri printre norii curgători, trecători  
Lungifuiroarele nopți, sidefate, se prevăd la margine de zori  
Neguri albe strălucite se scobor din cerul nalt  
și cuprîm lungi, dalbe șesuri și câmpia de cobalt.

---

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cîm privesc n-întunecime  
Dintre care nu se arată, nu se mai ivește nimeni  
Gănitör și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mîtoasă  
și sufînd în lumînare, mai așterne un rînd-două.

---

Mihai, ochi albatru de-ntunerec, frunte naltă de poet  
Buze roșii de cicoare, umăr de albastră zecie  
Un picior alb, lung și neted, ca ânciorul de femeie  
Mînă fină și subțire, mirosind a mose și roze, în decorul desuet...

--

Ah, astăzi inspirațiunea nu-i mai dă ocol ca altădată  
și oftînd în puept ușure, cu bărbia-i d copil  
mai puse un lemn pe sobă, și-apoi învîlîndu-se bine  
alunecă-n visuri dulci, calde, blînde și senine...

--

Singur un copil pe lume, fără frați, fără surori  
Sărăcia-i pare dulce, -ncălzită de vreun lemn în sobă  
Singur, negîndînd nimicî, nici prezent sau viitor  
Poezia i-este unica pdoabă, mîrgăriturul de preț

și gîndirile lui lungi, triste, dulci, de tot ferice  
sunt tovarășul de armă, pavăza, povața, dorul...  
dar-ntr-a noții întunecime, El visează la o Ea...  
o frumoasă, blîndă fată, cu părul de diamant  
ș cu ochii de-ntunerie, de albastră nestemată  
ce pe brațul lui culcată, să-i șoptească de amor...  
...și oftînd Mihai închise ochii, -ntorcîndu-se pe ceca parte  
Cu o lacimă sub barbă, înmodîndu-se ușor...

--

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cîm privesc n-întunecime  
Dintre care nu se arată, nu se mai ivește nimeni  
Gănitör și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mîtoasă  
și sufînd în lumînare, mai așterne un rînd-două.

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Mînă fină și subțire, mirosind a mose și roze, în decorul desuet...

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Raze argintii se prevăd ca dulci visuri printre norii curgători, trecători  
Lungifuoarele nopți, sidefate, se prevăd la margine de zori  
Neguri albe strălucite se scobor din cerul nalt  
și cuprin lungi, dalbe șesuri și câmpia de cobalt.

Te iubesc, Puilul meu Dulce, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl, Victor, Dragostea mea.  
I hear you, Emu chicken.  
I love you, my love.  
Poor Dionis

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds  
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn  
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky  
and include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

---

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness  
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up  
Huncher fits his shoulder better  
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

---

Mihai, dark blue eyes, high poet's forehead  
Chic red lips, goddess blue shoulder  
A white leg, long and smooth, like a woman's leg  
Fine and thin hand, smelling of musk and roses, in the outdated decor ...

--

Ah, today's inspiration is no longer around her  
and sighing lightly, with the chin of a child  
He put another wood on the stove and then wrapped himself well  
slip into sweet, warm, gentle and clear dreams ...

--

Alone one child in the world, no brothers, no sisters  
Poverty seems sweet to him, warmed by some wood in the stove  
Alone, denying nothing, no present or future  
His poetry is the only gift, the price margarita  
and his thoughts long, sad, sweet, always happy  
I am the comrade-in-arms, the cobbler, the burden, the longing ...  
but in the dark night, He dreams of an E ...  
a beautiful, gentle girl with diamond hair  
and with dark, blue eyes  
what on his arm lying down, to whisper them of love ...  
... and sighing Mihai closed his eyes, turning to the side  
With a tear under his beard, gently knotting ...

--

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness  
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up  
Huncher fits his shoulder better  
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

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--

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds  
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn  
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky  
and they include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

I love you, My Sweet Baby, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl, Victor, My Love, I desire you my Sweet  
chicken, my dear and loving Soul.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Tudor, Puulemu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Rendez-vous with Rama

The sum of the digits of two figure of the same kind e.g. 5+ 5 plus a figure with a unit increasing is the figure  
chosen plus two digits, e.g.7. 1 or 4

$S(x + x + x + 1) = \{4, 7, 1\}$  when  $x < 10$ ,  $x = 10$

$S(x + x + x + 1) = \{7, 1, 4\}$  when  $x > 10$ ,  $x = 11$

$S 26 + 26 + 27 = 7$

$S 22 + 22 + 23 = 4$

$S 21 + 21 + 22 = 1$

$S 20 + S20 + S21 = 7$

$S 11 + 11 + 12 = 7$

$S 17 + 17 + 18 = 7$

$S 16 + 16 + 17 = 4$

$S 15 + 15 + 16 = 1$

$S 14 + 14 + 15 = 7$

$S 7 + 7 + 8 = 4$

$S 6 + 6 + 7 = 1$

$S 5 + 5 + 6 = 7$

$S 4 + 4 + 5 = 4$

$S 3 + 3 + 4 = 1$

$S 2 + 2 + 3 = 7$

$S 1 + 1 + 2 = 4$

Dulcele meu Puisor, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puulmeu, Dragostea mea  
Dulce.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu,  
Zorba grecul

În duminică aceea de septembrie Jack se trezi somnoros  
Dintre cearcafurile mototolite i trase peste cap  
Căscă se întinse cât era de lung  
Apoi își trase perna peste cap, mai voind să doarmă puțin...

Brusc, își luă seama și se trezi de-a binelea. Azi trebuia să meargă neapărat  
La Universitate, s-o aștepte pe Monica  
La ieșirea de la facultatea de limbi străine.

Monica trebuia să-și aia actele de studii  
și diploma de definitivat.

---

Jack își luă șlupii și se duse la fereastră, privind prin geamul aburit afară.  
Ploua, o ploaie deasă mocănească,  
Tristă, de n-ar fi fost veselă  
și Jack mai căscă odată, zâmbid apoi.

--

Ah, viața era într-adevăr frumoasă  
De când cunoscuse pe Monica și somnul era bun și delirant  
În culori, și ploaia era romantică, și ochii ei erau verzi  
Ca frunza de salcie, ca apa unui lac.

---

Se duse la baie împiedicându-se și scăpându-și ochelarii pe jos.  
Zâmbi. Astăzi vea să-și puă eltile de contact  
Cu un ochi căprui și unul albastru.  
Zâmbi cu gândul la Monica.

---

Se spală pe dinți frecându-se bine, și zâbindu-și în oglindă.  
Roși a gândul unui sărut...  
Apoi făcu duș, își îmbracă cămașa gri cu albastru, în carouri  
și heușii engri, care îl făceau să pară  
și mai subțire decât era.

Ieși fugind pe palierul blocului  
După ce își îmbracă jacheta  
și împiedicându-se iarăși, căzând într-o flotare lungă.

Ah, scăpase, și nu-și miuurdărise pnatalonii.  
Măinile lui albe, delicate, erau murdare de apă și praf.  
Își secase o batistă umedă, parfumată  
și se șterse.

--

Ajunș acolo, Monica deja îl aștepta.  
Cu umbrela ei roz, cu buline negre, și tașlia atât ed mînică  
Strînsă e un ciordon lat ed piele.  
Avea o rochie lungă, de mnăptase bogată, cafenie  
Cu imprimerie florale.

---

Văzându-ș, mai întâi amuți, privind-o speriată  
Poi o pufni râsul.

---

Jack!... ești de nerecunoscut!...  
Jacj surâse, ducându-și mâna la spate, de unde seose brise un buchet  
De frezii delicate și de iriși  
Pe care i-l înținse, în timp ce o hipnotiza cu ochiul  
Lui albastru.

--

Ah, Jack, ești un adevărat gentleman, surâse ea, coborând vocea  
și luându-i buchetul, cu mâinile ei  
înconjurate de dantele.  
Ploaia se oprise. Ajunși în parc, Jack se întriiistă.  
Gândul îi gugi la Catherine, și-șși dădea seamă că Moionica  
îi semăna bine.

Ea îi urmău firul gândurilor atentă, privind-o i fața cum se schimbă  
Atinsă de emoțiile ce-l încercau pe dinăuntru.  
Apoi îi luă încet mâna lui stângă și i-o sărută.  
Jack tresări uimit, îșiui trase mâna  
o trase brusc spre el și-o sâruytă.

"

Monique avea buzele moi și parfumate  
Ca un fruct exotic sau ca un șerbet de trandafiri.  
Cuprinzându-i umerii ei mici, gâtul moale și alb  
Jack simțși dintr-o dată în suflet  
milă, compasiune  
Amestecată cu dragoste, c-un simț protector, patyern.

"

Uite spuse ea, ddiploma de definitivat!...  
Am luat 9, 85!... ești mândru de mine?... spuse ea coborând genele  
Copilăros și feminin totodată.  
Cuibărindu-se la pieptul lui, și petrecându-și  
mâna dreaptă duypă talia lui.

Începuse din nou să plouă, și ei se cuibăriră în chioșc  
șoptindu-și cuvinte de dragoste  
și stând îmbrățișați, privind cum plouă afară.

Ploia desena cercuri, arabescuri umede, stranii, pe arbuștii din fața lr  
Se prelingea în picături umede, în pământul reavăn  
Cu iarba proaspăt tăiată  
Dansa într-un cerc diafan ed picuri în fațaochilor lor

și Jacj se simți cuprinse de o teropeală din alte vieți  
de amintiri încețoșate, de visăi dulci și snine  
de somn și moleșeală... de triuistete și bucurie...

il treziu dintr-odată vocea limpede, cartifelată, a Monicăii:  
Jack, te iubesc, draguyul meu..

--

She was sucking the Greek

On that September morning, Jack woke up sleepy  
From the ruffled sheets, she pulled them over her head  
The helmet stretched as long as it was  
Then he pulled his pillow over his head, wanting to sleep a little.

Suddenly, he realized and woke up. Today it had to work  
At the University, Monica is expected  
Upon leaving the faculty of foreign languages.

Monica had to get her education papers  
and the diploma to be completed.

...

Jack took off his sheets and went to the window, looking through the steamy window outside.  
It was raining, heavy rain,  
Sad, had she not been happy  
and Jack blushed once more, then smiled.

--

Ah, life was really beautiful  
Ever since he met Monica and his sleep was good and delusional  
In the colors, the rain was Romanesque,  
and her eyes were green  
Like the willow leaf, like the water of a lake.

...

He went to the bathroom, stumbling and escaping the scumbags on the floor.  
Smile. Today, he wants to get his contacts  
With a brown eye and a blue one.  
He smiled at Monica.

...

She brushes her teeth thoroughly and smiles in the mirror.  
Red has the thought of a kiss ...  
Then she took a shower, dressed in a gray shirt with blue plaid  
and the fat henchmen, who made him look  
and thinner than it was.

Exit the flight on the block  
After that, he wears his jacket  
and stumbling again, falling into a long float.

Ah, he had escaped, and he had not misted his jeans..  
His delicate white hands were dirty with water and dust.  
He pulled out a wet, fragrant handkerchief  
and deleted.

--

When he got there, Monica was already waiting for him.  
With the umbrella, I am pink, with black bullets, and the size is so sweet  
Tight is a wide cord and skin.  
He wore a long, rich silk dress, brown  
With floral print.

--

Seeing her, first of all, quiet and frightened  
Then she laughed.



--

Jack! ... you are unrecognizable!

Jack smiled, bringing his hand to his back, where he suddenly pulled out a bouquet  
Of delicate freesia and irises  
He stretched it out while hypnotizing it with his eye  
His blue.

--

Ah, Jack, you're a real gentleman, she smiled, lowering her voice  
and taking her bouquet, with her hands  
surrounded by lace.

The rain stopped. Once in the park. Jack is sad.  
The thought came to Catherine, and she knew that Monica  
it sounded good to him.

She followed her thread of thought carefully, watching her face change  
Touched by the emotions that were trying inside him.  
Then he slowly took his left hand and kissed her.  
Jack winced in amazement, and he drew his hand  
he suddenly pulled her towards him and kissed her.

--

Monique's lips were soft and fragrant  
Like an exotic fruit or a rose.  
Holding her small shoulders, her neck soft and white  
Jack suddenly felt in his soul  
pity, compassion  
Mixed with love, a sense of protection, paternal.

--

Look, she said, the definitive diploma!  
I took 9.85! ... are you proud of me? ... she said lowering her eyebrows  
Childish and feminine at the same time.  
Nestling at his chest and spending time  
his right-hand hold his waist.

It was starting to rain again, and they nestled in the kiosk  
whispering words of love  
and while hugging, watching it rain out.

The rain drew circles, moist arabesques, strangers, on the bushes in front of him  
It was getting wet in drippings, in the earth again  
With freshly cut grass  
They danced in a translucent circle with spikes in their faces  
and Jack felt trapped by a rush of other lives  
of blurred memories, of sweet dreams and snows  
of sleep and nausea ... of triumphs and joy ...  
I suddenly woke Monica's clear, velvety voice:  
Jack, I love you, my love...

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcele meu.  
The Book of Anime XIII  
Painting one

Until the final silence lulls  
People move like in a dream, they talk, they smile  
The wheel has an atmosphere between green and black  
Between the black of the earth  
and the green greens fixed in the equation with irrational numbers.

--

Silence  
The weather stopped in place  
Time is counting down the seconds until the big pass  
Until the great final silence  
Up to the air  
Until the widow  
Up to the rose-green atmosphere  
bluish  
Of a colorless bliss  
Up to an ocean of stagnant air  
Material and immaterial

-----

Your thoughts become air  
Hands, lips, eyes, limbs, viscera  
Everything becomes air  
In an eternal passage  
In an eternal stillness  
Sensitive illusion of your brain  
Great cosmic illusion

Nothing full of attributes  
Nature naked to its essence

.....

Silence  
The weather stopped in place  
When all of a sudden everything dissolved  
It went into the abstract  
And indefinitely  
Time has become infinite  
to inhale.

I love you, Dulceïzor,  
Nurtured nature  
High corridor with mirrors ....  
Some reverberated faces in these, endlessly ...  
From a plane of reality, into another plane  
Of reality  
Then another, deeper and deeper  
The abyss is total and shattering  
and the person as far as you can in the middle of the maze  
growing stronger,  
more intense

increasingly impersonal feelings  
and emotions more and more foreign and objectified bodies  
which you can come up with, it has its own selves

--

To get deeper into the heart of the Archetype  
A world purified in the mirror  
With rebuilt shrimp in each other  
Endlessly  
Nature of nature.  
...te doresc, Pui.

Memories of lilies from the beginning  
The car is speeding, pouncing on your right  
Mom cooks cheese pie today  
Oven oven  
Nature equates to, timeless  
on this March day  
Preparing to blossom to bloom suddenly  
And you, dazed by her beauty  
Take the starchy, crushed fruit, mouth to mouth and savor  
Preparing on Cross to climb  
Lilies and pink flowers from the beginning, the end ...  
Their archetypal fragrance spreads  
Not yet in eternity ...

--

The world is waiting  
An expectation of the orchards in bloom, of the dazzling spring  
Which says goodbye to the flowering trunks  
Like young shoots  
from a numb body  
memories of roses and lilies from the beginning  
getting ready, for once  
to win and then to the Cross to lie.  
te iubesc, Dragul meu Pușor.

#### Myth and Archetype

Day of warm spring, white, the air in shades of gray  
Cathy went out to admire the setting sun -  
and take pictures  
take a sincere, good photo, standing  
with a childish expression, then sit down.  
Nature fragments, decoration fragments.  
Cathy can't get much at once.  
Look at the street, the garden, the pine groves on the hill  
The neighbor's house, the fence.  
With the feeling that it descended from the foreign scents abruptly  
In this setting



A timeless world  
and an individualized, suddenly personalized world

...

No one really thinks he knows one  
... that she's an old woman bringing back  
In a somewhat surrealistic setting ...

..

There are few people in the street, who are in a hurry, without looking at her  
Cathy thinks with the brain in the computer -  
That he feels these people are strangers  
and a stranger in her midst

...

and generally the outside world is no longer familiar and synchronous  
but foreign and accidental  
... if not all descended from an Archetype  
In a much deeper plane of reality  
Which seems a lot stranger.

..

The air is gray, the molecules move  
The sky is supported by a clay hand  
Everything is a bridge to an unknown, unknown realm  
From the heart, an inner world  
Silent, natural, unforced  
Slowly enter the transcendence of the part ...

...

Quiet,

Rocks, decor made by the world  
We tumble among the boulders  
Like two stone pillars, snow nests, wet with rain  
We're getting in, the world of stone  
and we come together  
in the blinding light, we become more and more new  
We tumble among the boulders  
Like two stone pillars, snow nests, wet with rain

...

Quiet from the beginning of the world  
The sky is supported by a clay hand  
There's nothing about it, just air  
Pure, colorful, embellished air  
Transparent and translucent air  
The air that covered the whole thing  
Intangible air, clear.

One thought a day

When you enter the heart of abstraction you must be abstract

When you become abstract

You must not judge beings

But to abstract them

--

When you enter the Archetype you make no moral judgments

But abstract, impersonal reasoning

When you love

Do not wonder why you love ...

A clay hand ...

Forests, tall beech trees, fir trees drowned in the white glow

In the sun

In the archetype

You are in the heart of reality

With horizontal beams ...

--

The contours are lost far away and no longer vanish

In this flat world

Although four-dimensional

I do not choose beings, but Spirits ...

In fact the Archetype of real children.

--

Have you ever thought about pictures, drawings, books

I do not live real beings

but their archetypes?

--

That is why the world of poetry is more realistic than Reality

Because she's more archetypal

and here nothing lies.

--

Sky pale-gray, molecules colorless

The air is supported by a clay pot

Everything is as if it is not

Everything can be as if it could not be

Pale-pale, the molecules move

The sky is supported by clay.

Te iubesc neapus, Victor, Păiul meu.



Translation: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș



Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu, Iubirea și Dragostea Dulce a Sufletului meu, Pușorul meu Drag.











Kurt Cobain





Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu Iubit, Dulceața, Dragostea și Iubirea Sufletului eu, Animusul meu Dulce,  
Arhetipul meu scump, dulce și Drag. Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Puișorul meu. Soțiorul meu.

Ye iubesc, Tudor, Alin, Andrei, Mihai, Ștefan, Dulcișorul meu, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.





Te iubesc, Puiu!

meu.





